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FLORENCE, AND ST. MARY OF THE FLOWER.

II.

THE feast of St. John Baptist, on the 24th of June, was the chief religious festival of Florence, and was celebrated with special solemnity and splendor. Every year, fifteen days before the feast, proclamation was made through the city that all those who in past time had been accustomed to make offering on St. John's Day should be ready with their offerings as usual. On the evening of the vigil of the feast the whole city was astir. The podestà and the captain of the people with their attendants, the consuls, notaries, and chamberlain of the Art of Calimala, accompanied by the chief and best men from each warehouse and shop of the guild, together with the consuls of all the other Arts, went in solemn procession to the church, every man bearing a candle of prescribed weight to be offered at the altar for the fabric and adornment of the edifice. The procession, representing the dignity and wealth of the city, was increased by deputations from the villages and towns of the territory of the state, each under its respective banner, and by the nobles who came from their outlying castles and strongholds, with bands of retainers, to add their offerings to those of the citizens, and to manifest their devotion to the saint. Two merchants of the Calimala were deputed to receive the offerings, to keep a list of the places represented and the persons present at the altar, and in case of the absence of any of those accustomed to make offering to take measures that the default should afterward be made good. (Arts. v., x., xxvii.) The offering was regarded as a debt, and the whole transaction was conducted on a basis of established rules. It was provided, moreover, by the statute of the commune, that a portion of the salaries of the podestà and the captain of the people should be annually set aside for the work. Another source of income, however small, arose from the custom of release by the commune of a certain number of criminals annually on St. John's Day, who were presented at the altar of his church, their pardon being thus granted not only as an act of mercy pleasing to the saint, but also as involving a pledge on their part thenceforth to live without offense, for which the most sacred sanction was required. Every criminal thus released and presented at the altar was obliged to make an offering of six pence (*sei danari*) for the use of the church.[1] (Art. xxvii.) Many were the bequests of the pious,

[1] This excellent custom prevailed in many of the Italian states. But in different cities criminals were presented at the altars of different saints. There is a sonnet by Guido Orlandi, a contempo-

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and most careful provision was made in the statute for the proper administration of the houses and lands that might thus come into possession of the opera.

Two of the best merchants of the Art were annually appointed by the consuls under the title of Officers of the Mosaic Work of St. John Baptist (*Officiali dell' Opera Moyse di santo Giovanni Battista*), whose duty it was to provide for the doing of whatever in the way of building, repair, or ornament might appear to them for the good and honor of the beautiful fabric.[1] The work was to be "the best and most beautiful that can be done for the honor of God and the blessed St. John." (Art. xii.) Two good men were also appointed each year to have charge of the banners which were hung within the church, as well as of the triumphant carroccio, or car of war, of Florence, which was under the especial protection and guardianship of St. John Baptist. They were to see to maintaining the carroccio in good order, with all its due appurtenances, and were to provide a suitable place for its safe keeping, its masts only being kept within the church itself. (Art. xxii.) The sentiment which the carroccio inspired, and the honor done to it as the symbol of the warlike power of the free commune, are well indicated by these provisions. To the Florentines the car and its banner were sacred; to defend it at all hazards was the highest duty, to die for its safety was the noblest sacrifice to the genius of the dear and reverend city, for whom no sacrifice could be too costly.

As a portion of their duty as guardians of the church of St. John, and trustees of its property, with that of the other institutions of religion and charity committed to their charge, the Art of Calimala undertook to defend it against the encroachments of the clergy, who, it would appear from numerous provisions, set up claims or sought to obtain papal privileges or concessions interfering with the rights of the Art. The consuls of the Art were instructed to resist such pretensions by every means in their power, and if need arose were authorized to spend a thousand marks of the money of the Art, or more if they saw fit, to secure "that the said works should remain free and quiet under their guard and protection." And in order that the rights of the said works may be preserved entire, "the consuls shall be represented by a procurator at the court of Rome, who shall zealously appear in audience to oppose whoever may attempt to obtain any brief or privilege contrary to these rights." (Art. xvii.) It was still further ordered, that the consuls of the Art should summon before them the chief and best men of the following companies of merchants, namely, the Bardi,

rary of Dante, in which, speaking of Dante's own party in the state, he says, for them,

"No pardon can be claimed,
Excepting they be offered to St. John."

And these words are striking because this was the very condition attached to that recall to Florence which Dante received with the other exiles in 1316, and which he rejected with the noblest scorn. There is not a manlier voice to be heard than Dante's in the letter in which he refuses terms which would imply that he was guilty toward his country: "If Florence is not to be entered by the way of honor, I will never enter it." "Quidne? Nonne solis astrorumque specula ubique conspiciam? Nonne dulcissimas veritates potero speculare ubique sub cœlo, ni prius inglorium, immo ignominiosum populo, Florentinæque civitati me reddam? Quippe nec panis deficiet." This offer of recall came to Dante at the court of Can Grande at Verona. Many of his companions in exile submitted to its ignominious terms, and on St. John's Day, the 24th of June, 1317, the Tosinghi, the Manelli, the Rinucci, and others walked as criminals and penitents in the procession, with mitres as the mark of their infamy upon their heads, with candles in their hands, and being presented at the altar, and having made the due offering, were relieved from the penalties that had been pronounced against them. This is said to have been the first time on which persons condemned for political offenses were thus freed from punishment.

[1] These officers derived their name from the mosaics with which the tribune and cupola of the church were encrusted, and which were the principal works of the kind of which Florence could boast. The earliest of them were designed and executed, as an inscription in the mosaic reports, by a Franciscan friar, Fra Jacopo by name, in 1225, and they still remain, almost as perfect as when first set in place, interesting and instructive memorials of the practice of the arts at that date in Florence, and of the types of representation of sacred subjects derived mainly from Byzantine tradition, but inspired with a new life. See Vasari, Vita di Andrea Tafi, and in the Le Monnier edition of Vasari's Lives, Firenze, 1846, the commentary on the Life of Tafi, vol. i. p. 287. The inscription referred to closes with these verses: —

"Sancti Francisci frater fuit hoc operatus
Jacobus in tali pre cunctis arte probatus."

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Peruzzi, Acciaiuoli, Bonacorsi, Biliotti,[1] and all others that have dealings in the court of Rome, and should order each, under oath, and under fitting penalty, without fail to see to it that the partners of their companies who dwell in and follow the court of Rome studiously adopt the needful measures with their friends that the church and board of works of St. John Baptist may be exempt and free from every impost, procuration, or levy of whatever nature of the clergy of Florence. "And that messer the Bishop of Florence, or the clergy of the cathedral church of Florence, or any one else, whether in their name, or his own, or that of any other person, shall in no wise intermeddle with or interfere in any matter concerning the said church or opera, except in so far as permitted by the consuls of the merchants of Calimala, and the other men of the said Art, under whose guard and protection the said church and opera are directed, maintained, and governed with pure faith."

"And the said consuls are further required, every year, in the month of January, to elect and depute four of the best and most sensible merchants of Calimala, with every general and special power and authority to inquire, discourse, treat, and arrange with all and singular men, persons, nobles, places, congregations, and communities of whatever condition or dignity they may be, how, and by what way, mode, and order the opera and the church of St. John may be best maintained in honor, beautiful, free, and exempt, and be watched over, *in perpetuo*, honorably, to the reverence of Almighty God, and of his mother, and of the said St. John, and to the good state of the commune of Florence and of the most pure Art of the merchants of Calimala." (Art. xxiv.)

Similar provisions to those of this statute in regard to the administration of the trust reposed in the Art by the commune undoubtedly existed in those of the other chief Arts. The share that the Arts took in the erection, decoration, and preservation of the sacred and beautiful buildings of the city trained and disciplined the perceptions of the citizens, and quickened their sympathies for the works of their artists and artisans. Every new structure was a school of the eye and the taste of the Florentines, and the effect was to make them competent in judgment and quick in interest in matters of art as no other modern community has been, while "the chief and best merchants" formed a body of patrons and employers of artists unmatched in intelligence except by the merchant nobles of Venice. No wonder that the fine arts flourished under such conditions, and that the city secured for three centuries such expression of her sentiment, her creed, and her life as no no other city ever enjoyed for an equal length of time.

The Art of Wool, on receiving charge of the structure of the Duomo, at once proceeded to make provision for the work, ordering that in every warehouse and shop of the craftsmen of Florence a box should be kept wherein a certain sum — the pence of the Lord — should be put on occasion of every sale or purchase. "In the beginning," says Villani, "this amounted to two thousand lire a year."

The records of the work now undertaken on the Duomo are lost, but on the 12th of April, 1334, a vote memorable in the history of the building was passed by the magistracy of the republic, appointing the most famous artist of all Italy, Giotto, as chief master of the work of the cathedral, and as overseer of the construction of the walls and of the other works of the commune; since, so ran the preamble, "in the whole world no one more competent for these and many other things can be found than master Giotto di Bondone of Florence, painter, and to the end that he may be received in his own land as a great master, and one held dear in the above-named state, and that he may have reason for making his

[1] The Bardi, the Peruzzi, and the Acciaiuoli were at this time the leading bankers of Europe. Their establishments were very numerous, and their affairs as brokers and money lenders on a vast scale Their wealth and credit gave them great power. They received the papal dues in all parts of Europe, transmitting them through their branch houses to the head firms in Florence and in Rome

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abode continually in it, by which very many may profit from his knowledge and teaching, and no slight honor result to the city."[1] Florence showed her wisdom in thus choosing the most original and imaginative of her artists for the master of her works. He justified her selection, and the judgment of posterity has approved it. A hundred years later, Lorenzo Ghiberti, the maker of the bronze doors of San Giovanni, which were esteemed beautiful enough to be the doors of paradise, writing his Commentaries on Art, said, "Giotto saw that in art whereto others had not attained; he brought nature into art, and grace therewith, not overpassing just limits. He was most skillful in every art. He was the finder and discoverer of the great learning that had lain buried for about six hundred years. When nature has the will to concede anything, she concedes it without stint. And this man abounded in all things."[2]

Giotto gave himself to his new office with the effectual ardor of genius. He accomplished, indeed, so far as can be learned, little on the Duomo itself, but in spite of engagements on other work within and without the city, he speedily designed and began the construction of the most exquisite building of modern times, the one in which the doctrine of the ancients is most completely and beautifully harmonized with the spirit and fancy of the modern times, — the unsurpassed bell tower of the Duomo, known and admired of all men as the Campanile of Giotto, the most splendid memorial of the arts of Florence.

On the 18th of July, 1334, scarcely more than three months after his appointment, the foundations of the campanile were laid with great pomp and religious ceremony.[3]

The tower so quickly begun was rapidly pushed forward, and it may have reached somewhat more than a third of its proposed height when, in January, 1337, Giotto, "who in life," says Vasari, "had made so many and such beautiful works, and had been not less good Christian than excellent painter, gave back his soul to God, to the great grief of all his fellow citizens, not only of those who had known him, but also of those who had only heard of him; and he was buried, as his virtues deserved, with honor, having been during his life loved by every one, and especially by men excellent in all the arts,"—by Dante, for example, and by Petrarch. He was buried in Santa Maria del Fiore, on the side nearest the campanile, which is his enduring monument.

After his death there is a wide gap in the annals of the Duomo.[4] To his godson and pupil, the noted painter, Taddeo Gaddi, and to the sculptor, Neri di Fioravante, was intrusted the oversight of the work on the campanile. But there is no evidence concerning its progress or as to the date of its completion.[5]

The plague of 1348 desolated Florence and, indeed, all Tuscany. Boccaccio, whose famous narrative gives a most impressive picture of the horrors of the pestilence, declares that between March and July more than one hundred thousand persons, as is believed, died within the walls of Florence. The number may be exaggerated, but the mortality was frightful in its amount and terrible in its effect. However, the spring of vitality in Florence was unexhausted by it, and after a period of confusion, dismay, depravity, and recklessness, the city regained its self-control, and recovered more rapidly than its weaker neighbors from the blow which had checked but

[1] Gaye, Carteggio, i. 481.

[2] Secondo Comentario del Ghiberti, in Le Monnier's edition of Vasari, vol. i. p. 18.

[3] Villani, Cronica, lib. xi., cap. 12. Vasari in his Life of Giotto gives an interesting account of the masonry of the foundations, and of Giotto's designs and models for the tower. He states that Giotto's salary from the commune was one hundred golden florins annually. In the decree appointing him the amount of his salary is not fixed.

[4] The design of the ornamental façade which partially covered the front of the building, and which was taken down in 1488, was long ascribed by tradition to Giotto. But from documents first published in 1863, by Signor Cesare Guasti, the keeper of the archives of the opera, it seems certain that he had no hand in it, and that its execution was not begun till at least twenty years after his death. See Opuscoli di Belle Arti di Cesare Guasti, Firenze, 1874, pp. 45, seqq.

[5] It was not finished in 1355, as appears from a vote of new sums for its building. Gaye, Carteggio, i. 508.

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had not destroyed the sources of its prosperity.[1] The plague had been accompanied, as one of its natural consequences, by a sudden outbreak of religious superstition. Immense sums had been given and bequeathed by dying men to the church and to public charities, to purchase salvation. And, when the regular order of life was once more reëstablished, the church found itself richer than ever before. This, together with the increase of the devotional temper among the people, and the desire of the community by works of piety to secure exemption from future calamity, may serve to account for the fact that a few years after the plague, in 1357, we find record of the adoption of a new design for the Duomo on a grander scale than that of the building planned by Arnolfo, and involving in its execution the remodeling and in part the entire destruction of the work hitherto accomplished.[2] Francesco Talenti, an architect of great ability, was now the chief master of the works, and the new plan seems to have been mainly due to him. The authorities in charge of the building, however, not merely took council in regard to the proposed changes with the most skilled masters and the most intelligent laymen, but submitted their designs to popular inspection and criticism.[3]

How far the main features of Arnolfo's original plan may have been preserved in the new design, it is impossible to say. The scale was so altered that the proportions of the building were changed. The general character of the existing work bears the stamp rather of the middle of the fourteenth than of the close of the thirteenth century, but there are many anomalies and irregularities of design which give evidence of the difficulty experienced by Talenti in fitting his new design to the old work. His genius was not equal to the solution of the problem by modifications and adaptations which should give no sign of being makeshift expedients, but he succeeded in giving to the building such a general disposition of parts, and on a scale of such magnitude, as to secure the impression of power and grandeur, and thus atone for the defects and irregularities of special details.

Talenti's design involved the lengthening of the church by more than one third, the increase of the height of the aisles, and a great increase in the diameter of the octagon at the intersection of nave and transept.

The first stone of the new building was laid with ceremony on the 5th of July, 1357. From that time for another term of sixty years the work continued in progress, sometimes pushed forward with zeal, sometimes allowed to drag along with but slack and remiss effort at completion. The nave with its four enormous bays was first constructed. The building of the choir advanced but slowly, and the commune from time to time turned the funds intended for the work to other ends of public utility. Thus in 1368 they were applied to the construction of facing walls on the bank of the Arno, and in 1376 to the building of the Loggia de Lanzi, from Orcagna's beautiful design, as the site for the ceremony

[1] One consequence of the plague has not been remarked as it deserves by the historians. In the confusion that followed the extinction of many important families and the enforced vacancy of many offices, vast numbers of documents were lost or wantonly destroyed. To this cause is doubtless due the dearth of records concerning the early history of the Duomo.

[2] This great change in plan has been overlooked till recently, most writers following the account given by Vasari, and supposing the present building to be essentially constructed on the original design of Arnolfo. A passage from the Istoria Fiorentina of Marchionne di Coppo Stefani, who died in 1385, published by the Padre Ildefonso di San Luigi in his Delizie degli Eruditi Toscani, Firenze, 1781, vol. xiv. p. 30, in which the chronicler describes the undertaking of the new building, seems to have lain unnoticed. The true facts were first brought out by the Cavalier Camillo Boito in his book entitled Francesco Talenti: Ricerche storiche sul Duomo di Firenze dal 1294 al 1367, Milano, 1866. They have since been more fully illustrated with documentary evidence in a series of interesting communications by Signor C. I. Cavalucci, which appeared at Florence in the newspaper La Nazione in the course of 1871, under the title of Cenni Storici sulla edificazione della Cattedrale Florentina.

[3] See, for curious illustration of this, the order for hanging the design of the new façade on the front of the building on the day of St. John, 1357 Guasti, op. cit. p. 50; and for other instances of de sire to secure the expression of trained and popula opinion, Boito, op. cit. p. 30, and Cavalucci, Cenn Storici, 20 Marzo, 1871.

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attending the induction into office of the chief magistrates.[1] But as the century came near its close the main groundwork of the building, as it now exists, was drawing toward completion, and a commission was appointed in 1393 to consider the difficult question of how the cupola and dome, which should close the central space, should be constructed.

The plan of the building was peculiar. It was alike novel and powerful in conception. The central nave and the two aisles are not crossed by a transept, but are stopped upon a vast octagonal central space, from which at the east, the north, and the south are built out three pentagonal tribunes or apses, which, as seen on the outside, give to the church the common cruciform shape. The proportions of the interior are on an enormous scale, by which the apparent size of the building is diminished rather than increased. There is nothing either in the general conception or in the working out of the details which corresponds with that principle, characteristic of the best Northern Gothic, of complex organization in which each minor part contributes to the vital unity of the whole edifice. The Duomo presents, on the contrary, an assemblage of separate vast features arbitrarily associated, rather than united by any law of mutual relation into a completely harmonious whole. Nor does it display that lavish wealth of fancy in ever changing variety and abundance of detail which gives inexhaustible charm to a true Gothic edifice. But it is impressive within from its mighty breadths of space, and from the stately and simple, though barren, grandeur of its piers and vaults and walls.

The effect of the building from without is imposing from its mass, but in a near view it is only on the east that the lines compose into forms of beauty. The front remains still without an ornamental façade, but the rest of the walls is encrusted, after the old Tuscan style, with simple rectangular patterns of white and red marble, interrupted by the rich decoration of gable and pinnacle over the doors and windows. It is all gay and exquisite and rich, but without as within there is a lack of fancy, and even the delicate refinement of the inlaying and the carving does not compensate for the absence of noble controlling decorative motives, and of harmonious concord of line.[2]

It is when seen from a distance that the full worth and power of the great cathedral force themselves upon the beholder. Looking down upon Florence from one of the neighboring heights, the beautiful city seems to lie gathered under the shelter of its mighty Duomo. The vast stretch of wall is ample for the house in which the whole people shall gather, and lifting itself above the clustering towers and belfries of palaces and churches, the unrivaled dome crowns the edifice, and with its noble elliptic lines not merely concentrates the scattered forms of the buildings beneath and around it far and near, but to the inward eye seems equally to concentrate all the divergent energies of the historic life of Florence, and lift them along its curves to the foot of the cross upon its heaven-reaching summit. It seems of equal date with the mountains that close the background to the landscape of which it forms the central interest; and they may well look upon this work of man as one not unworthy of their guardianship.

There is no part of the story of the Duomo more interesting than that which relates to the building of the dome that Brunelleschi's bold hand lifted over the city. It was one of those feats of art which mark an age, and remain forever memorable and admirable. "Meglio di te non posso" ("Better than thee I cannot"), said Michelangelo, considering how the dome of St. Peter's should rise, — and the glorious dome of St. Peter's is in truth not better than the dome of St. Mary of the Flower. The world had never seen such a dome before. It was not merely a *tour de force;* it was not merely larger, it was more beautiful,

[1] Gaye, Carteggio, i. 534, 536.

[2] The horizontal lines of surface decoration break injuriously upon the vertical lines of the windows, and the forms of the highly ornamented gables are curiously inorganic.

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than any dome the Romans or the Byzantines had built.

In his most entertaining life of Brunelleschi, Vasari gives a long and animated account of the work. The story is full of picturesque circumstance and detail, and has long been current as the accepted tradition. But Vasari is not the most trustworthy of narrators, and the original documents relating to the work that have been recently published show that much of his account is little more than a lively fancy piece. The general impression to be got from it of Brunelleschi's character, and of the conditions under which he did his work, is very likely correct enough. It conforms in the main to that made by an anonymous biography of Brunelleschi, written by a contemporary, from whose narrative Vasari, indeed, drew largely, and it is confirmed in many respects by the conclusive evidence of the works themselves.

As the body of the church approached nearer and nearer to completion, it was plain to all men that the master question of the whole structure must now be attacked. How shall a cupola to cover the great octagonal central area be constructed? The space to be covered was enormous, the least diameter of the octagon being one hundred and thirty-five feet. The question had occupied attention for many years. It was matter of frequent discussion among the artists of Florence, so many of whom combined the knowledge and even the practice of architecture with the practice of sculpture or of painting. Brunelleschi, who was born in 1377, and who from childhood gave himself to art, must have been all his life familiar with the problem, and Vasari reports that when, after the competition in 1401 for the bronze doors of the baptistery, in which Ghiberti had won the prize, Brunelleschi and Donatello determined to go to Rome to study, one object which Brunelleschi especially sought, but of which he said nothing even to his companion, "was to find out a way, if he but could, of vaulting the cupola of S. Maria del Fiore." [1]

This journey of Brunelleschi and Donatello to Rome at the very beginning of the fifteenth century, to study there the remains of ancient art, for the purpose of learning "the good ancient style," is one of the capital dates in the history of the modern Renaissance. They were the men in all Florence of deepest nature and most original genius, and they were not spoiled by their admiration of antique models; but they opened a dangerous road for successors of less native force, who, charmed with the perfected excellence of classic work, turned from the paths of nature and independence to those of artificiality and imitation.

For many years, if we may trust Vasari, great part of Brunelleschi's time was spent in Rome. He had sold a little farm that he owned at Settignano, near Florence, to obtain the means of living, but falling short of money after a while at Rome, he turned to the business in which he had served his apprenticeship and gained sufficient for his wants by work as a goldsmith, continuing the while his diligent study of all the remains of ancient architecture, and especially of such structures as the Pantheon and the Baths. From time to time he returned to Florence, and gave such proof of his quality that when the moment arrived at which a determination must be taken as to the cupola, he was sent for — such at least is Vasari's story — by the overseers of the work, to come to counsel with them concerning it. "And when he had come, the board of works of Santa Maria del Fiore and the consuls of the Art of Wool being assembled, they told Philip all the difficulties in regard to the cupola, from the greatest to the least, which were made by the master builders who were there in his presence at the audience with the others. Whereupon Philip said these words: 'Gentlemen, overseers of the works, doubtless great things are always difficult to accomplish; and, if ever anything were difficult, this affair of yours is more difficult perchance than you are aware; for I do not know that even the ancients ever vaulted a vault so terrible as this will be. And I, who have often thought on the armatures required within and without, and

[1] Vasari, Vite, etc., Le Monnier. T. iii. p. 202.

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what means could be invented so that men could work on it with safety, have never succeeded in solving the difficulty, and I am dismayed not less by the breadth than the height of the building. If, indeed, it could be covered with a spherical dome, the mode might be adopted which the Romans employed in constructing the dome of the Pantheon at Rome; but here we must adopt an eight-sided design, with such joints and bindings of masonry as will be most difficult to execute. But remembering that this temple is dedicated to God and to the Virgin, I have confidence that we setting to work in memory of him, he will not fail to infuse knowledge where it falls short, and to supply strength and wisdom and intelligence to whomsoever he may be who shall undertake the task. But in what can I assist you, the work not being mine?' "

Brunelleschi finished his address, according to Vasari's report, by recommending that the best architects, not merely Tuscan and Italian, but German and French, or of whatever nation, should be summoned to meet at Florence to consider and advise how the work might best be accomplished. This counsel pleased the consuls and the board of works, and Vasari goes on to tell the story how the Florentine merchants who were established in France, in Germany, in England, and in Spain were commissioned to obtain from the rulers of those countries the most experienced and valiant geniuses in the land, and to spend whatever sum of money might be needed for sending them to Florence. Much time passed before this could be done, but at last, in 1420, all these masters from beyond the mountains were assembled in Florence, together with those of Tuscany, and all the ingenious architects of the city, among them Brunelleschi himself. On a certain day they all met at the works of Santa Maria del Fiore, together with the consuls and the board of works and a choice of the most intelligent citizens, and then one after another spoke his mind as to the mode in which the dome might be built. "It was a fine thing to hear the strange and divers opinions on the matter." Some advised to build up a structure from the ground to support the cupola while it was in process of building. Others for the same end proposed heaping up a high mound of earth, in which pieces of money should be buried, so that when the work was done the common people would carry away the earth for the sake of what they might find in it. Others again urged that the cupola be built of pumice stone for the sake of lightness. Only Philip Brunelleschi said that the dome could be built without any such support of timber or masonry or earth, and was laughed at by all for such a wild and impracticable notion, and growing hot in defense of his ideas, and being told to go, but not consenting, he was at last carried by main force from the assembly, all men holding him stark mad. But at a subsequent meeting, the counsels still being confused and divided, Philip, as Vasari calls him, overcame all his adversaries by the force of his arguments. They urged him to show them the model he had made of the structure, but this he refused, and finally proposed to them that the man who could prove his capacity by making an egg stand on end on a smooth bit of marble should receive the commission to build the cupola. To this they assented. All tried in vain, and then Philip, taking the egg, played the trick which Columbus was not ashamed to repeat. "And so," says the simple biographer, "it was resolved that he should have the work." (Vasari, iii. 209.) In this account Vasari does injustice to the sense and judgment of the men in charge of the work, not less than to the tested ability of Brunelleschi. But his narrative is curious as an exhibition of his uncritical and unhistoric spirit, and of the growth in little more than a hundred years of a legend of Brunelleschi in which the real facts disappear under the transmuting touch of fancy.

But Brunelleschi was a man of such force of originality, and his personal genius was so strictly sympathetic with the prevailing qualities of the spiritual life of Italy in his time, and so clearly

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representative of its tendencies, that the real facts concerning him are of more value and interest than any fiction, however entertaining. His anonymous biographer, who seems to have been well informed concerning him, says that Brunelleschi being in Florence in 1417 — he was then just forty years old — was much consulted, and to their great satisfaction, by the board of works and chief masters and other officials, in regard to the means to be adopted for building the cupola. And this is confirmed by the first entry on the books of the opera in which his name occurs. On May 19, 1417, it was voted to give to Filippo di Ser Brunellesco, *pro bona gratuitate* for his labor in making drawings, and for employing himself concerning the cupola, ten golden florins.[1]

On the 19th of August of the next year, 1418, notice was given by public proclamation through the city that whoever might wish to make a design or model of the vault of the chief cupola, or of anything pertaining to the manner and perfection of its construction, he should do so within the next month; and during this time should he wish to speak with the authorities in charge of the work, he should be well and graciously heard. And if any one should make a design or model that should be adopted, or in words give advice that should be afterward followed in the work, he should be recompensed with two hundred golden florins; and if any one should expend labor or make anything for the said cause, even though his model were not adopted, his work should be fairly paid for by the board of works. The term for the preparation of designs and models was afterwards extended to the 12th of December.[2]

On the next day a grand council assembled in the church to examine the models that had been presented. There were fifteen in all; among them one by Ghiberti, another by Andrea Orcagna, a third by Pesello, and one by Brunelleschi.[3] The others were by men with names of less repute; but it is plain that the competition had called out the best ability of Florence. No immediate conclusion was arrived at. The various models required deliberate consideration. Toward the end of 1419 the Art of Wool, "considering that the time is at hand for providing with all solicitude and diligence for the construction of the cupola, and considering the importance of the work and how much it concerns the honor of the commune and the aforesaid art," appointed four citizens to act as *solicitatores et conductores hedificii prelibati.*

The four commissioners entered on their work with zeal; a new exhibition of designs and models seems to have been made in March, 1420, and the final result of the long discussion and deliberation was that the model offered by Brunelleschi was preferred to all others, while that of Ghiberti held the second place.[4]

Probably about this time Brunelleschi presented to the four citizens a written statement which has been preserved, in slightly different form, both by Vasari and by the anonymous biographer, descriptive of his model, and of the method of construction of the cupola, for on the 16th of April, Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, and the vice-chief master, Battista d'Antonio, were elected to oversee the construction of the cupola, each at a monthly salary of three golden florins.[5] Full powers were given to them over the work.

[1] This entry is printed by Cesare Guasti in the useful and carefully edited collection of documents published under the title of La Cupola di Santa Maria del Fiore, illustrata con i Documenti dell' Archivio dell' Opera Secolare, Firenze, 1857, page 17

[2] Guasti, La Cupola, etc., page 15.

[3] See, for list, Guasti, page 192.

[4] The documents relating to these transactions are scanty, and their tenor is not altogether clear. There is nothing in them to confirm Vasari's story of the council in which foreign as well as native artists took part. The names of those who were paid for designs are all of Florentines. There is no shred of evidence that Brunelleschi's plans were ever taxed with folly; on the contrary, on the 24th of April, 1420, ten florins were voted to him "for his labor and the time spent in having a model made according to the wish of the four citizens of the cupola, and for his trouble in frequently meeting others who had been summoned to consult respecting the said model from the 20th Nov'r to the present time." (Guasti, La Cupola, etc., page 27.)

[5] The choice was made by the consuls of the Art of Wool, the board of works of the Duomo, and the four officers of the cupola. The decree appoints

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The Florentine men of business had long since learned the importance, first, of choosing capable and trustworthy agents, and then of leaving them unimpeded in the discharge of the duties committed to them. The whole course of procedure in regard to the construction of the cupola indicates the foresight and good judgment of the men who had it in charge. It is a splendid exhibition of the fine qualities of Florence, at a period when her streets were alive with the varied activities of flourishing commerce, when her people were still confident in their own powers, full of restless vivacity of mind, and when a group of such artists as the modern world had never seen were ennobling her with the products of the emulous rivalry of their genius. In 1420, when the cupola began to rise, Donatello, the most imaginative of the earlier Florentine sculptors, was thirty-four years old, at the height of his power; Fra Angelico, the tenderest and most devout of her painters, was a year younger; Ghiberti, the most picturesque of sculptors, was forty-two; Filippo Lippi, whose masculine genius could not be shut in by the cloister from the world, was an idle boy of twelve; Masaccio was an incomparable youth of nineteen; Luca della Robbia, who was to open new and delightful ways for sculpture, was a youth of twenty, beginning the practice of his art; Paolo Uccello, the inventor of perspective, was twenty-three; and Benozzo Gozzoli and Piero della Francesca were babies in arms.[1] It was a wonderful assemblage. Each man was stimulated by the work of his fellows to his best achievement, and the community was quick to recognize and to reward. Vasari complains that in Florence every man made profession of knowing in matters of art as much as the skilled masters themselves. There was, doubtless, as in other times, ignorant and carping criticism, but there were also true delight and genuine interest among the people in the works with which every day their city was made more beautiful and more dear.

At the time of the appointment of Brunelleschi and his two associates, eight master builders were also chosen for the work. Preparations were actively made, the necessary frames and stagings were constructed, and on the 7th of August the work of masonry was actually begun, three lire, nine soldi, and four denari being spent for a cask of red wine, a flask of Trebiano, bread, and melons, for a collation to celebrate the event. Brunelleschi had at length reached the point of his desire, and from this time, for more than a quarter of a century, he gave his thought and his days, with little interruption, to the fulfillment of his immortal design. The skill, the boldness, the novelty of the work still awaken the admiration of professional architects. His dome alike in its design and in its construction is one of those commanding works of genius that, while they embody and express the modes of feeling and the disposition of an age, are yet so conceived and executed as to have always a fresh contemporaneousness, through all later time. There are few buildings in the world of which this can be truly said.

As the work went on it fell more and more into Brunelleschi's hands. In 1425 his salary was increased to one hundred florins a year on condition that he should always be present at the works, while Ghiberti's salary remained fixed at three florins a month with the condition that he should spend at the works at least one hour of every working day.[2]

Brunelleschi and the others "in provisores dicti operis cupole construendi, et ad providendum, ordinandum, et construi, ordinari, fieri et hedificari faciendum, a principio usque ad finem, ipsam majorem cupolam et hedifitium, illis hedefitiis magisteriis muramentis modis formis et condictionibus, et illis sunptibus, et aliis quibuscunque, de quibus et prout et sicut eisdem videbitur convenire et expedire indicabunt, predicta eorum intelligentie atque prudentie conmictentes usque ad ipsius cupole perfectionem et complementum." (Guasti, La Cupola, *etc.*, page 36.)

[1] Beside these may be mentioned Jacopo della Quercia born 1374; Gentile da Fabbriano born about 1370; Michelozzo Michelozzi, who built the palace of Cosmo de' Medici, the Palazzo Riccardi, born 1391; Antonio Squarcialupi, the first musician of his time, born 1380.

[2] Vasari reports Ghiberti as jealous and incompetent; and indeed his own expressions concerning his share in the work are such as to awaken suspicion that his conceit led him to feel himself the rival of Brunelleschi, while his statement as to his salary is inconsistent with the evidence of the rec-

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There are many details in the records which, though not bearing directly upon the building, afford a lively impression of scenes and incidents connected with it. Vasari says that Filippo, finding the builders lost much time in going down for food and drink, owing to the vast height of the edifice, arranged a cook shop and room for sale of wine and refreshments in the cupola itself. We find among the records several instances of men killed by falling from the bridges and scaffolds, and in 1426 an order is issued by the board that, considering the dangers which daily threaten the master masons who are employed on the wall of the cupola, on account of the wine that is necessarily kept in the cupola, from this time forth the clerk of the works shall not allow any wine to be brought up which has not been diluted with at least one third of water.

In 1423 a wretched war began between Florence and Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan. It was carried on by mercenary troops, and cost Florence far more in money and in honor than in the blood of her citizens.[1]

Such a war was at once sign and proof of a decline in public morality and in personal character. It was a forerunner of a long series of political calamities. The people were heavily taxed to meet the expenses of the war, which dragged on wastefully for five years. The funds devoted to public works were greatly curtailed. The means for pushing forward the building of the cupola fell short, and in 1426 twenty-five out of forty-three master workmen were dismissed, and other economies were practiced. The war over, in 1428, the work was again resumed with spirit, and in 1432 had reached such a point that Brunelleschi, *provisor cupole*, was desired to make a model of the closing of the summit of the cupola, and of the lantern that was to stand upon it. Two years later a commission was given to Donatello and to Luca della Robbia to make, each of them, a head in clay, *prout eis et cuilibet eorum videbitur melius et pulcrius*, to serve as a model for a head that should be cut in stone to form the central boss of the cupola.[2]

It was on the 12th of June, 1434, that the great cupola was closed over the central space of the Duomo. It had grown slowly, marvelous in the eyes of all beholders who saw its curves rise bending over the void without apparent support, with no centering or armature, but held suspended in the air as if by miracle. Brunelleschi may well have regarded his work with proud satisfaction. His fame was assured; henceforth his work was chief part of Florence. But though the cupola was closed, there was much work still to be done upon it, and two years yet were required for its completion.

At last, on the 30th of August, 1436, while all the bells of the city were ringing their peals of joy, a solemn service was held in the cathedral, the Te Deum Laudamus was sung, and the Bishop of Fiesole, attended by the clergy and a long procession of the people, mounted to the completed cupola to bestow upon it a formal benediction. Among the entries in the journal of expenses of the board of works is one for seventy-two lire, twelve soldi, and six denari spent on this day for trumpeters and fifers, and for wine and bread and meat and fruit and cheese and macaroni and other things given to the masters and workmen of the opera, and to the canons and priests of the church, to celebrate this festival and benediction.[3]

ords of the opera. He says at the close of his Second Commentary, "Few things of importance have been done in our land which were not designed or ordered by my hand. And specially in the building of the tribune [cupola] Filippo and I were partners [*concorrenti*] for eighteen years at the same salary whilst we were carrying on the said tribune." (Le Monnier's Vasari, vol. i. p. xxxvii.) Now there was a period of six months in 1425 when Ghiberti was dismissed from the works, and his salary was never more than three florins a month. It is not improbable that his retention on the works was a piece of policy on the part of the board to prevent his active opposition, and to secure the voices of his numerous admirers and friends. Vasari tells a pleasant story of Brunelleschi's humorous mode of forcing Ghiberti to show his incompetence.

[1] The battle of Zagonara, in July, 1424, was almost bloodless, but its cost to Florence was estimated at 300,000 florins, a sum equivalent to at least 1,500,000 dollars. Cavalcante; Storia, l. ii., c. xiv Ammirato, lib. xviii.

[2] Guasti, La Cupola, etc., page 88.

[3] Guasti, La Cupola, etc., page 90

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The deliberation and foresight of the overseers of the work were again exhibited in their conduct in respect to the lantern which the dome required at its summit. Although Brunelleschi had given a design, and might be expected to know better than any other man what sort of edifice was needed, and how it should be constructed, the board threw the field open to all comers, and in reply to their demand received six models, which they proceeded to examine with the aid of judges whom they called upon to assist them. No more judicious means could have been taken to secure approval of the design finally adopted, and Brunelleschi had no reason to dread the competition. Besides a general council of masters in theology, of many learned men, of architects, goldsmiths, and masters of many other arts, and many citizens, other more private meetings for deliberation were held, in which two architects, two painters, two goldsmiths, one mathematician, and two intelligent citizens skilled in architecture took part. The result of all these and other councils was that Brunelleschi's model was adopted by a unanimous vote, as the best in form, the strongest, the lightest, and the best designed to resist storm; and Philip was selected to put it in execution, but he was first to be urged to lay aside all ill feeling, to accept correction of his model in some slight respects, and to take whatever might be good and useful from the other models which had been presented. The whole procedure was conducted with admirable sense, tact, and discretion.[1]

The new commission to Brunelleschi was given on the last day of 1436. But the work on the lantern does not seem to have been speedily begun. There were great difficulties to be overcome, and there was much else to be done upon the church in order to render it fit for the daily services and the splendid ceremonies of holidays, "*quod totum populum clamat magno desiderio.*"[2]

More than six years afterwards the consuls of the Art of Wool were still deliberating how the difficulty, which was very great, of raising stone and marble to the top of the dome and of supporting it there in sufficient quantity for the construction could be overcome. They found no other way but to appoint Philip, who said he could do the work, sole overseer for the term of his life, but no longer, adds the cautious scribe, (*pro tempore et termino duraturo eius vita durante et donec vixerit, et non ulterius*), at a salary of a hundred florins.[3]

Brunelleschi had of course not designed a work which he could not execute. His plans were ready, the proper machines were made, and marble from the quarries of Campiglia and Carrara had already been abundantly provided. It would appear that the actual work of construction was not begun till 1445.[4]

Once begun it would go on rapidly. But the master was not long to direct it. "Finally," says Vasari, "Filippo, being now very old, that is, sixty-nine years old, in the year 1446, on the 16th of April, went to a better life, after having toiled greatly in the performance of works which made him deserve on earth an honored name, and obtain in heaven an abode of peace."

His body was laid at first within the campanile, but in February of the next year order was taken that it should be buried within the cathedral, and that the marble slab in the pavement above his grave should bear the words FILIPPUS ARCHITECTOR.

With Brunelleschi's death the interest in St. Mary of the Flower as a work of religious devotion, of civic pride, of artistic genius, comes to an end.

Begun at the close of the splendid revival of intelligence and imagination with which the Middle Ages end, it was finished during that less original and less vital Renaissance with which the modern epoch begins. The campanile is the last living word of the earlier time; the

[1] Guasti, La Cupola, etc., pages 93–95; also La Metropolitana Fiorentina illustrata, Firenze, Molini, 1820, pages 29–32.

[2] Guasti, La Cupola, etc., page 89, doc 259.

[3] Guasti, La Cupola, etc., pages 48–50, docs. 93 and 95.

[4] See Baldinucci, Vita di Filippo di Ser Brunellesco, Firenze, 1812, page 278. There is no documentary evidence.

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dome the first word of the later. The campanile is the fresh expression of native energies; the dome the not less fresh expression of energies that drew nurture from ancient times and foreign soil. The curves of the dome clasp the modern to the classic world. It was Brunelleschi's chief desire, says Vasari, to bring back to light good architecture, the good old orders, in place of the German and barbarous style which was in vogue. And he succeeded. The first stone of Brunelleschi's dome was the tombstone of Gothic architecture.

Charles Eliot Norton.

THE OTHER FELLOW.

THE senator had made his bargain, but he still pondered it dubiously at odd moments, and occasionally played with a disposition to break it.

"Of course I am free to cut loose," he muttered, lolling back in his easy-chair with the air of a man who tries to believe that he is master of the situation. "At all events, I am not bound to stand by my bond, if the — the Other Fellow does n't stand by his."

He had an aversion, we may suspect, to thinking distinctly of his partner in agreement, or to calling him by his name. Hence perhaps it was that, even in the solitude of his own room, even in the privacy of his own soul, he alluded to him as "the Other Fellow."

"It is a monstrous offer," continued Senator Wesley, puffing away at a thirty-cent cigar. "I have n't the least idea that he can carry it out. If he does n't fulfill it to the minutest particular, I shall feel perfectly free to cut loose from him."

But as he thought over the events of the day it seemed to him probable, and even alarmingly certain, that the Other Fellow was indeed discharging his part of the compact. The same men who up to yesterday were sending him urgent dunning letters had mailed him thankful receipts and solicited a continuance of his custom. Who paid them? His banker had not only returned him his protested notes canceled, but had notified him that a draft of ten thousand dollars had been passed to his credit. Who sent it? The senator smiled as he thought how astonished Mr. Bursary must have looked over that paper, and how he might perhaps have smelt of it to see if he could detect an odor of brimstone.

Moreover, how was it that Mace, the importer, had all of a sudden taken a fancy to give him baskets of champagne and boxes of Havanas? Did the old fellow want some change made in the tariff? Or had he set his grocery soul upon the project of getting a United States senator to one of his dinner parties? Or were these showers of luxuries results of the princely interference of the Other Fellow? At all events, — and here Mr. Wesley took a cautious, investigating puff, — there seemed to be no flavor of sulphur in the cigars. Had he perceived such a taint, how quickly would he have thrown down the abominable weed, and abjured his tremendous bargain! At least, so he thought, and quite distinctly, too, absurd as the thought seemed. Meantime, it is not at all certain what he would have done in such a case. There are times and circumstances when a certain sort of man would rather smoke brimstone regalias than none at all.

Presently the senator fell into a more cheerful, and, as he said to himself, a more rational frame. Why should he wonder at his newly-blossomed prosperity, and attribute to it any roots deeper than the healthful soil of earth? Had he not simply accepted yesterday even-

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ing the presidency of the Great Consolidated Railroad Company? Was not his honest, above-board salary therefrom a clear twenty thousand a year? Was he not at the head of one of the wealthiest and most influential combinations of capital in the whole republic? And voters, too! — voters by the wardful! There were ten thousand workmen, more or less, under his direction; they could turn the scale in more than one congressional district which he named to himself; they might change the political complexion of a potent State which he knew of.

To be sure, his duties as president were rather nominal than real; he was something like the queen of England, — he was a ceremony. He knew nothing whatever about railroads; could not say whether locomotives were high-pressure or low-pressure; could hardly tell an H rail from a T. Nothing whatever would he have to do with purchases, or rates of fare, or payment of coupons, or division of profits. It was some other fellow — and probably *that* Other Fellow — who really had rule. His own business was merely to let himself be called president, to lend all the dignity of his character and office to the Great Consolidated, and to see that its interests did not suffer in the councils of the nation. For these things was he to draw his twenty thousand a year, and to get that respectable commission on the new bonds, second mortgage.

All the same, his power was indisputably great, and his revenue promised to be enormous. No wonder that merchandising men hurried in their receipts, and reverentially begged him to order more. Probably the Great Consolidated had traded at their counters over night, or had simply and straightforwardly drawn its auriferous finger over his debits. Likewise with Bursary the banker, and Mace the importer. There was no need of supposing anything other-worldly, or even extraordinary, to account for the fact that a railroad president, with ever so much a year, should find himself out of debt. No wonder, either, that all of a sudden all sorts of men should obviously regard him with increased deference; no wonder, for instance, that his brother senators had that day hearkened to him with an attention and respect which they had never before accorded.

As he thought of these things, and of the solid pecuniary causes which undoubtedly lay at the bottom of them, he drew a deep sigh of repose and satisfaction. What a restfulness there was in being out of debt, and especially out of that confounded land speculation, with its mire of sinking values and of mortgages! What a joy it was to have his pockets once more full, and in fact running over! What a luxury to smoke such cigars, and not even think of the expense sufficiently to say, Curse it!

"I have made a ten-strike!" he laughed aloud. "And I am one of the youngest members of the senate; yes, and upon my soul one of the best-looking."

He was indeed, as United States senators go, a man of considerable personal charms. More than one lovely feminine lobbyist had called on Senator Matthew Wesley with the intent of captivating, and had gone away captivated, feeling that she would gladly give up her claim and its shadowy millions for the slenderest chance of that man's impecunious love. More than one youthful lady, fresh and undefiled from the bosom of her home, had watched him with bright eyes from the gallery, and said to her intimate friend, or shyly thought to herself, "Is n't he splendid!"

Well, the place perhaps lent its glory to him, and added to the brilliance of his natural halo. To my masculine optics he was not so much beautiful as uncommonly good-looking. His broad shoulders, capacious chest, and mighty limbs needed about twenty pounds off to make them Apollonean. There was the merest atom too much of double chin appended to his otherwise comely aquiline countenance. His expression was manly and intelligent, certainly, but a little too domineering, and a little hardened. On the other hand (what was *then* unusual in our upper house), he retained in his cheeks something of the

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smoothness and bloom of youth, and sported on his head an abundant crown of glossy hair. Take him all in all, — his upright vigor, his chestnut curls, and his senatoriality, — he might fairly be called a handsome man, if indeed one ought not to say splendid.

Of a sudden the senator's cigar, though only half smoked out, tasted badly. It seemed to him that there was, in fact, a flavor of brimstone about it. He threw it into the fire, where, instead of burning quietly, as a cigar should, it blazed up in a blue flame and disappeared almost in a moment. What was the matter with it, — or with him? He had only heard a strange foot in the passage and an extremely gentle tap on his door. The most commonplace circumstances will sometimes affect us singularly, and give us irrational, not to say unearthly, impressions. Healthy and muscular and broad of chest as the senator was, it cost him an effort to say audibly, "Come in."

The man who entered did not seem the sort of man to inspire fear. He was, to be sure, attired in solid black from head to foot, like that mysterious personage who frequented the witch-meetings of early New England, and whose office it seems to have been to record the names of neophytes in a large volume. But, after all, it was only a morning-suit of black cheviot; it was such a suit as many a quiet business man wears to his office. And *that* — a quiet business man — is just what he would have been taken for by any one who did not know better, as perhaps the senator did.

The appearance of the stranger was not only quiet, but at first sight very attractive. His expression was vivacious, cultivated, and agreeable, barring that he sometimes threw out a glance of startling keenness, verging on the dissective and satirical. His carriage was graceful, noiseless, alert, supple as dancing, and yet daintily well bred. His features were Oriental; his complexion a dark and clear pallor; his eyes black, serene, and penetrating. It was impossible to guess his birthplace, unless indeed he might be a Philadelphian, or possibly a Baltimorean. It was equally difficult to divine his age, except so far as to say that he seemed to be in the prime of life. The smile with which he entered was so courteous, and at the same time so clever, that any one who did not know him (as the senator did) would have called it fascinating.

"You have a charming suite of rooms," he said, glancing with the air of a virtuoso over Wesley's carved furniture, bronzes, and other costly nick-nacks.

"Yes; and preciously am I in debt for them!" grumbled the senatorial sybarite, who could not help wanting to quarrel with something or somebody, so fretted was he by the presence of his visitor.

"I should suppose that all that must now be by-gones," smiled the — the Other Fellow.

I may as well state here that I have only an unsupported suspicion as to the real name of this personage, and shall therefore usually mention him by the title which was oftenest accorded to him in Wesley's thoughts and conversation.

"It *is* a by-gone matter, — the financial embarrassment, — is it not?" he added, in a tone of business-like insistence, qualified by his gracious smile.

"Oh — yes — certainly," stammered the senator. "I forgot myself. I am so used to being dunned, you know! The truth is that I have n't heard the cry of the creditor to-day, and suppose I am out of the woods."

"I thought we must have seen to all those little matters," nodded the visitor. "Of course, too, you got a notice from the bank, — one half of your salary paid in advance."

"But, really, you ought to have taken the bills out of the ten thousand," urged the honorable, who was curiously anxious not to be paid too much, and indeed felt just then as if he would like not to be paid anything.

"Oh, trifles, trifles!" smiled the Other Fellow. "You don't yet know what it is to be president of a railroad. We don't count so close in our corporation.

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And now, — if you will excuse me, — as to business?"

The conscript father turned deadly pale before this suggestion. It seemed as if he must have understood that "business" meant nothing less than mounting a chariot of fire and dashing into the mouth of a volcano, or some still hotter orifice.

"I have hardly been able to do much as yet," he gasped. "Only talked a little in private with senators."

"Yes, very good," bowed the Other Fellow approvingly. "The most telling work is done in private. Of course you have n't had time to accomplish much. You can't expect to build your Rome in a day."

The senator cringed. He was of honorable descent, and he represented a most honorable ancient State, and he had hitherto been an honorable legislator. It did not at all please him to have this bill — this huge piece of jobbery and trickery and bribery — called *his* Rome. And yet, on reflection, so it must be. Was he not president of the Great Consolidated, and in receipt of its unstinted salaries and perquisites?

"It will hardly do for you, the chief of our corporation, to speak or vote in favor of our bill — your bill."

The visitor said this with a brisk, clear, positive utterance, which was evidently the natural speech of a clear, prompt, vigorous mind.

By way of assent the senator shook his head — his big and once virtuous and still respected head — with great energy.

"By all means not," responded the Other Fellow, in a tone which was thoroughly business-like, though not without a flavor of the sardonic. One might divine that, even while he felt obliged to treat of legislative corruption in a sensible and practical spirit, it still afforded him entertainment.

"Well, let us hear what you have to suggest, secretary," observed the honorable. "I should like to see exactly how far your views accord with mine."

The actual manager of the Great Consolidated was not abashed by this assumption of independence and even of superiority on the part of the nominal manager. In his lucid, instructive, professional way, and smiling his sarcastic yet playful smile, he went on to give the conscript father a policy.

"You will of course be an example of modesty, self-abnegation, and dignity. It will be well to say, in a few of your best sentences, that, as a legislator, you can do nothing for this bill. But in private, as an interested individual, as the lawful trustee of our interests, you must necessarily be our advocate. You know all these gentlemen, and you have the right to approach them, and you will not fail to use it. There must be confidential communications, hopeful views and expectancies, suggestions of public profit; yes, and of private profit. There must be argument where argument is best, a promise of voters where those are needed, and something on the nail where that has to be. Of course, no one expects you to bother with scrip and greenbacks. Give me the names and probable amounts, and I will see to the settlements. We must not be nice, and we must not be stingy. The directors don't expect to get much work for nothing. Carpet-baggers, etc., must live, as well as other men."

"And you really think we will have to allow some dirty jobbery?" groaned Wesley, staring weakly at the secretary. He had hitherto proudly imagined himself a man of immense moral muscle; but he felt very feeble as he gazed into the depths of those intelligent eyes, and into the mazes of that sardonic smile.

"What is the other company allowing? The other company must be beaten. You have heard of the necessity of fighting fire with fire."

"I should think a lady might push some of these inquiries with advantage," sighed the honorable, looking about him for somebody to hold the hottest end of his poker.

"I will send you half a dozen," said the Other Fellow, the scoff of his smile softening into mocking hilarity. "Dear, lovely, innocent creatures! There is nothing like an Eve for a tempter."

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Even the troubled senator could not help grinning for a moment. He had been sorely and also amusingly beset by apple-offering Eves during his term in the Eden of state-craft.

"Well, it must be done, and it will be done!" he declared, much cheered by this hope of help from guardian angels.

"I trust so; no reasonable doubt of it," replied the visitor. "And now as to your personal affairs? Has everything been cleared up?"

"Everything. I don't know why I should n't be perfectly jolly. Only a bachelor is apt to be lonely, I suppose you know. I shall have to set up either a wife or a valet."

"Both are procurable. I should recommend the valet, as being the least trouble."

"Exactly. Yes, I want a valet, or rather a man of all work: a fellow who can cook as well as shave and brush clothes; a fellow who can do a lot of things," insisted the senator, feeling a grim need of distractions. "Yes, I want a valet, — a Frenchified sort of valet."

"So I have understood," said the Other Fellow.

Mr. Wesley stared. How had the man understood it? Not heretofore from the senatorial lips, certainly.

"And I have taken the liberty to bring you just the person," continued the secretary: "a man who can shave, make a *vol-au-vent*, do anything. He is waiting in the hall below."

The senator did not want to say "Call him up," but, somehow or other, he could not help saying it. Thereupon appeared, gently stepping and obsequious, a tall, brown, grave man of uncertain age, glossily black in hair and duskily black in eyes, and clothed, like the secretary, in black from head to foot. His name, he said, was Blasorious, his parentage Transylvanian, and his native language Latin. But he spoke English without hesitation or foreign accent, and professed besides a knowledge of several other vulgar tongues.

"I don't know about hiring a college professor," remarked the senator, somewhat daunted by so much learning, and moreover instinctively afraid of this sable Blasorious.

"I only profess couriership," meekly bowed the linguist. "I am merely a courier, glad to turn valet. I shall be humbly thankful to enter your service, sir."

The senator did not want him. He looked from the black suit of the courier to the black suit of the railroad secretary. It seemed to him that there was a dark and wizard conspiracy between these two sombre costumes. But all the same, and for reasons which he could not formulate, he engaged Blasorious.

Then the interview terminated, and the honorable Wesley presently retired to rest, if rest he could find in those days.

In the morning, thanks to Transylvanian cookery, he had a most delicious breakfast. There was, to be sure, one ugly moment. It was when Blasorious removed the covers, and the senator, looking up at his dusky eyes, seemed to see sparks issuing from them, followed by a very little smoke. For a breath he half expected that blue flames and an odor of sulphur would arise from the dishes. But the exquisite flavor of the breakfast made amends for that instant of disagreeable foreboding. There never had been, to his knowledge, such ambrosial *café au lait*, such a *biftec aux pommes*, such a *galantine de volaille*, such a bottle of sauterne. Wesley went up to the senate hall in high spirits, and fought (confidentially) for the Great Consolidated like a Trojan.

In the evening an equally wonderful dinner, all French and strange and exquisite, restored his jaded powers. Only there was Blasorious glooming over the table like an Afreet, and sparkling and smoking altogether too much out of his awful eyes. The senator began to call him (quite to himself at first) "Blazes." He thought seriously of discharging him, in spite of his unparalleled cookery and handiness. But there were reasons against that; he never quite understood what they were, only that they were sufficient. One act of independence, however, he did allow himself: he de-

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cided that he would not revel in the company of Blazes alone. It became his habit, in these opulent days, to invite a friend or so to dinner, and frequently to breakfast. And of these guests, by the way, the secretary was never one. *He* was only another Blazes, even more distasteful than the Transylvanian himself, and not to be seen on any account except under stress of necessity.

We must not forget, in these scenes of affluence and festivity, the bill of the Great Consolidated. We lack, it is true, the space and the necessary familiarity with affairs of statesmanship to speak of it as fully as it deserves. But we can say that it prospered, thanks to the eloquence (confidential) of our senator, and to the outspoken, manly, noble utterances of patriots who saw the need of just such a measure. It went smoothly from stage to stage; it was read a first time, a second time, and, for aught I know, a tenth time; it throve in a style fit to gladden the heart of a nation. Not understanding the minutiæ of all this success, we had better thus record it in one satisfactory lump.

But the senator had to work hard to secure his triumph. He had to buttonhole in the halls, and to beckon into the cloak-room, and to circulate from desk to desk, and to dine and wine at his lodgings, not a little. He had to see a great deal of certain ladies who saw a great deal of certain honorables. It was all very trying to him until he met Mrs. Wilhelmina Norman, the pretty young widow of an army officer, left on the world with only a four-hundred-dollar pension, and driven thereby to take such gleanings of labor as might be dropped in her way by careless mankind. She was a lobbyess, alas, but a very interesting one, and also very pitiful, — Mr. Wesley did not divine how interesting and pitiful until one day, after a private and strictly business interview with her, he noted that her delicate blonde face was pale and weary, and that her blue eyes had the humble pathos of eyes which have recently wept.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Norman?" he inquired, with great gentleness, for she put him in mind of a sister whom he had lost, — lost out of the world. "I am afraid you are overworking on our account. Are you ill?"

The voice of compassion sapped the barriers of womanly reserve, and tears flowed in spite of a struggle to bar them, though they flowed silently. Oh, the sensibility to pity and tenderness of a woman from whom a great love has been withdrawn, leaving her alone in life!

"Ah, my dear lady," said the senator with compunction, "I have done harm instead of good! I beg your pardon."

Little by little the story of her grief, or rather of a single one of many griefs, came out. She had been treated with an impertinence, which she would not describe, by a man so great that she hardly dared murmur his name.

"And it is all because I am in this business!" she sobbed, hysterically. "Oh, I hate it! I hate it!"

The senator was not a good man himself, but he reddened with wrath over the tale. Yet what could he do? The influential personage in question could not be punished, and must not even be affronted. Nor could poor, pretty Mrs. Norman be spared from her thorny but all-important labors. The bill, the priceless bill of the Great Consolidated, was at stake.

"Ah, my dear lady," he groaned, "I pity you! It is a horrid shame. You are too good for this work. But that is just it. It is your very innocence and freshness and modesty that make you strong here. These men are used to brazen women, and are little influenced by them. But you, — just because you are a lady in demeanor and soul, — you are potent. You are the mightiest of all our helpers. I will see that you are well rewarded for your trouble, — yes, and your troubles. Don't abandon us."

The result of this interview, or rather the result of the senator's compassion and gentleness, was that Mrs. Norman believed him to be one of the best of men, and gave him her simple confidence and worship. And because she did that, and because he became aware

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of it, he began to put her higher in his soul than all other women.

If Wesley could in these days have seen only Mrs. Norman, or even only his comparatively tough and unsympathetic table intimates, he would have been, on the whole, a comfortably minded legislator, in spite of his hated labors for the Great Consolidated. But there, at every meal, indeed haunting his lodgings at all hours, was that infernal, smoky-eyed Afreet of a Blasorious. There, too, dropping in every evening, was that sable-suited, sardonic secretary, the most potent and intimidating sprite of the two. By the way, it was impossible for him to justify to himself or to anybody else the singular fear in which he held these two beings. They did not seem to produce any special impression upon his habitual guests or his chance visitors. He felt tolerably sure of this, for he watched anxiously to see. From time to time, moreover, he would sound people on the subject.

"Odd-looking fellow, that valet of mine," he observed to paunchy, crimson-wattled Judge Mulberry, — taking good care, of course, that Blazes was out of hearing.

"Yes, rather; what is he?" gobbled Mulberry, pitching into the *perdreau truffé* at a tremendous rate.

"A Transylvanian. Speaks Latin as his mother tongue."

"Bless my soul!" stared Mulberry. "By Jove, I'd keep a Latin professor of cookery myself, if I could afford it. Wesley, you ain't going to send off that partridge yet, are you? The next dish can't be half so good."

"But have you ever remarked his eyes?" inquired the senator, helping the judge to the remaining perdreau. "I half think the man is a gypsy."

"What 's the matter with his eyes?" mumbles Mulberry, his great mouth full of partridge and truffles.

"Why, really, I hardly know," stammers Wesley. "Perhaps it 's the expression: something like sparks, you know, followed by smoke."

Mulberry's own eyes (which certainly had no sparks nor smoke in them, being altogether too watery) were lifted in astonished inquiry to his entertainer's face.

"Look here, Wesley!" he warned, in a stertorious voice. "You 'd better look out for yourself. Your nerves are getting out of order. A number of men have remarked it. Come, now, shove that burgundy over here, and ring in your next course and go at it like a man."

"Ah — well," sighed the senator *incompris*, tinkling his solid silver bell (chased with the figures and names of the four evangelists), and then averting his eyes from the door, so that he might not see the entering Blasorious.

The rest of his dinner passed in something like a great sandy desert of thirst. Mulberry drank everything on the table, except water, and really risked going home tipsy, all to spare his friend's nerves. Then, still out of pure kindness, he hiccoughed, "Wesley, my boy, let 's go to the theatre and see the ballet."

"Very good," agreed the senator. "Anything to get away from that confounded Blazes!"

"What! Your man?" stared Mulberry. "If you don't like him, why don't you ship him?"

The unhappy president of the Great Consolidated made no reply. It was impossible to explain to his friend, and in fact it was impossible to explain to himself, why there was no possibility of turning off Blasorious.

"I didn't mean Blazes," he stammered. "I was thinking of that Other Fellow; I mean that confounded secretary. He is here nearly every evening."

"Oh! I dare say. Business out of hours be hanged! I never attend to anything after session."

"And then he is such a disagreeable chap!" continued Wesley, plaintively.

"Disagreeable?" dissented Mulberry. "I don't find him so. One of the most gentlemanly, entertaining, bright fellows that I ever met. I 'd like to have him along."

The senator did not take up the question. If he had gone into it, and had

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stated what he suspected as to the secretary, or even what he had plainly discerned in him, Mulberry would simply have pooh-poohed at it all, and advised him, with his burgundied breath, to take care of his nerves.

"Staggering old crapulence!" he said to himself, looking askant at his wheezing, heavy-footed friend. "He has three bottles in him this very minute, and preaches austerities and macerations to me."

At this moment Blasorious entered, and said, in his bass-drum voice and excellent English, "Gentlemen, the carriage is ready."

"What!" exclaimed Wesley in downright terror, remembering that he had not ordered a carriage.

"That's all right, Blazes," put in the undisturbed Mulberry, as little surprised as three bottles of wine need be. "You are the softest-footed and quickest-witted man in your line of life that I ever saw. There's a dollar for you. I wish it were a hundred."

Blasorious thanked him in grateful double-bass, and pocketed the gratuity in the most commonplace fashion, as if he had been any ordinary domestic.

They now went out to the carriage, the judge bunting against the senator several times during the brief journey, and meanwhile lecturing him on the perils of the jovial bowl.

"What are you staring at, Wesley?" he demanded, when they reached the pavement.

"I wanted to see who that was on the box," explained the senator, with the air of a man who is not yet quite free of suspicions.

"Why, it's the coachman, of course!" grumbled and gasped Mulberry, as he struggled into the vehicle with the aid of Blasorious. "Hang these Washington carriages! Their doors remind me of the eye of the scriptural needle. Only an anaconda can twist into one without scraping his coat-tails off. What are you craning out of the window for, Wesley?"

"Who was that got on to the box?" asked the senator, actually trembling with terror. "I'm sure that somebody got on to the box."

"Let him, and let him stay there!" puffed the judge. "No room for him inside, after we're in. I dare say it's some bosom friend of the nigger, — or perhaps an applicant after your signature."

"Oh, it's that infernal Blazes!" groaned Wesley. "What is he following *me* for?"

"Going to spend that dollar on a ticket, probably. But why shouldn't he attend us? We shall want him to help us out, with all this blubber and burgundy aboard."

"Oh, well — it's all right," sighed the senator, wearied of his comrade's stupidity, and attributing it to the three bottles. "I don't care so much fo. *him*. I was afraid it was the Other Fellow."

"Well, I was n't," said the judge, and chuckled a good deal over his own wit, which, by the way, seemed rather vapory to him next morning.

It is not necessary to describe the stale marvels of the theatre. One can perhaps best give an idea of the entertainment by stating that Judge Mulberry went fast asleep in his box, and snored out a whole wine cellar of opinions, while the senator passed his time in anxiously watching the audience to see if he could discern the dreaded visage of the Other Fellow. It was surely not a pleasant life that he was leading. I hardly know which he liked least, — his yesterdays, or his to-days, or his to-morrows. And yet he was flush of money and potent in great affairs and high in dignity; he was an object of jealousy to more than one stronger man, and of envy to many a happier one.

Perhaps his health was shaken a little, though he would not admit it. He certainly did not look quite well, — not as well as a few days previous, when he was "poor but honest." He was as broad and muscular as ever, but there were haggard lines on his countenance, and there was an anxious expression in his eyes. His doctor, old Wedderburne, met him, stopped him, stared at him,

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and said, "Working too hard, ain't you? Do you sleep well?"

"Now look here!" protested the senator peevishly, "I suppose Mulberry has been talking to you about me, confound him!"

The doctor said, "No," but Wesley didn't believe him. He was quite confident in these days that this man and that one and the other one talked about him, and always to his disadvantage.

"Oh, I know Judge Mulberry!" he laughed excitedly. "He 's a babbling old busybody. He 's been spreading a report that my nerves are shaky. A man always says that of his friend when his own hide is as full as a Spanish wine-skin."

Old Wedderburne roared, rubbed his hands prodigiously over the joke, and kept on studying the senator out of the corners of his wrinkled eyes.

"Very good on Mulberry," he giggled. "I shall have to tell him that. By the way, Wesley, don't you really need a little stimulus?"

"Well, perhaps I do," conceded the senator. "I *am* taking something."

"Yes — what?" asked the doctor. "That 's the main point. What *kind* of stuff is it?"

Little by little Wesley confessed to light potations of various *good* wines, with a glass of brandy and water now and then, or possibly whisky instead.

"Too much variety," gently commented old Wedderburne. "Mixing drinks in that way won't do. You 'll spoil your stomach next, and then you won't sleep. Which one of all these things suits you best?"

"I — I think whisky — good old Bourbon."

"Then stick to plain whisky, senator. Try that, — just for a while, you know, — and put a little quinine in it. You know our air, — very malarious. Good morning."

"Confound these doctors!" muttered the senator, as he hastily walked off in the opposite direction, though he was going nowhere in particular. "Always hinting that a fellow is an interesting case! However, I 'll try the whisky, — yes, and the quinine. Does he want to gag me down to a thimbleful? What does Mulberry go talking about me for! What does he know about it! If he were in my place, and saw the people I have to see, he would get into a hogshead of mixed drinks and live there."

Turning a corner, he stumbled upon Blasorious, marching along with a cigar box under his arm, all with the most commonplace air possible. How can even a superior man endure such encounters with equanimity and patience? For a moment the senator forgot his terrors in his rage, and broke out upon the valet like an indignant lion.

"What do you mean, sir?" he demanded. "I want to know, once for all, what is the purpose of this behavior!"

"I was carrying home these regalias, sir," replied Blazes, apparently much dismayed, as well as astonished. "You sent me for them, sir."

"That 's all right," quavered and choked the senator. "But that is n't what I 'm talking about. *You* know as well as *I* do. What are your eyes so infernally black for? And what makes you sparkle them so?"

If Blasorious were an imp of any sort, he was certainly a timorous one, or else he had a knack of counterfeiting timidity. Looking more surprised than ever, and also more alarmed, he stammered out, "A great many people in my country have black eyes, sir. I did n't know that I sparkled them."

"They sparkle like Tophet!" declared the senator. "And that is n't the worst of it; you make smoke come out of them."

Blasorious, apparently in utter confusion of mind, rubbed his optics with the back of his hand.

"Oh, that 's the way you stop it, is it?" stared Wesley. "Well, now, don't let 's have any more of it. Carry the cigars home. And look here! let me have quinine and whisky for dinner, or I 'll know the reason why."

Blasorious, who had probably never before heard of such a table drink, gave him so broad a stare that the senator

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trembled even in his moment of victory, and was glad to turn away.

"There he goes, blazing and smoking again!" he muttered. "One of us two will burn up some day. But I'll talk to him about it. I *will* speak. I'm not going to be flamed at and vapored at in silence. And I'll speak to the Other Fellow, too. I don't care what he is. I'll say my say about these things, if I *am* nothing but a human being."

That evening the secretary of the Great Consolidated called on him to discuss the chances of the bill. He was as clear, as business-like, as clever, and, one might say, as epigrammatic as usual.

"Everything has been done that a corporation can do," he said. "I believe that you have done everything that a senator can do. Nothing is left but prophecy. Shall we win?"

"How can I tell?" grumbled Wesley, who had resolved, as we know, on some sort of rebellion against — one hardly knows what. "Why do you expect *me* to prophesy?"

"When a man can't see through the veil himself, it is a relief to get another man to pretend to see through it," smiled the secretary.

"Look here, now, I'm tired of this," protested the senator, though with less pluck than he had hoped to muster. "What's the sense of your saying, *We men!* You know what you are, and you know that I know."

"True, in this business, I am not a man, — I am an agent," conceded the Other Fellow, without changing a muscle of his *spirituel* countenance.

"Yes, you *are* an agent, — a devil of an agent!" said Wesley, turning pale. "Then, what do you talk about being a man for? I call it hypocrisy, I do. I don't like it."

"Oh, I have certain claims to the character," the secretary continued to smile, though he looked a little surprised, — perhaps at being detected, the senator thought. "I have my human motives and objects. I want to accumulate property for the sake of — well, its influence. That is passably human."

"Property! influence! My gracious, how little I seem to care about those things now!" groaned Wesley. "A week ago I was mad to be mighty and rich. And here I am both, and I don't care. What is wealth? A delusion!"

"Almost the only real property that we have is the yesterday which we enjoyed and have n't yet forgotten," philosophized the Other Fellow.

"Did you enjoy your yesterday?" sternly asked the senator. The poor, bewildered, horrified man was thinking of indefinite periods passed amid wailings and gnashings of teeth.

"It would n't seem very fine to a United States senator."

"How would it seem to a senator of hell?"

It appeared to Wesley that he had the fellow there. But the secretary merely smiled, lit another of the corporation cigars, and replied, "Senator, you are a deeper man than I even supposed. I am not accustomed to meet congressmen who interest themselves in other-world mysteries. Some day I should like to take a drive with you, and compare philosophies and theologies. Just now — well, I must get back to the office. Good night to you."

Office! *Where* was his office? Where did the hypocritical wretch pass his nights? Our poor friend Wesley believed that it was deep under ground.

Really, it must be very uncomfortable to have familiar acquaintance with a demon or two, though ever so high-toned in their demeanor, and courteous in their approaches, and instructive in their conversation. Just think of such an Avernian couple, free to drop in upon you at any moment; shedding a faint scent of brimstone through your rooms in spite of all their eau de Cologne; sparkling and smoking occasionally out of their too brilliant and expressive eyes; taking an interest in your temporal welfare, which makes you tremble all the more for your futurities; and treating your natural fretfulness with the composed urbanity of a cat playing with a disabled mouse! It is my belief that no man who finds himself delivered to such

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company can be otherwise than extremely miserable.

In these distresses the senator went much for comfort, as troubled men do go, to a woman. Under immense grief we often forget to cry for help, and long mainly for sympathy. When we most keenly feel that we are failures, then do we most need the presence of a worshipper. In poor little Mrs. Norman, who knew well what pangs there are in sorrow, the afflicted senator found one who could divine and could soothe. Moreover, she bowed before him; she undisguisedly looked up to him as the greatest man of her acquaintance, if not of her era; to him, the consciously fallen and prostrate, she offered the fragrant incense and sweet sacrifice of adoration.

To a congressman who is utterly cast down and bruised in spirit, there may be something inexpressibly soothing and precious in the love of a female lobbyist. And that consolation — altogether ineffective practically, but still brimming full of mercies — was the possession of our harassed senator.

"I wish you were well," the fair, gentle little lady said to him. "If you were only well, you would be happy. You are so able, so influential, so successful! If you could get rid of this — this something that preys on your strength, you would be perfectly contented and cheerful. Don't you know that you would?" she insisted, with that pretty smile of mingled authority and propitiation which is characteristic of the woman who has been married.

The senator was so attracted by the smile that he answered tenderly, "I should still lack one thing to perfect happiness."

Mrs. Norman half divined his meaning, and a rose or two bloomed in her cheek. But he did not continue in this happy, pastoral strain. Of a sudden, the flood of his troubles rolled back upon him, and he began to talk, or rather babble, about them, in the broken fashion of one who speaks out of a nightmare.

"But, Mrs. Norman, I can't get well, as you call it. You don't know my — my complaint. It is one that people don't cure of. Nonsense! I am well enough. It is n't health that I want. It is ease" —

"What?" whispered the lady, full of eagerness to know and to console.

"Persecution," he dared to explain. "I am followed and watched," he added, looking about him. "There is a conspiracy. Oh, it is useless to talk, — useless to tell you this. You can't help. For Heaven's sake, don't repeat this!"

But Mrs. Norman must talk. "Followed?" she inquired. "Why don't you inform the police? How dare anybody conspire against a United States senator! *Do* let me talk about it. Perhaps I can advise, woman as I am."

It overjoyed her to think, or hope, that perhaps she could help him. The emotion sent new roses into her delicate cheeks, and a liquid radiance into her blue eyes, making her momentarily beautiful. The senator, deeply touched and interested, leaned forward, seized her slender hand, and imprinted on it a kiss of gratitude, near akin to love. Then, seeing that he had greatly agitated her, he said, "Forgive me. I could not help thanking you at once. You shall know some day how much I respect and prize you."

Mrs. Norman's breath came so thick that for twenty seconds she could not speak; and during that brief interval the sombre flood once more rolled over the senator's head.

"Ah, there are too many of them!" he groaned. "At first there was one; then only two; but now there are half a dozen. The police!" he scoffed; "what could the police do? If we had archangels for police, to be sure! But I don't know of any angels in Washington. I don't believe one has been here these twenty years, — except you, Mrs. Norman."

"And I am a lobbyist," she laughed, seeking to turn all into a joke, and so distract him from his troubles.

"There are worse people than lobbyists," he said grimly, "and some of them are United States senators. No wonder I am followed and compassed

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about with a great cloud of — oh, such witnesses!"

Glancing here, with an air of fixed horror, at one end of her tiny parlor, he rose suddenly and hurried away, scarcely muttering a good night. Running to her window, she presently saw him walking rapidly down the street, occasionally looking over his shoulder. Then, before seeking her rest, she knelt down and sobbed a prayer for him.

The senator had told the truth in his sad confessions to the only being for whom he now cared. During the last twenty-four hours the creatures who haunted and harassed him had increased in numbers and waxed mighty in power of torment. Besides the secretary and Blasorious, there were other black-vestured personages who seemed to have the right to follow him everywhere, walking close behind him in the streets, sitting opposite him in the street-cars, and even intruding among the sacred arm-chairs of the senate-chamber. Often and often he wondered what his fellow-members and fellow-citizens thought of seeing him attended by such a sombre committee. "Will it be supposed," he said to himself, with a desperate laugh, "that I am running for the presidency of Tophet?"

On the morning after the above interview with Mrs. Norman, while he was making his last appeals (confidential) to his fellow conscript fathers in favor of the bill, one of these fuliginous gentlemen attended him at every step, whispering the keenest suggestions and the aptest phrases. It is impossible to describe his horror at this dark proximity, or his wonder at the wicked cleverness of these assistances. How glad he would have been to get rid of the creature, and yet how poorly he would have argued without him! In vain did he shake his head, wave his hand majestically, and mutter, "Go out of the cloak-room!" The agent — or whatever we ought to call him — seemed to know that he was privileged, and would not depart. And, what was strangest of all to Wesley, he could not perceive that other senators objected to the fellow's presence, or appeared in the least surprised at it.

The bill passed. With all this marvelous lobbying, how could it help passing? It went to the House, and Senator Wesley went with it, and the dusky agent also. There likewise it passed, and without debate. It was as good as law. The corporation of the Great Consolidated rejoiced in all its members, from the sprucest white-cravated director down to the greasiest oiler of axles.

But did the successful and now opulent president share in the wide-spread gratulation? He hastened away from the scene of his triumph with the air of a rogue who believes himself followed by detectives. Seeing the secretary — that awful Other Fellow — approaching him with a smile of congratulation, he actually dodged down a side hall, and ran away from him, his face wearing an expression of horror which passers-by never forgot. Reaching the city, he entered a lawyer's office, and made his will, down to the very witnessing and sealing. His whole estate, one is agreeably surprised to learn, he left to Mrs. Wilhelmina Norman.

Next, he stopped in at old Wedderburne's office, not so much because he thought himself in need of medical care as because he wanted to shake off a tall man in black velvet, who followed him persistently.

"Well, Wesley, how are you to-day?" asked the doctor, staring at him with rather an unpleasant fixedness.

The senator leaned forward, and replied in an agitated whisper, "Is that fellow a friend of yours?"

"Which fellow?" murmured Wedderburne, without even turning to look in the direction indicated.

"Why, good Lord! this foreigner here; this chap in the opera costume, — long feather in his cap."

"Speak out, senator," said the doctor, cheeringly. "You need n't restrain yourself on his account. There 's no harm in the poor, silly fellow, and I don't think he understands English."

"And there 's his infernal dog!" groaned Wesley, with unallayed terror. "That infernal, big, black brute of a dog! By Jove, it 's Mephistopheles! No,

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it is n't; it 's Blazes. It 's Mephistopheles and Blazes in one. Doctor, I always suspected it."

He said this with such an agony of conviction and horror that the seasoned old physician felt tears of pity come into his eyes.

"Now, look here, my dear friend, don't be worried," he said. "There 's no harm in these chaps. Plenty of men have seen them, and have n't been hurt by them. Don't get agitated about a simpleton in fancy-ball costume. I know how to manage those jokers."

"But what are you going to do with him?" pleaded the trembling senator. "There he stands, the infernal scoundrel, waiting for me. And there are more of them in the street. Don't you hear them? They 've been calling after me all the way from the Capitol."

"Let them call," said Wedderburne. "You are too tired to attend to their nonsense now. You are worn out, senator, with this incessant work. What you want is sleep."

"Sleep! I can't sleep. Give me some whisky, doctor. Perhaps I could sleep on your sofa, if I had some whisky."

"Try a little chloral first. The whisky can wait."

With much difficulty the doctor persuaded his patient to take a dose of chloral, and then gently led him home. Blasorious opened the door, and the senator uttered a shriek. Wedderburne whispered some errand to the valet, and the latter hurried away at his usual speedy pace.

"You see I can manage these fellows," nodded the doctor. "Now, come upstairs with me. I 'll put you to bed and sit up with you."

But the senator could not sleep. "Where is the whisky?" he begged. "I can't shut my eyes without it."

At last a wine-glass of liquor was given him, strongly dosed with bromide of potassium.

Now came a dolorous struggle between the strength of the medicine and the strength of the possession. The senator tossed and tumbled for hours, cursing his haunting tormentors, striving to rise and fly from them, praying piteously for strong drink, and then again cursing, or weeping. Eventually he fell into a succession of short dozes, from which he started up screaming with terror. After each waking the doctor gave him beef tea, or other small doses of nourishment. But still the persecutors came, and the immense horror continued. The room swarmed with men in black costume, attended by huge black dogs or indescribable monsters. The personage whom Wesley chiefly dreaded, however, was the secretary of the great railroad corporation, or, as he constantly called him, the Other Fellow.

"Don't let him in!" he implored. "Don't let him come near me! He brought all the others. He commands them. They only want to carry me away because he bids them. There! don't you see him sitting in the window? He wants me to jump out with him." Then, after a long pause, addressing the tempter, "Jump out yourself, if you like it!"

"That 's right," observed the doctor, almost smiling. "That 's the way to treat those fellows. Now try a little more beef tea, Wesley, and then take another nap."

There was a slumber now which seemed likely to last. The doctor leaned back in his chair, watched his patient with eyes of satisfaction, and smiled like a seraph. He believed, with the great joy of a physician in such moments, that he had beaten a terrible malady. Five minutes later Judge Mulberry softly entered the room, and whispered to him that Mrs. Wedderburne had been taken seriously ill.

"How can I leave this man?" gasped the doctor. "You know what has got him."

"Oh, I know, — expected it," said the judge. "Go and look to your wife, and come back here. I 'll see to Wesley."

But the judge was elderly, and had dined copiously. After a time — he never knew how long — he awoke from a refreshing nap, and found his patient gone.

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The next that was known of the senator he knocked gently, about ten in the evening, at the door of Mrs. Norman's parlor. He was dressed with unusual care, and there was a pleasant smile on his face.

"Why, Mr. Wesley!" she exclaimed, delighted to see him, late as it was. "Come in. How well and gay you are looking! Success suits you, does n't it, now?"

"Yes, I am very well and very happy," he replied, gazing about him with a rapt expression, as though the air were full of ravishing sights. "And I am all the happier for not being too late to see you, my dear lady."

A sweet illusion had come over the terrible judgment which afflicted this unhappy misdoer. It is possible enough that for him, as for other men who have been in his lamentable case, the figures of demons and tormentors had changed delusively into shapes of celestial sweetness and brightness, perhaps playing on those golden harps which Bunyan heard ringing from the walls of the heavenly city.

"I am perfectly happy," he repeated, still smiling. "I should say that the air was full of fairies, — lovely fairies. And you are the loveliest of them all."

She laughed heartily, and also blushed heartily, as she was wont to do. She had not a suspicion but that he was speaking with jocose exaggeration, and talking of fairies figuratively, meaning thereby pleasant thoughts, or triumphant hopes.

"And now, my dear child, I have one simple thing to say to you," he added, fixing his eyes upon her with indescribable longing and tenderness. "I have learned to admire you and love you. Will you be my wife?"

All unknowing that this was a voice out of the land of shadows and great darkness, she leaned forward in obedience to its irresistible summons, and lay upon his heart. He put his arm around her, drew her firmly against his breast, and kissed her once. Then, of a sudden, he started; his face assumed an expression of unutterable aversion and horror; he stared at her neck as if he saw it twined with deadly reptiles.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, pushing her from him. "And *you*, too!"

In the next moment he had reached an open window, and disappeared through it with a loud cry.

Mrs. Norman shrieked also, but she did not faint. In one minute she had rushed down three stories and reached the granite pavement below. There she saw Blasonious lifting up the body of her lover, and gazing with a fixed, dusky stare into his lifeless eyes, while from a carriage which halted at that moment came a darkly-attired personage, whom she recognized as the secretary.

"Is he dead?" she asked a dozen times, with loud sobs and gaspings, while they lifted the suicide into the vehicle. "Oh, what made him do it?"

"An overworked brain," whispered the secretary out of the window, "is what we shall have to say. Drive on!"

J. W. DeForest.

ONE OUT-OF-DOORS.

A GHOST — is he afraid to be a ghost?
  A ghost? It breaks my heart to think of it.
Something that wavers in the moon, at most;
  Something that wanders; something that must flit
From morning, from the bird's breath and the dew.
Ah, if I knew, — ah, if I only knew!

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Something so weirdly wan, so weirdly still!
  O yearning lips that our warm blood can flush,
Follow it with your kisses, if you will;
  O beating heart, think of its helpless hush.
Oh, bitterest of all, to fear we fear
Something that was so near, that was so dear!

No, — no, he is no ghost; he could not be;
  Something that hides, forlorn, in frost and brier;
Something shut outside in the dark, while we
  Laugh and forget by the familiar fire;
Something whose moan we call the wind, whose tears
Sound but as rain-drops in our human ears.

Mrs. Sallie M. B. Piatt.

SHERIDAN AT WINCHESTER.

As it has been recently stated that the story of Sheridan's ride at the battle of Cedar Creek is a fiction, and as many other late statements in the newspapers about the Shenandoah Valley campaign of 1864 under Sheridan are incorrect, it seems due to the memory of the brave dead and gallant living officers and men of Sheridan's army that some one should give an authoritative account of the campaign and the man, and especially of the fight at Cedar Creek. I shall therefore relate in brief the facts of the campaign, merely premising that I was on Sheridan's staff and present at all the battles.

During the whole war the Shenandoah Valley offered to the Confederates an easy road north, being supplied with railroads and a macadamized turnpike, probably at that time the best road in the South. The valley itself was very fertile, and, notwithstanding the fighting for three years, in 1864 it was full of supplies, which, on account of the open country, their troops could easily gather and transport. On the west the mountains were difficult to pass, and nobody wanted to go that way. To the northeast lay Washington, and northward the road to Baltimore. Philadelphia was up a valley equally practicable with the Shenandoah itself, and in fact a continuation of it, flanked by the same two ranges of mountains, with the watershed, of course, in an opposite direction. Still the decline in each valley was so slight that the terms *up* and *down* were strangely mixed; generally it was called *down* the Shenandoah towards Staunton (perhaps because we are apt to associate the terms *down* and *south.*) Across the Blue Ridge lay the counties of Loudon and Fauquier, a beautiful rolling country, generally open, but well supplied with woods and a network of small roads besides good turnpikes. Here was the home of Mosby's battalion, and in spite of all attempts to drive him away here he remained, during the whole war, master of the situation, ready to harass our lines of communication south by the Orange and Alexandria Railroad and the roads towards Richmond; and by crossing the Blue Ridge he was at once on the flank of our army in the Shenandoah. It probably took, all through the war, in one place and another, twenty thousand men to watch Mosby's command. Seldom remaining to fight, he was ubiquitous, and the amount of property he destroyed and the number of prisoners he captured

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during the war were something marvelous. No wagon train could move unless strongly guarded, and even then was almost at his mercy.

There seemed to be for our arms something akin to fatality in the Shenandoah Valley. It witnessed during the war many battles and gallant fights, but also for us several sad disasters and retreats. Especially was it expensive to us in the material of war. The captures by the Confederates were so considerable that it could almost be said to be to them an arsenal, besides providing enormous supplies of provisions for their armies.

What happened in 1861, 1862, and 1863 in the valley has frequently been described, with the wonderful doings of Ashby, Ewell, Stonewall Jackson, and others on the Confederate side, and the campaigns of Banks, Shields, Milroy, which surely deserve the term remarkable.

Stonewall Jackson achieved great reputation for his marches, fights, and captures there, and the valley gave more renown to him than to any other general of either army, excepting Sheridan. The avenue to and from Antietam and Gettysburg, for Lee's troops, was by the valley.

In the spring of 1864, General Hunter, with a rather heterogeneous command, marched up to near Lynchburg, for a time having everything his own way, but he met no well-organized Southern troops. Finally, in July, Lee detached Early, who hustled Hunter out in quick time, crossed the Potomac, and advanced through Maryland towards Washington, where he came within a hair's-breadth of taking the city. His advance caused a panic at the North, and gold reached its highest figure, 285, in consequence.

The sixth and nineteenth army corps, the one from Grant in front of Petersburg, the other from the James (being then on ships just from New Orleans), were dispatched in haste to defend the capital, and arrived in the very nick of time. Early pushed back through Maryland, retired only across the Potomac, and from there again menaced Pennsylvania and Maryland. Washington drew a long breath of relief, and the chiefs there now determined to take the valley in hand in earnest. The sixth corps crossed the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap, having a lively little affair at the ford across the Shenandoah. Sheridan was summoned from the front of Petersburg, and two of the three divisions of his cavalry joined him in the valley. Making his head-quarters at Harper's Ferry, he quickly assembled his forces, and prepared for the work allotted to him. In one week he was ready, having under him three divisions of the sixth corps (under Wright), two of the nineteenth (Emory [1]), and two of the eighth (Crook [2]); two divisions and a brigade of cavalry under Torbert, and one (Averill) afterwards detached.

On his taking command of the army in the valley the Middle Military Division was created for General Sheridan, — a large command, including generally all the Middle States, and Virginia north of the James. Orders were issued from General Grant to General Sheridan carefully to watch the valley and Early's army, but to avoid a general engagement, unless forced into it. Consequently our army advanced to Battletown (Berryville), and up the valley to Newtown and Middletown; then retreated to Charlestown and Harper's Ferry, closely followed by Early, who was reinforced by a large body of cavalry and Anderson's division of Longstreet's corps, fighting meanwhile only skirmishes, which were almost always to our advantage. Several of these were worthy of especial mention, as entire infantry regiments were charged and captured by our cavalry on two occasions.

Early now retreated via Charlestown

[1] A fine specimen of the old United States army officer. Though Sheridan's senior by many years, he showed none of the jealousy so common during the war among West Point officers. He handled his corps well, and at Cedar Creek received a handsome compliment from Sheridan.

[2] General George Crook, a fine officer, graduated from West Point, an intimate friend of Sheridan. During this campaign he had a rather motley command. At Winchester and Fisher's Hill his men did splendid work.

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across the Opequan, and with headquarters between Winchester and Martinsburg he occupied the line of the Opequan Creek. Sheridan continually engaged Early's attention by reconnoissances, and advanced up the valley to near Battletown. Early was equally active, and threatened attacks frequently. But Early's game was essentially one of bluff. He was attempting, with an inferior force, to occupy too much ground, and September 19th found him spread out from Winchester nearly to Martinsburg, with Sheridan's army well concentrated at Battletown, only ten miles from Winchester, and with the Opequan Creek between. General Sheridan had repeatedly and in vain requested leave to attack, and General Grant finally came up from Petersburg to Charlestown, where Sheridan met him, and demonstrated to him the state of affairs and the good chance to fight and defeat Early. Grant at last gave the coveted permission, arrangements were made, and in two days the battle of Winchester was fought. Early not only did not "force the battle," as is stated in some papers, but was surprised, and came very near total destruction.

Our army marched at two A. M., September 19th. The march to Opequan Creek was soon made, and before daylight the sixth corps was across. The passage was difficult, as the descent to the creek from the east towards Winchester is steep; the creek had to be forded; and on the west side is a defile, heavily wooded, of about two miles before ground is reached where a line of battle can be formed. About noon the sixth and nineteenth corps deployed, and advanced without waiting for the eighth corps, and the battle of Winchester commenced. The sixth corps, on the left and centre, was carrying all before it, but the second division of the nineteenth corps (the first being in reserve) was taken in flank by the Confederates and very roughly handled, and had to retreat, the enemy not advancing. A long lull followed until the eighth corps came up. Meanwhile our cavalry, crossing several miles down the Opequan, advanced against the Confederate cavalry, and driving it in pursued it towards Winchester. At about one hour before sunset our three corps advanced, and the cavalry came in on the enemy just outside Winchester. Our two attacks were consequently at right angles. The cavalry rode over an infantry division (Wheaton), while our infantry swept the enemy before them in wild confusion. Nightfall alone saved Early, who took to flight, leaving in our hands three thousand prisoners, five guns, and seven colors. Winchester was full of his wounded, who, deserted by their surgeons, were left to our care.

The next day, by marching all night, Early took up his position at Fisher's Hill (the strongest one in the valley, and one considered impregnable). It is a hill just beyond Strasburg, running across the valley, and so steep towards the south as to be almost a precipice for about a mile each side of the turnpike road. Towards the west the elevation is less and the slope more gradual. Following close upon Early's heels, our troops came up and posted themselves in his front. Sheridan at once carefully reconnoitred his position, and on the 22d, making little attacks on Early's front, he sent Crook with the eighth corps round his left flank to feel of him. Early, not relying on the natural strength of the position, had thrown up considerable works and dug rifle-pits. His guns were placed behind breastworks, and even embrasures were constructed. Our cavalry were sent up the little valley (Luray), and only the infantry and artillery were opposite Early.

After sending Crook out on the right, General Sheridan, with a few of his staff, sat on his horse, about the centre of our line, eagerly watching the enemy to note the effect of Crook's attack. The opening guns were fired late in the afternoon, when suddenly the enemy were seen to falter and retreat. Sheridan exclaimed, "By God, Crook is driving them!" and immediately ordered a general advance. Our troops rushed forward down one side, up the steep hill, across the rebel works, and in a moment,

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as it were, the position was taken, and Early's army, two days after Winchester, again defeated, with a loss of twenty-one guns and some twelve hundred prisoners. The general and officers of the staff with him dashed forward with the troops, and entered the works with them. Captain Martin, of the staff, captured a gun with his own hands; and an infantry soldier, not having his gun loaded, in the excitement knocked the driver of a cannon, who was trying to get it away, off his horse with a stone, and took the piece. Sheridan personally urged on the troops, and kept with the advanced guard all night. In a late newspaper article it is even stated that Sheridan was unequal to handling an army; that in fact he blundered on his success; and one is left to believe that he was a coarse, swearing trooper, fit only to command a company, or at most a regiment, of cavalry. Probably during the whole war no general made a better disposition of his troops in a battle, or a better plan for a battle or campaign. In one respect Sheridan was especially remarkable: that was in himself watching the troops in battle, seeing for himself what was done, and taking instant advantage of the chances that offered. Darkness and our want of cavalry saved Early from utter ruin. Our army followed Early all night, a constant skirmish going on between our advance and his rear, and no halt was made until Woodstock was reached. Early's army, in sadly demoralized condition, managed to get away, pursued by our army as far as Staunton. Every day we captured stragglers in large numbers; the whole country about was full of them, and quantities got away across the mountains to the east and west, joining Early further up the valley. Our main army halted at Harrisonburg, the cavalry going to Staunton. While we were here came the order from Washington to destroy all the mills, forage, and provisions, and to retreat, leaving behind us a country incapable of supporting an army. Nobody who was one of that army will ever forget the scenes of our retreat. By day the smoke obscured the sun; by night a lurid sky reflected the glare of burning barns and stacks of grain and hay for twice twenty-four hours. Early's army was supposed to be ruined, if not annihilated. But on the 8th of October, towards evening, came the familiar sound of artillery, and again appeared the Confederate cavalry (this time commanded by Rosser), sharply following up our army. Next morning about four A. M., at head-quarters at Strasburg, General Torbert, in command of all our cavalry, rode up on his beautiful gray horse, with large staff, colors, and escort. Dismounting in front of the log fire, he found Sheridan impatiently pacing up and down in front of his tent. Torbert advanced with "Good morning, general." Sheridan drew himself up, faced Torbert, and said, "General Torbert, get upon your horse, and don't let me see you again until either you have beaten the rebel cavalry, or they have beaten you!" Torbert got on his horse, and rode rapidly off without saying a word. The noise of artillery soon told of the opening attack. Just outside Strasburg is a hill thickly wooded. In a line running north and south the trees were felled, forming a notch between the dark spruces. The rebels had made this for a signal station. Our signal corps occupied it. Soon the flag waved down, "three guns captured;" again, "five guns captured." The firing grew more distant, and finally became inaudible. But the little flag waved down to us at head-quarters the welcome news, growing successively more welcome and glorious, until the captures by our cavalry grew to eleven guns, wagons, prisoners, etc.; or, in the language of the report, "all the rebels had on wheels."

That fight was known to our men as the "Woodstock races," as our cavalry pursued Rosser ("the saviour of the valley") twenty-six miles, through Woodstock, capturing from him all his artillery, and his head-quarter wagons among the rest. Next day General Custer, who, as always, was conspicuous in the fight, and who captured Rosser's luggage, appeared at head-quarters in a new suit of his, as a Confederate general. After

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this it was long before the Confederate cavalry was seen again.

The sixth corps now went towards the army of the Potomac at Petersburg, and it was thought that Early's army would not again attempt to move down the valley; but they had got no further than the crossing of the Shenandoah River by White Post, on their way to Alexandria, before Early became demonstrative, and the sixth corps rejoined Sheridan at the line of Cedar Creek, near Middletown, taking position upon the right of the line. Sheridan posted his army across the turnpike on the north side of Cedar Creek, in a position unassailable on the front: the nineteenth corps in the centre, the sixth on the right, and the eighth on the left. The land was higher at Middletown and upon the left of the turnpike to Cedar Creek than upon the right; and it was also high along the creek, with a defile in front and a steep descent to the rear. On this ridge was placed the artillery of the nineteenth corps, with the infantry in camp in the low land to the rear. A wide plain extended from there, parallel to the creek, to the road, and for about a mile to the rear. The eighth corps was in camp on the heights on the left of the road, between Middletown and Cedar Creek, on barren hills overlooking the wooded valley to our left and front, and also looking to the right down across the plain in the rear of the nineteenth corps position. The cavalry was on our right and rear, guarding the back road and all the approaches from the right. Evidently, then, our left was the only assailable part of our position, and here the pickets were well out in front and to the left on the creek, and the position a commanding one. The army lay in this place about a week, getting up supplies, and resting after the severe marches of the past month. As our force outnumbered Early's, and was moreover in admirable condition after its victories, it might well feel secure in its strong position. The question now was how to hold on to the valley and yet send away the sixth corps to the army of the Potomac. It was proposed to fortify the line of Front Royal and Cedar Creek, and supply an intrenched camp from Alexandria by opening the Manassas Gap Railroad through Loudon County by way of Manassas Gap to Front Royal. General Augur was sent from Washington with troops along the line of the railroad into the heart of what was known as Mosby's Confederacy (where his command now consisted of nearly sixteen hundred men and a battery of guns), to open the railroad. General Sheridan was ordered to cross the mountains, meet Augur, and proceed to Washington, to arrange a plan for holding the valley on the line proposed. Taking a few members of his staff, he went across the Blue Ridge to Washington, and was on his way back, having got as far as Winchester, on the 19th of October.

Early displayed considerable activity about the 16th of October, moving his men about, and sending some infantry almost up to our cavalry pickets on the right. On the 18th, Gordon's division moved to our left, and at night made the march with great caution, — even dispensing with canteens on account of noise, — through the woods, to a point across the creek near our picket line, on our extreme left; Early, meantime, moving up the balance of his army close to our lines in front, ready to cross the bridge over the creek at the turnpike.

On the morning of the 19th, an hour before dawn, Gordon attacked our pickets with his main force, and immediately followed them into our positions, allowing no time for an alarm. The attack was a perfect success, Crook's troops being surprised in their camps and in their tents. Sleeping men were killed, and in half an hour the eighth corps became a disorganized mob, fleeing wildly down the valley pike through Middletown. For the rest of the 19th of Octoter, the eighth corps was *hors de combat.* Gordon captured many prisoners and several guns in his attack, cleared the bridge across the creek, and allowed the balance of Early's army to cross unopposed. From the position of the eighth corps, and from the turnpike where Early now was, the Confederate

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army could look down upon Sheridan's head-quarters across the plain, in rear of the nineteenth corps artillery, and he could enfilade all our position with the fire of his guns. General Crook dashed off to try to rally his corps. General Wright rode to Sheridan's head-quarters, and, seeing the condition of things, at once marched his corps to the left and formed a new line. But Early had already captured eighteen guns, the entire camp of the eighth corps, and much equipage, etc., from the nineteenth corps, who were obliged to leave their camp in haste. Here Early's troops failed. So far their attack had been bold, well planned, and perfectly successful. But now came a disastrous halt to plunder the captured camps.

The nineteenth and sixth corps had not lost a man, and marched out to the fight in perfect order. The sixth corps in advance commenced the fight just to the right of Middletown, and held the enemy in check, the first division being principally engaged. The nineteenth corps was on our right. The cavalry under Torbert crossed to our extreme left, and occupied the pike. The army was not well handled, though, and General Torbert for a long time received no orders, marching to the pike on his own responsibility. The troops were steady, and all expected orders to advance; but instead our line gradually fell back, followed slowly by the enemy. At about three P. M., on General Emory's front was open, descending ground for more than a mile, nearly to where the sixth corps had been encamped. He marched sullenly to the rear, to the crest of a hill looking down on Early's troops slowly advancing in line of battle. As they approached, the artillery threw shot up the long hill. The writer of this article was at this time with Emory. He looked at the advancing enemy, and at his troops, who had hardly fired a shot all day. Then he said, uttering the thoughts of the entire army, "What will Sheridan say! It is a d——d shame to retreat until we are beaten, and I 'll be d——d if I retreat any further!" He ordered his men to make a breastwork of rails along the crest of the hill, and was giving directions to defend it, when orders came from General Wright to retreat, and almost immediately to the left could be seen, coming out of some woods, the head of two columns with the colors of the first and second divisions of the sixth corps. I rode for a while with General Wheaton at the head of the first division, sixth corps, talking of the sad event of the day, until the valley pike came into view across some fields. It was at once noticed that men in considerable numbers were going up the pike to the front, and others were galloping about in excitement. I rode across at full speed, and coming up to an infantry soldier asked what was the matter. He said, "Sheridan has just ridden up the pike. I guess there 'll be no more retreat today." In a few moments I met Thony Forsythe, Sheridan's chief of staff, who told me to go as quick as I could to Newtown, form a guard, and bring up every man I could. All along the road were abundant signs of panic, — guns without caissons, abandoned wagons, and stragglers by hundreds. In about two hours I brought up nearly three thousand men, all disorganized, but ready to join their colors now. Sheridan, once up with the troops, stopped the retreat, re-formed his line of battle, rode along the lines saying a few words here and there, and about half an hour before sundown made a general attack, furious and successful at all points. Early's men made a fierce resistance, but were charged by infantry and cavalry, and were soon in complete rout, followed by our cavalry, who pursued them as far as Fisher's Hill, capturing a great quantity of prisoners and material of all sorts. Three times (in the three large battles of this campaign) the critical point of the battle came just at sundown, and night came to Early's aid. It is a fact that on each occasion his army was demoralized, and at the mercy of Sheridan had daylight lasted. At Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek the final attack was of so impetuous a nature that Early's men were literally "whirled up the valley." Here, too, the excellent roads, flanked com-

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monly by open fields, helped his retreat. Such defeats in Eastern Virginia would have meant annihilation. Early's troops, admirable at all points, were especially strong in marching; the same could be said of the Confederate army generally. They marched habitually with no stragglers and with great rapidity; and they subsisted on food which would have demoralized a Union army, and could fight like heroes on an empty stomach. Fisher's Hill and darkness as usual saved Early's army. Early's generals all were brave men, but one deserves especial mention, — General Ramseur, of North Carolina, who commanded a division in this campaign. On several occasions he was very conspicuous; but this evening, when the final attack was made, and his troops became unsteady, he rode out alone a distance in front of them between the lines, encouraging his men by word and example. It was not the only time he had been seen to do the same thing, but here it cost him his life. He fell mortally wounded, and later was brought to Sheridan's head-quarters, where everything was done that was possible to render him comfortable, General Custer, a classmate at West Point, being especially attentive. He died during the night. General Sheridan that night slept where his head-quarters had been in the morning. The old Hite House[1] was full of wounded and dying men, friends and foes, and slippery with blood, and the dead lay thick around.

The next few days the trophies were collected on the plain in front of head-quarters: forty-nine guns, fifty-two caissons, many thousand of small-arms, with a great quantity of army wagons and ambulances, and about eleven hundred prisoners and five or six stand of colors. The number of prisoners was but a small part of all captured, as hundreds escaped in the darkness.

This battle ended the campaign, and soon after, on the plan of fortification being abandoned, the army withdrew to Winchester, and the sixth corps went to Petersburg. Numerous engagements also took place besides those mentioned. Our cavalry were almost always marching and fighting, and distinguished themselves greatly. In fact, during this campaign the Confederate cavalry may be said to have received their death blow. Towards the last they were quite unable to stand up before our horsemen. Even Mosby lost his artillery.

In the eleven weeks from the date of Sheridan's taking command to the battle of Cedar Creek he fought three battles, and almost daily some smaller affair, capturing during that time eighty-nine cannon and over nine thousand prisoners from the Confederate army, defeating them in every engagement, except that morning at Cedar Creek. Sheridan's army was numerically largely superior to Early's, but the campaign would have been otherwise impossible. Mosby, with sixteen hundred men and guns, was always on his flank, besides other guerrilla bands. As he advanced he was obliged to garrison the larger towns, and his wagon trains had to be very strongly guarded to keep up his line of communication and supply, which at times extended from Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg to Staunton.

Until "Winchester" he kept strictly on the defensive, according to instructions, merely marching up and down to keep Early's attention occupied; but when the word was given to take the offensive he displayed a wonderful activity. At head-quarters it was always a wonder how he could do his work; apparently he never slept, and during a battle or march he never had a tent or head-quarters established except where occasion called him. His staff passed a score of nights in the saddle, the only opportunity to lie down being in the dust or mud of a road during a temporary halt.

In a battle he was everywhere, and saw everything for himself. At Fisher's Hill victory would have been otherwise impossible. At Cedar Creek it was his

[1] Built by one of General Washington's officers, about 1800, in a commanding position overlooking the beautiful valley from Blue Ridge to the mountains on the west, — a fine example of the houses of that time. It was of stone, with a broad piazza and colonnade. The estate originally reached, it was said, from mountain to mountain, and must have contained several square miles of land.

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personal presence that turned that disaster into so brilliant a victory. Usually retired and reticent, he would, during a battle, become ablaze with enthusiasm. He was always affable, and would hear what one had to say; but woe to the officer who displeased him. Doing his own full duty, he expected the same from all under him, and he got it too; and therein lay his strength. He had no favorites but the men who best carried out his orders. His orders to Torbert on the morning of the Woodstock races were characteristic, and what happened at Five Forks in putting Griffin in command of the fifth corps was to be expected of him.

He became as thin as a greyhound during the campaign. He always wore his major-general's uniform, and with it the dignity of the position. He was the beau ideal of a general. He rode two horses, a gray and a black; both very large, powerful, and fleet animals. The former was said to have belonged to General Breckenridge, and to have been captured in one of the Western battles. Both horses had a peculiar Kentucky gait, — something between a walk and a trot, — which caused no little anguish to, and frequent strong language in quiet from, his staff, who to keep up were obliged to take that exasperating gait, a jog-trot. When this was continued nearly all day, the effect, good perhaps for the digestion, was anything but soothing to the physique and temper. On the 19th of October the black was the horse ridden, and the popular chromo, Sheridan's Ride, gives an excellent idea of the horse, except that the horse, in proportion to his rider, was really far larger.[1]

Much has been said in the newspapers about Sheridan's profanity, and one might really suppose he had studied in some Falstaffian school. I can only say I did not notice it. When the emergency required it (and sometimes strong language was felt to be not only a relief but a necessity) he could, like many men in all callings of life, rise to the occasion in language as in deed; but I never observed any peculiar profanity in the man, while usually he was not only moderate in the quality but particularly so in the quantity of his language.

It is but fair to say that some officers of the sixth corps staff state that before (and it is only claimed that it was *just* before) Sheridan came up General Wright had issued orders for the army to advance. But it is certain that it *had not advanced*, and that it was in retreat when Sheridan rode up the pike.

The eighth corps took no part worth mentioning in the battle of Cedar Creek after the surprise of the morning. What fighting was done up to the final attack was by the first and second divisions (the first especially) of the sixth corps (the whole corps handled with great ability by General Getty), which had had a very severe fight just to the right of Middletown early in the day. All the rest of the fighting until Sheridan gave the order for the final attack was desultory, our troops slowly giving ground, and obliquing towards the pike and our rear.

The surprise of the morning gave Early the command of the pike. Why he did not force his troops down that fine road, which for two miles, being on a ridge, commanded all the country round it, is a mystery. It was worse than folly. Not a man in blue for over an hour was on that road; it led to our rear, and would have cut us off from our base and from reinforcements, and compelled our troops to retreat by the back road.

Some rebel cavalry were for a time in Middletown. With a guard of thirteen of our scouts in rebel uniform, about an hour after the surprise, I rode into the town, and sat watching the men in gray, expecting to see the head of a column of Early's men each minute. Just afterwards Wheaton's division came up, and opened his fight with the enemy. Riding towards our right, away from the pike, I came upon our cavalry, Torbert in command, who rode rapidly towards me, awaiting orders. He said he had his men all ready, but did not know what had taken place, and had received no orders whatever all the morning from

[1] This horse has just died, October, 1878, at Chicago

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any one. I briefly gave him the news, and advised him to lose no time in gaining the pike and holding it, which he at once did. In the final attack and victory our cavalry held the left along the pike. The fields were open and fenced with stone-wall, and Kershaw's division of Longstreet's corps defended the line. It is needless to say the fighting was desperate while it lasted. Our cavalry mounted, and charged the choicest infantry of the Confederate army in open country across stone-walls, and did it successfully. Here fell, mortally wounded, General Charles R. Lowell (then Colonel Lowell, commanding reserve brigade of cavalry), who died the next morning in Middletown. No man ever distinguished himself more in a short time than this brave and accomplished officer.

All the battles in the valley were in an open country, with few fences and good roads. It was a frequent remark with officers that they "never *saw* a battle before." Here the whole field lay before them like the stage of a theatre. The scenery was wonderfully beautiful, the weather perfect, and the whole campaign exciting and full of incident. I think those who went through it will always recall it with pleasure (if war can ever be called pleasant). Certainly, if not the most successful, it was the most brilliant campaign of the war.

The battle of Winchester caused gold to fall from 230 to 191.

In closing I wish to state that this article has been written entirely without consulting General Sheridan, and without his knowledge.

Benjamin W. Crowninshield,
Major 1st Mass. Cavalry.

SAVING VERSUS SPENDING.

THE "HARD TIMES:" TWO THEORIES AS TO THE CAUSE AND THE REMEDY.

WHEN the present "hard times" are discussed, two wholly antagonistic theories are advanced as to their cause and as to their remedy. On the one hand, it is claimed that the real cause of our trouble is that we have been extravagant and wasteful, and that, in order to make good the waste of the past, we should now be as saving and economical as possible. On the other hand, it is said that the cause of our present distress cannot be past extravagance and waste, for such causes ought to lead to a general *scarcity*, rather than abundance, of the products of labor; that the most peculiar and conspicuous symptoms of the present distress are the large stocks of all kinds of goods which have been waiting for consumers, and the large numbers of people who have been unable to find employment; that saving and economy on the part of those who are not compelled to such a course by poverty will increase rather than diminish the amount of unsalable articles and the number of the unemployed, and will injure our condition rather than improve it; and that, consequently, a liberal expenditure of public and private resources is not to be condemned, but encouraged. In order to judge fairly as to the respective merits of these two theories, it is well to consider what the true purpose of saving is, and to what extent the policy of saving may reasonably be carried.

FUTURE SPENDING THE ONLY RATIONAL OBJECT OF PRESENT SAVING.

From the point of view of the political economist, there is no virtue in saving except so far as some material benefit may be expected to result from it, and it is impossible to suggest any such benefit other than the acquirement of the means, either for ourselves or for others, of future spending. We refrain from consuming to-day all the fruits of to-day's labors only that we, or those in whose

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welfare we are interested, may be able to enjoy the benefit of an increased consumption in the future. All the saving of the generations of the past has been a profitless loss of comfort and enjoyment, unless the present and the future are to derive from the results of such saving increased comfort and increased enjoyment. And so, also, it is profitless and unreasonable to save in the present, except that there may be greater opportunity to enjoy and spend and consume in the future.

THE MEANS BY WHICH PRESENT SAVING AIDS FUTURE SPENDING.

If, then, we conclude that the only reasonable object of saving is the acquirement of the means of future spending, we are led next to consider the ways in which saving can promote this object.

The simplest way, of course, is by the accumulation and storage for future use of food, clothing, etc. At the present day there is comparatively little room for the operation of this method. Formerly it was wise to lay up large stores of grain, for example, in order to guard against a bad season; but now, when any portion of the world can call upon all the other portions for a supply of any article of which it may find itself temporarily in need, the accumulation and storage of more than a year's supply of any article of daily consumption is ordinarily useless, and tends, on the whole, to loss rather than to gain.

The principal and most effective method of providing by present saving for future spending is through what economists have called "productive consumption;" that is, by employing labor, not directly in the creation of articles for immediate use, but in the creation of articles which will be the cause and means of further production, as in the making of tools and machinery with which labor may be aided in its work and rendered more efficient. Plows and other simple agricultural implements were among the earlier results of productive consumption; factories, railroads, and steamships are among the more important of the later ones. Through these means saving, by immensely increasing all kinds of production, has immensely increased all kinds of consumption, and the self-denial of our ancestors has given us all our factories, railroads, and steamships, and has enabled us of to-day to enjoy ten or a hundred fold the comforts and luxuries that would have been possible had that saving not taken place.

THE LIMIT OF THE POWER OF SAVING TO AID FUTURE SPENDING THROUGH PRODUCTIVE CONSUMPTION.

Productive consumption being found to be the chief means through which saving can accomplish beneficial results, it next becomes important to consider whether there is any limit to the good that saving may effect in this way, and, if there is such a limit, to determine where it lies. But as we have seen that the only rational object of productive consumption is the creation of articles of ordinary or unproductive consumption, the extent to which the former can reasonably and profitably be carried must be limited by the existing or anticipated amount of the latter; and as the *unproductive* consumption of a community is always dependent upon and limited by, first, the desire to consume unproductively, and, secondly, the ability to obtain the articles for such consumption, the extent to which *productive* consumption can at any given time be profitably carried must be limited in the same way.

As society is at present constituted, however, the unproductive consumption of a large part of the community is limited solely by the extent of their ability to obtain the articles of consumption, without reference to the extent of their desire to consume. Large numbers of the poor are compelled by their necessities to consume unproductively all that their wages enable them to purchase, and it is chiefly the wealthier classes whose will or choice has any power to influence, at any given time, the amount of unproductive, and through it the profitable amount of productive, consumption. The wealthy may, according to their own desires, claim for them-

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selves more or less of the comforts and luxuries of life; and if all who have this power should choose to deny themselves all comforts and all luxuries, and to restrict themselves to absolute necessities, the unproductive and, *as a necessary consequence*, the productive consumption of the world would, both of them, be greatly reduced. There would be comparatively little use or occasion for factories, railroads, and steamboats, or for any of those things which the wealthy seek to own as "profitable investments." It follows that if the rich, either from a desire to grow richer, or from a desire to favor productive, as more useful or more worthy than unproductive, consumption, should generally adopt a policy of extreme self-denial, they would defeat their own ends, and, by destroying the opportunities for profitable productive consumption, make themselves poorer instead of richer than before.

REVIEW. STATEMENT OF THEORETICAL CONCLUSIONS.

We have seen that saving is to be approved only so far as it leads to subsequent spending, and that it does largely accomplish this result, mainly by affording opportunity for productive consumption; but that, as the extent to which productive consumption can at any given time be profitably carried is limited in a great degree by the extent to which men, and especially the richer classes, *abstain* from saving, it is possible that this much-extolled policy of saving may be carried to such a point as to destroy the efficiency of the principal means by and through which it can promote its only rational object, future spending; and that, consequently, when carried to this point, it ceases to effect any good result, but rather tends to defeat the only ends for which it may rationally be practiced at all.

APPLICATION OF THEORY TO THE FACTS.

Having shown theoretically that saving, though generally beneficial and worthy to be encouraged, may possibly be carried too far, — so far indeed that its benefits will be changed to injuries, — we are now prepared to examine the circumstances of the present times, in order to learn whether the indications are that the tendency to save is to-day deficient or in excess.

It is very evident that productive consumption is now and for some considerable time has been quite unprofitable; that factories, railroads, steamships, and warehouses bring very small returns to their owners; that the market-rate of interest has been, and still is, unprecedentedly low; and that capital has long been wholly at a loss as to how it should employ itself. These facts surely indicate that the field for profitable productive consumption has been for the time nearly exhausted; that its temporary limit has been nearly reached; and that a larger amount of unproductive consumption is required before that limit can be advanced. The correctness of this conclusion is plainly shown, also, by the surplus stocks of all kinds of products and manufactures which are now, and have long been, waiting for consumers, and by the enforced idleness of the thousands of laboring men who have found that their labor was not in demand for the supply of either productive or unproductive consumption. Then, again, the hard times have been felt most seriously in England, America, and Germany, while France has been substantially exempt from them; the explanation being that France, having had its territory devastated by war and its capital depleted by the subsidy paid to Germany, has had large room for productive consumption, and small capital to devote to it; and hence productive consumption has there been very extensive and very profitable. All available capital has been employed, and the laborers have all been busy; those who have been released from supplying unproductive consumption having been in demand for the supply of a profitable productive consumption. Germany, however, undertook to grow rich by devoting the millions of the French subsidy to productive consumption, which was thereby carried to such an excess that its profit was

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destroyed. And thus we find a simple explanation of the otherwise inexplicable mystery of the prosperity of the vanquished and the distress of the victorious nation, after their recent tremendous struggle.

RECENT EXPERIENCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

The history of the United States during and since the war affords an illustration of the way in which productive consumption may be overdone, — built up to an extent too great to be supported by its always necessary substructure of unproductive consumption. During the war unproductive consumption was carried on to an unprecedented degree, and the effect was that the opportunities for productive consumption also were very largely increased, and, by consequence, rendered very profitable. There was an urgent call for every man's labor. No one who wished to work was allowed to remain idle. Every man who wished to save, to accumulate wealth, found all about him opportunities for so doing. These extraordinary inducements to exertion kept every man's industry up to the highest point, so that the production of the country was marvelous, and, although there was an immense waste in the war, there was still a large surplus of products, — sufficient to enable the great mass of the community to consume much unproductively for their own immediate comfort, and yet to leave the country, at the termination of the war, at least as full of buildings, factories, and railroads as it was at the beginning.

When at length the war ceased, everything was arranged to meet an immense demand for unproductive consumption. If our people could then have said to themselves, "Now that this great waste of the war is at an end, we can enjoy much more of the comforts and luxuries of life than before; indeed, we *must* do so if we would keep our machinery employed and our people busy," — if they could have said this, and could have acted accordingly, all would have gone on smoothly. But in fact they, or those of them who by their wealth had the power to act according to their own desires, did say, in effect, "We have got rid of this sad waste of the war; we have been getting rich in spite of the waste, but now our possibilities of enriching ourselves are far better than before; we will not sit down just yet to enjoy ourselves, but will postpone for a while our days of enjoyment and of ease, in order that we may first add a little to our wealth." The failure of this attempt of our rich men to become richer lies before us to-day. Their factories had been very profitable, and they sought to increase their profits by building more factories. Their railroads had returned them large dividends, and they sought more dividends of the same kind by more railroads of the same kind. But it never occurred to them that unless a new unproductive consumption arose, to take the place of that which had ceased with the war, even the *former* amount of productive consumption would be too great to supply the wants of the people, and that, for the profitable support of their *new* factories and *new* railroads, a still further increase of unproductive consumption would be needed. They contributed, as has been said, but little themselves to this needed increase of unproductive consumption, and as the poor found but little opportunity or possibility of contributing to it, that increase was never brought about; and it soon began to be perceived that productive consumption was overdone, and that its profit was for the time ruined and lost. Factories of all kinds produced immense stocks of goods which could not be disposed of; their owners competed with each other, and sold their goods at less than cost, and finally, in many cases, shut up their factories and discharged their hands. Then we began to have an actually *diminished* unproductive consumption, where we had needed an increased one. The rich, having lost their "income," felt that they must "economize." The poor, having lost their employment, were forced to do so. This universal economy increased, by its reaction, the original trouble, and thus we went on from bad

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to worse, until it seemed that we were on a road that led, without any turning, straight to destruction. To-day, however, we are hoping, as indeed we have hoped before, that we perceive signs of a change. The nations of Europe, by their wars and preparations for war, have been indulging in an increased amount of unproductive consumption, and have been calling upon us to supply the materials for it. The farmers of the West and some of the manufacturers of the East have begun to feel again that they may increase their expenditures for daily comforts and daily luxuries; and as their demand for such things increases, we may hope that the machinery of production will get once more in profitable motion, and, by employing those now unemployed, will call forth still further demands for articles of daily consumption. As daily consumption increases, the labor of all men will gradually be brought into action, and we shall have once more a busy and happy people, all at work, and all enjoying the fruit of their labor; and not, as we have seen them within the past few years, one half idle, while the other half were engaged in a futile attempt to save and lay up for the future more than the constitution of human affairs allowed them to accumulate with any profit either to themselves or to others.

EXPERIENCE OF THE DUTCH AND THE ENGLISH.

Upon reviewing the history of the past, we find that the present is not the first time that productive consumption has approached near its limit, — not the first time that the thrift of a people has been so great that they have nearly exhausted the field of profitable productive consumption. In former times the Dutch were a very energetic, industrious, and thrifty people, and in their days the machinery for aiding production was comparatively limited. Their means of productive consumption were confined mostly to the building of ships and the carrying on of foreign commerce; and they were so desirous of acquiring wealth that they exhausted their opportunities for productive consumption to such a degree that their investments produced for them but a very small percentage of profit, as is shown by the low rate of interest that ruled among them.

So also the immense wealth that England has acquired by the thrift of her richer classes has made her home productive consumption, for many years, bring so little profit that the rate of interest that borrowers can afford to pay, and that lenders are glad to take, has long been very low. In fact the greater part of the surplus wealth of England has for many years been applied to increasing the productive or unproductive consumption of foreign nations, induced thereto by their often illusory promises of future return for present benefits.

EFFECT OF MACHINERY TO INCREASE THE POWER OF PRODUCTION.

The great improvements in machinery and in the means of communication and of transportation, which have been brought about within the last fifty years, have marvelously increased mankind's power of production. A comparatively small number of laborers could to-day supply all the wants of mankind, if those wants had not, within those fifty years, largely increased; and it is only because those wants — that is, the demand for consumption — have largely increased that the majority of mankind are not to-day idle instead of busy. That demand, however, has not kept pace with the supply, for the reason that the power of increasing the demand has come principally to the rich, and but slowly to the poor; and this power of the rich has, by their choice, been turned to the increase of the demand for productive consumption, — for factories, railroads, and warehouses. This, as we have seen, they have carried to such an extent that productive consumption has been overdone, and its profits reduced to a very small percentage.

It seems probable, indeed, that in the future the rate of profit of productive consumption will be permanently diminished, wealth increasing, on the whole, more rapidly than the possibilities of its

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profitable investment; and as this result is developed, we may expect that wealth will turn itself more to the acquisition of things which, although not productive of income, are a permanent source of comfort or pleasure to their possessors; that there will be an added tendency to spend large sums in the purchase of land, in the erection of residences, and in the purchase of paintings and other works of art. And although the opportunities for increased unproductive consumption come first to the rich, they must extend speedily to the poor. All that is needed is that the poor shall be kept busy, and the rest will take care of itself.

Just at the present moment the poor are strongly tempted to try desperate remedies for the improvement of their condition. They see a world overflowing with good things; they are anxious and willing by their labor to increase the supply of those good things, and to earn the right to share in the enjoyment of them; but they are forbidden to touch them, although they are going to waste before their eyes. What wonder that they think that there is something rotten in a constitution of affairs that brings about such a result? What wonder that they are ready for desperate remedies? But let us have once more the work of consumption and production in full action, — a world full of busy men consuming the products of their own labor, — and the talk of communism, instead of being, as now, largely prevalent among the laboring classes, will again be confined to a small number of persons, partly theorists, and partly men who are discontented by reason of failure caused by their own incapacity or folly.

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

The preceding arguments would seem to show that, in the present constitution of society, the world, in order to be prosperous and happy, must be busy both in producing and in consuming the products of its own labors; and that if those who have by wealth acquired a control over labor do not use that labor, either selfishly in ministering to their own present comfort and enjoyment, or generously in ministering to the comfort and enjoyment of others, we shall necessarily have a more or less idle world, in which the rich *will* not, and the poor *can* not, enjoy themselves as they reasonably might. Mankind's power of production is now immense compared with what it has been in the past, and consequently its power and possibility of enjoyment of life are equally large; and it is certainly an important question whether mankind may wisely and profitably avail itself of all its varied possibilities of rational enjoyment, or whether its present duty lies chiefly in the direction of self-denial. The latter doctrine is continually preached to us, and we are constantly told that we must deny ourselves present enjoyments if we would regain our lost prosperity. But if the arguments adduced above are sound, there is to-day neither merit nor prospective benefit in increased saving; there is nothing but evil and loss in abstaining, more than we have been and are doing, from the consumption and enjoyment of the good things of life.[1]

Uriel H. Crocker.

[1] The following references to works on political economy are given for the benefit of any who may wish to read what has been written by others upon the subject considered in the above article. Much of what is referred to below was written with special reference to the condition of England after the termination of its wars with Napoleon, — the condition of England at that time having been very similar to the recent condition of the United States, and the problem, then as now, being to explain a general distress in the midst of a general overplus of all kinds of products.

Wealth of Nations, by Adam Smith: Book I., chap. ix., Of the profits of stock; Book II., chap. iii., Of the accumulation of capital, or of productive and unproductive labor. Principles of Political Economy, by Rev. T. R. Malthus: chap. vii., s. 3, Of accumulation, or the saving from revenue to add to capital, considered as a stimulus to the increase of wealth; s. 10, Application of some of the preceding principles to the distress of the laboring classes since 1815, with general observations. Political Economy, by Dr. Thomas Chalmers: chap. iii., On the increase and limit of capital; chap. v., On the possibility of a general glut. Treatise on Political Economy, by Jean-Baptiste Say: Book I., chap. xi., Of the formation and multiplication of capital; chap. xv., Of the demand or market for products. Letters to Mr. Malthus on various subjects of Political Economy, particularly on the

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COLONEL DUNWODDIE, AND OTHER NOVELS.

OUT of one dozen brand-new native American novelettes, one, and one only, and that one full of literary faults, moves us by its earnestness, stimulates thought by the civic and social questions on which it bears, and revives the dream of a new school of fiction. The rest are, for the most part, so slight in their pretensions that it seems brutal even to discountenance them. Theirs is the infallible appeal of weakness and simplicity. They are so light, so short, so deprecatory and *ingénus*, that they fairly stir one's chivalous instincts. We repudiate the idea of quenching the smoking flax, although forced to admit that there may be a deal of this sort of smoke with very little fire.

There is something naïve and trustful in the very modesty of some of the themes. One writer tells us how six young ladies and one young gentleman spent the summer together at Nantucket,[1] boating, bathing, and reveling in all the regular sea-side delights. The situation is not forced, — this being, in fact, the usual numerical proportion of the sexes at places of summer resort; nor is probability violently outraged by the upshot of the story, in which the hero finds himself restricted to marrying one out of the six. He selects the damsel whom he has saved from drowning, probably because with her he felt most like a hero; but more recent graduates can answer better than ourselves for the beauty and veracity of the culminating scene: —

"'This is so much better than being drowned,' said Edgerton, emphatically. And her smile was not a contradiction."

Referring to a former speech of hers, he asked, maliciously, "'Does it seem so peculiar to get married as it did, Addie?' . . . As Edgerton kissed her, she cried, 'Look, you jealous sea! You would have drowned him. See what you have gained! He is kissing me before you.'

"'But we must cross the sea once more. Better not anger it,' he said.

"'I am not afraid, — not with you, for you have beaten it; but I shall never dare come down here alone again.'"

This is rather meek for a mermaid; but elsewhere, in the conversation, there are gleams of humor and common sense, and some loving and even striking portraiture of the aspects of sea and shore. The Nantucket Idyl is a romance if it is anything, but we have not been able to discover what claim Brief Honors[2] has to be so considered. It is the tale of a great life insurance company, and of the marble halls in which its directors dwelt. Casual mention is also made of a young man who was for a while in the employ of the company, and then dismissed therefrom, and of a young woman in a French bonnet; but these familiar symptoms come to naught. The young man is jilted inferentially, but his heart is not broken; neither does the company become bankrupt, which would seem to be the least that can be expected of an

Causes of the General Stagnation of Commerce, by Jean-Baptiste Say. Principles of Political Economy and Taxation, by David Ricardo: chap. xxi., Effect of accumulation on profits and interest; chap. vi., On profits. Elements of Political Economy, by James Mill: chap. iv., s. 1, Of productive and unproductive Consumption; s. 3, That consumption is co-extensive with production. Principles of Political Economy, by John Stuart Mill: vol. i., Book I., chap. v., Fundamental propositions on capital, s. 3; chap. xi., Law of increase of capital, s. 4; vol. ii., Book III., chap. xiv., Excess of supply; Book IV., chap. iv., Of the tendency of profits to a minimum; chap. v., Consequences of the tendency of profits to a minimum. Chapters on Political Economy, by Prof. Bonamy Price: chap. iv., Capital. The Economy of Consumption, by Robert Scott Moffat. Principles of Political Economy, by J. R. M'Culloch Pt. I., chap. ii., s. 3, Accumulation and employment of capital; chap. vii., Causes of gluts; Pt. III., chap. vii., Circumstances which determine the average rate of profits; Pt. IV., Consumption of wealth. Article on Industrial Reconstruction, by Edward Atkinson, in the International Review for July-August, 1878.

[1] *Six to One.* A Nantucket Idyl. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

[2] *Brief Honors.* A Romance of the Great Dividable Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1877.

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insurance company in the way of romance. The tone of the writer is vaguely sarcastic, and the mysterious indictment of the insurance system, which the tale is supposed to envelop, was penned several years ago, as we learn from the preface, and then cautiously withheld from publication. One wishes that the Horatian method had been yet more strictly followed in this case, for as a tract the book is pointless, while as a story it is inane.

The China Hunter's Club[1] records the adventures of a band of inquisitive and resolute enthusiasts, who "raided" on the cupboards and buffets of a certain rural district for specimens of old English and early American pottery. They went through a great deal of dialect to get a very little china, and out of thirty-two well-executed illustrations of their discoveries, two or three only have any intrinsic beauty. All that it really imports a student of pottery to know about the date of these pieces and the history of their styles is contained in the preface, by Mr. Prime, — perhaps even a little more than is important. For when Mr. Prime records his belief that "the day will come when ceramic specimens showing our first steamships, our first railways, the portraits of our distinguished statesmen, soldiers, and sailors, the opening of our canals, the various events of our wars, and our triumphs in peace will rank in historical collections with the vases of Greece," we can only hope, for the æsthetic honor of our nation, that our Washington jugs and Pittsfield plates will be subjected to no such comparison. And when he assumes that Oriental porcelain was almost unknown here before the Revolution, it is evident that he has received no hint of those treasures of Ind, especially the spoils of Louisburg, which still shine resplendent in the well-preserved buffets of old mansions in southwestern Maine.

The mention of this locality reminds us of Mr. Tenney's Agamenticus,[2] of which eccentric and seemingly not quite responsible tale the sombre scene is laid there. Out of the buffets themselves, he may be convicted of the same sort of historic misrepresentation of which Mr. Judd was guilty in his original but ghastly story of Margaret. Mr. Tenney's picture of domestic life in the last century in the coast towns overlooked by Agamenticus Mountain, Kittery, York, Eliot, and Wells, is a very repulsive one. He makes it out to have been at once stern and squalid, brutally immoral among the poorer folk, and lacking, even in the more affluent homes, all the amenities and some even of the decencies of civilized life. Now there is perhaps no other region of equal extent in New England where there are so many and so conspicuous traces of pre-Revolutionary wealth and refinement. There are a dozen ancient mansions in York alone where the fine antique furniture, the family portraits and old English engravings, the quaint and admirably wrought brass and silver, and the carefully illuminated coats-of-arms testify to a taste, in matters of household art, better, because unconscious, than the best of our day, and to a frank and simple pride in an honorable ancestry. These treasured relics tell a truer tale than Mr. Tenney's wayward imagination. They are even a little pathetic in the proof they offer that there was more of elegance in the lives of some of the dwellers in this nook of the coast in the middle of the last century than now. Mr. Tenney's researches into local history appear to have been considerable, and a gleam of ready humor lights him on his way; but unluckily he has gotten him a theory quite similar to that whereby Carlyle squared his history of Frederick the Great. He wills that old Parson Samuel Moody, whom he introduces under the name of David Benson, shall have found Agamenticus, or York, in a state of exceptional sin and misery, and not only christianized but civilized the place during his vigorous pastorate of nearly

[1] *The China Hunter's Club.* By the Youngest Member. New York: Harper and Brothers 1878.

[2] *Agamenticus.* By E. P. Tenney. Boston: Lee and Shepard. New York: Charles P Dillingham. 1878

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fifty years. The truth we conceive to have been quite otherwise. York was early civilized by commerce and an usually frequent and direct communication with the old country; while Samuel Moody, powerful and picturesque figure though he was, and well worth commemoration in song and story, exemplified, in the most high-handed and tyrannous fashion, precisely that phase of the Puritan spirit which set itself in sternest opposition to the gentler humanities. His son Joseph, usually known as Handkerchief Moody, whom Mr. Tenney calls Sewall Benson, and whose tragic story was vaguely idealized by Hawthorne under the name of The Minister's Black Veil, was the spiritual victim of his godfearing but unmerciful father. It was the stern coercion of the latter to a life from which he shrank which clouded the sensitive mind of Joseph, — not remorse for having accidentally killed a playmate in boyhood, which there is no good evidence that he ever did. There is not, in all our annals, a better subject for a psychological study, nor one more strikingly illustrative of time and scene, than the tale of these two remarkable men, so alien though so near of kin, and of their cruel action upon each other; and we owe Mr. Tenney a slight grudge for having clipped and shorn and *dried*, to suit his own speculative views, a theme so capable of poetry and pathos. Mr. Tenney can himself be very poetic and very moving when he will. In his earlier book, Coronation, there were passages of intense tenderness, and some nobly imaginative word-painting of scenery on the New England coast; but in Agamenticus, though the book is manly and sometimes entertaining, we see only the ruder and more whimsical aspects of his mind; and "story, God bless you! he has none to tell you" in either book, or quite forgets it after the first few chapters, if he began with one.

Two more of our ephemeridæ, Bluffton [1] and The Crew of the Sam Weller,[2] have also a distinctly religious purpose, — a fact which will secure them a wide circulation among that numerous class who crave some sort of spiritual sanction or association for even their sports and dissipations. Bluffton is so very audible and emphatic a book that it ought to be easy to characterize. It has decided literary merits, a concise, clear style, energy in narrative, animation in dialogue. There is no subtlety of characterization, but a certain broad and sure discernment of human differences. And yet the book leaves an unpleasant impression, due mainly, we think, to its tone of ineffable conceit. The story is that of a young man educated for the ministry in the straitest sect of the religion of the fathers, who adopts "radical" views, loses his first parish in consequence, and then takes charge of a less orthodox one, — a kind of typical church of the future. The form of the story is autobiographical, and the main event is treated as something new in history and of cosmic importance. Never was confession of unfaith more boastfully made, and seldom has unfaith confessed itself so shallow. The very beginnings and commonplaces of modern scientific skepticism are proclaimed with a grand air of intellectual daring and Promethean revolt. The *a b c* of that school of biblical exegesis which may be termed *destructive* is recited loudly and solemnly, as if it were a formula which might probably take the speaker to the stake. The hero has an ardent love affair on his Caucasus of Bluffton, the tale of which is well told but for a taint of coarseness, which reappears yet more offensively in the unpleasant and incredible episode of life in New York, whereby the author seeks to enhance the interest of his plot. We close Mr. Savage's book with the feeling that he has some little literary good in him, but small chance of literary improvement.

The Crew of the Sam Weller is latest of that legion of lively tracts with which Mr. Habberton has flooded his fatherland since Helen's Babies was so rapturously welcomed by the public of railway readers. The book, as we said, is relig-

[1] *Bluffton: A Story of To-Day.* By M J. Savage. Boston: Lee and Shepard 1878.

[2] *The Crew of the Sam Weller.* By John Habberton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons

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ious, but it is not moral. A young bank defaulter, of engaging appearance, first spends all the money which he has stolen, and then runs away from civilization, assumes an *alias*, and ships on a Mississippi flat-boat for New Orleans. The scenes on this boat are as "realistic" in their squalor as any in Tourguéneff, and so far, it may be supposed, "good art." A something happens there, however, undreamed of in the philosophy of the Russian: the hero is "converted" by the influence of a messmate, and very properly desires to return to New York and give himself up to justice. But when the bank directors, at whose meeting he presents himself, learn that though he has squandered their money he has "got religion," they decline to proceed against him, and cheerfully bid him go free. Here, truly, is a valuable suggestion for the cashier of the period. The same mixture of active piety with extremely passive morality may be observed in Miriam's Heritage,[1] the third number of Harper's New Library of American Fiction. It is a kind of amplified and aggravated Sunday-school book, whose chapters are supplied with long poetical captions from Walt Whitman, Mrs. Hemans, John G. Saxe, and — Mollie Moore! The mother of Miriam — the young lady with the heritage — is the most earnest and didactic person whom we have encountered in romance for many years. To a wandering army officer who claims the hospitality of her sylvan home she remarks, apropos of *checkers*, "All games of chance appear to me foolish, if not sinful. There are, of course, games of skill and tests of memory which are amusing, and may be beneficial if not so absorbing as to cease to amuse. But on temperance I can imagine but one opinion among sensible people. A human being unable to control appetite is lower than a beast! But I do not believe there is such a being. . . I heard a man say it was as easy to quit drinking as to open his hand. Suppose the liquor was *even that near* his lips; he opened his hand, and glass and liquor were on the ground." No wonder the major "started to his feet, and walked up and down the room" before he said, "Had I met you before, madam! Had anybody said this to me twenty years ago! But now I fear it is too late." And yet when Miriam is sent away from the guardianship of this austere mother to a celebrated school, where she becomes a prodigy of book-learning, the fact is mentioned with playful indifference, as if it were a rather pleasant local peculiarity, that teachers and pupils alike had the habit of repairing their rapid waste of nerve and brain substance by an enormous consumption of opium. The only *palliating* circumstance about Miriam's Heritage is that it acquaints us with the great beauty and rich material resources of a not very well known region in the Middle States; and Mag,[2] the fourth volume of the same series, a rather graceful and entirely harmless little story, after the manner of the philanthropic Dickens, gives us an attractive glimpse of an equally interesting country a little farther south.

Two volumes of collected tales, by justly distinguished writers, — a second series by Saxe Holm[3] and Bret Harte's Drift from Two Shores,[4] — suggest the thought in common that the practice of reassembling fugitive sketches puts an author's work to a peculiarly severe test. He who escapes the charge of monotony under such circumstances must have a very versatile mind. For there is a certain trade-mark of the spirit which he cannot help affixing to every narrative of human experience which he tries to make symmetrical and complete. His theory of life, his way of looking at the great fundamental facts of it, have to be reiterated just so often as he closes the story of a career. Of course, too, if he be not Shakespeare (and the chances are against that), he has fully fathomed only a limited number of human types, and

[1] *Miriam's Heritage.* A Story of the Delaware River. By ALMA CALDER. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878.

[2] *Mag.* A Story of To-Day. Harper's New Library of American Fiction. New York. 1878.

[3] *Saxe Holm's Stories.* Second Series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

[4] *Drift from Two Shores.* By BRET HARTE. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

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these must reappear. A book once a year, or better, once in two years, provided we like the author and his men and manners, is all very well; but when the same "small passage of few notes" is repeated "o'er and o'er for all one summer morning," "the ear," as Mr. Tennyson justly observes, "wearies to hear it." It is no use remonstrating with Mr. Bret Harte, who planted himself long ago on his inalienable literary right to give his readers just as little as they will take for their money; and moreover that brisk barbaric stave of his was so odd and electrifying when first he tried it that it will bear a good deal of whistling even yet; but with the distressingly "authentic" cadences of Saxe Holm it is not so. Whoever she may be, she is tender and sympathetic; she is discerning, and sometimes highly dramatic; she writes good English, and has a fine eye for color; but she is incessantly and morbidly sentimental. Secretly or ostentatiously, her people all *mope*. And what is worse and less natural, her men mope more than her women. Man, in the majority of these gentle and graceful tales, play sthe part of a patient victim; woman, that of a foreordained and unwilling destroyer of his peace. It is very sad and very tiresome, and not at all like life. It is hard to say which tries us more, — the cheerful helplessness of the hero, or the mournful self-complacency of the heroine. On the whole, we think we like the woman less, because we do not believe in her. For all her meek airs, she knows very well what she is about. In the midst of a somewhat superfluous display of piety and purity, she reveals the conscious coquette. Madame Guyon was her prototype; Madame de Krüdener shows what, under favoring circumstances, she may come to. And we ought always to remember, concerning the mental fickleness of her lover, that we are invariably made to see him — so to speak — through her medium.

To many readers this will appear to be captious and exaggerated criticism of work which is far enough above our republican average; but the point of it is that it is only in Massachusetts that the Saxe Holm stories declare their limitations so plainly, and awaken in us so strong an antagonism. Taken singly, their faults of tone, especially their frequent tendency to *flat*, are almost imperceptible. The best tale in the last series, Farmer Basset's Love Story, is a very good story indeed, and prettily told. Even here, we do not like the heroine so well as the author appears to do, and Miss Fanny's descent in full dress upon her rustic visitor appears to us not so much "kind and wise" as snobbish and histrionic; but we are glad that, for once, the lover shares our discernment, and behaves like a man; and the brief notes on his two marriages are full of real pathos. My Tourmaline, which has been a more admired story than Farmer Basset, does not please us nearly as well. There are no such wax and parian under-graduates, we are happy to believe, as those who descended upon that Maine village on that autumn night; and if there were, they would never have been rusticated, nor, in any case, have adopted the daughter of a defunct tramp, and taken her with them to the parsonage; nor would any actual Maine clergyman and his wife have received the impossible trio in and coddled them indiscriminately; nor would the tramp's daughter have proved to be an angel, nor even wanted to be one. The author means to invest the latter part of her tale with a dreamy and mystical air associated with the occult properties of the tourmaline; but she succeeds only in showing that an important geological discovery was treated with the most ignorant and careless folly, while the mild incantations of the foundling heroine with her "stonie" merely suggest that the child was predisposed to chorea, and *indicate*, as certain of our physicians are wont to say, beefsteak and mud-pies. In Joe Hale's Red Stockings a healthier tone is recovered, and the character of the child-woman at the light-house is humorously conceived and charmingly developed. But if Saxe Holm is capable of a sustained effort, she should make her next book consist of but one story; and if she

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has already twice proved herself capable, her third effort should have the fine style and firm realism of Mercy Philbrick and Hetty's Strange Story, without their far-fetched sentiment and distorted morality.

The patient patriot who has accompanied us thus far in our review of late American fiction may now, if he will, have some minutes for refreshment, and regale himself on a few English reprints, or a translation from the French, German, or Russian. He will find Mine is Thine and Less Black than we 're Painted [1] second or third rate English tales, of the most amusing and agreeable order, full of picturesque situations and piquant events, brisk in conversation, sustained in interest, abounding in humor. They contain no grand studies of character, but some clever sketches and two or three delightful caricatures. In Mine is Thine there are descriptions of a gillies' ball in the Highlands, and of the achievements of a French marquis at a stag-hunt, fit to revive the spirits even after Saxe Holm. And if Mr. Payn makes too many small jokes in his own person, and stoops from an author's proper dignity in the affluence of his merely verbal wit, even this is better than a corresponding affluence of verbal dullness. It is curious to observe, in passing, in both these prosperous and sprightly young writers, how their language is impregnated with the phraseology of Tennyson. They quote him incessantly: often consciously, with inverted commas; more often, it is clear, quite automatically. They get as many *mots* out of In Memoriam as Gail Hamilton and the clergy get out of the Bible. It is a straw tending to show that the laureate has been one of the great influences of this generation.

Gabrielle,[2] by Henry Gréville, has been already noticed in these pages under its original title of The House of Maurège. The name of Sherwood upon the title-page is a guaranty for the excellence of the translation, and the book is refined and charming, but it is more like other French novels than Dosia. The trail of the Gallic serpent is over it, and the tread of the German elephant is in all the pages of Margarethe,[3] where the high-souled *dramatis personæ* talk skeptical philosophy, and experiment, timidly, in elective affinities. In Pillone,[4] that old-time favorite the Neapolitan brigand returns to the stage after a long vacation, and the brief tale of his romantic adventures is told with spirit, and may fairly be called interesting. In The Cossacks,[5] on the contrary, there is no echo of old romance, but only "music of the future," so called, — loud, unmelodic, strange, and terrifying, yet having a unique power of fascination. The translator expresses in his preface the modest hope that his work "may contribute a little to the better knowledge and understanding not only of the Russians, but of the most maligned and misunderstood portion of them, — the Cossacks." If it does not do this, it makes a striking and even thrilling contribution to our ignorance. How keen, how wild, how primitive and lawless, how ante or extra human, is the Caucasian life which Count Tolstoy portrays! There is a *reek* about it, like the smoke of the peat which they burn there, dense and blinding, but not wholly unpleasant or unclean.

We understand perfectly why Tourguéneff should admire this tale, and call it the most perfect in Russian literature. It is Tourguéneff with a freer and fiercer poetry, less his contemptuous *ennui* and arid sophistication. There is a chapter of soliloquy by the hero, Dimitri Olenin, on occasion of his going out stag-hunting in the wild woods quite alone, which

[1] Harper's Library of Select Novels. 1878. *Less Black than we're Painted.* By JAMES PAYN. *Mine is Thine.* By J. C. LOCKHART.

[2] *Gabrielle; or, The House of Maurège.* Translated from the French of HENRY GRÉVILLE. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brother. 1878.

[3] *Margarethe; or, Life Problems.* From the German of E. JUNCKER, by MRS. A. L. WISTER. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1878.

[4] *Pillone.* From the Danish of WILHELM BERGSÖE, by D. G. HUBBARD. Wayside Series Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co. 1878.

[5] *The Cossacks.* A Tale of the Caucasus in 1852. By COUNT LEO TOLSTOY. Translated from the Russian by EUGENE SCHUYLER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

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is a literary revelation in its artless and solemn, one might almost add shameless, intensity. The book seems very well translated in the descriptive parts, but poorly in the conversational, where we cannot help suspecting that the blunt and inconsequent speeches of the characters were sometimes as meaningless to the translator as he makes them to ourselves. We would gladly — for the novel deserves to be dwelt upon — take space to illustrate it by quotation, especially of the aforesaid soliloquy, but must reserve all the little space that is left us for a tale which touches us more nearly: for the one bright exception to the tameness of our home products; for that oasis in the great American desert on which, in the beginning of this not too flattering *résumé*, we promised ultimately to land our readers.

Number five in Harper's New Library of American Fiction is entitled Colonel Dunwoddie, Millionaire.[1] It is a story of Southern life since the war, and it is Southern in spirit to the heart's core; but we cannot imagine anything better fitted to warm the best hearts among ourselves towards that devoted region than this revelation of what is in the best of theirs. We should say that the author had not read many novels, at least of late, and we can well understand that he has had something graver to do. He tells his tale with a grand carelessness of literary effect, which is more than compensated, however, by the intensity of emotion that underlies it. We remark, in the first page or two, that he says *will* for *shall*, and "this made it that much more natural," etc., but we soon cease to be critical about trifles. For we are introduced to a hero who presently becomes as real to us as Colonel Newcome, and hardly less dear; a chivalrous, fiery, faulty, tender soul, the outlines of whose character are so finely and firmly drawn for us, at the very outset, that all his previous and all his subsequent career, every act, word, project, chimera, blunder, and triumph, become logical, natural, necessary. We understand perfectly that our colonel "did not believe in secession as a remedy for acknowledged wrongs," and that "he made powerful speeches against it: one in the brick court-house in Clairsville, where he lived, wherein he reached a pitch of eloquence which inspired him with the first hope he ever had that he really possessed genius;" and we understand equally well what follows. "But he did not prevent the war. With many others, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, he abhorred the impending epidemic of civil strife; yet, when it came, with all others from the Gulf to the St. Lawrence, he also took the terrible fever. Precisely two months after his great speech, he made, in the same court-house, another speech, the reverse of the former, and far more vehement, and on the strength of it a company was raised, of which he was unanimously elected captain. He had been a whig of the school of Henry Clay, — of Washington, rather. During the war he enshrouded himself with the smoke, and deafened himself with the cannon to everything like deliberate thought or theory, making the fighting the exclusive business of his head as well as his hands." Compare this account with the record of many a war democrat at the North, — say the chief pride of Massachusetts herself, the lamented General Bartlett. Surely, the children of these two classes of men are closely akin, and those who chance to be the heirs of victory ought first to confess and most imperiously to insist upon the tie. Colonel Dunwoddie (and that we instinctively speak of him as historic is in itself a tribute to a new and unnamed author's power) is introduced to us at the lowest ebb of his *post-bellum* fortunes, in the midst of what seems a death-grapple with a merciless and, if you will, avenging fate. Around him, in drawing only less masterly than that of his own strong character, are grouped his family, with their bright and varied promise and the blasting conditions of their lot, his few social equals, the feeble and mournful remnant of a perished aristocracy, and the mass of his poverty-paralyzed towns-people. The chaotic

[1] *Colonel Dunwoddie, Millionaire.* A Story of To-Day. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1878

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elements of a disorganized civilization are shown us in all their fierce disorder: the childish freedman intoxicated by his sudden elevation, or, if loyal, thoughtful and manly like Anderson Parker, doomed inevitably to be crushed in his effort to mediate between the two races; the vicious and treacherous half-caste; the unprincipled foreign adventurer. Let the reader lose himself in this book for half an hour, as he surely will if once he opens and reads, and he will understand better than ever before the expiation thus far wrought out for the civic crime of '61. The author strives, almost painfully, to write with moderation; to promote by his tact a better understanding of his section at the North; to disregard the cruel mortifications of the present, and fix his gaze upon the possible future. He cannot, for conscience' sake, help making his Northern immigrant a scoundrel, or, technically speaking, a *scalawag;* but he anxiously assures us that the colonel's peerless and saintly wife was also of Northern extraction, although it must be owned that she had become pretty fully imbued with strictly Southern sentiments. But the finest part of his work, and on the whole the most interesting, is that in which he develops the differences between the old type of high-born Southerners, both men and women, and the new. The contrast between the colonel himself and his son Horace, and that between Emeline Anderson and her mother, are drawn with extreme skill. The new aims and multiplied activities of the young are shown; the pride of personal effort and achievement replacing that of irresponsible command. And if these two heroic young people are fair specimens of the "new South" already growing into manhood and womanhood, and if the vigor and fervor and sound reason of the present romance may be taken to foreshadow what is yet coming thence in the way of literature, we need not be ashamed of feeling carried along at least half-way with the vehement colonel himself when he forecasts the future in this wise: —

"'Don't misunderstand me! The South is the best part of America; its people the noblest, its resources the greatest. It is wholly against nature that the rest of the country should have surpassed the South, as in some things it has done. Mere science, invention, what is called energy, may belong by natural laws to colder latitudes. It is so in Europe. But the government of this republic belongs to the South. It had it in large measure from the first, and would have held it still had it not been for the folly of a few when Lincoln was elected. It will assuredly come into possession of it again, to hold it henceforth. But that is not what I care for most. The South is the Italy of America. It should always have been the region of art, of song, as it has been of eloquence. Don't mention it, Horace, but slavery paralyzed us. All that is past. Henceforth the South is to be all that Greece, that Italy, has been. Not only to America, my boy, to the whole world! Mark what I say!' And Horace felt a thrill of pride as his father paused in front of him, erect, inspired."

"'All these miserable little squabbles will perish with my generation. The next will revere us as a race of heroes, but it will also pity us. Be broader than I am, my boy, but always be Southern. *Don't make money your chief object.* Never lie, cheat, or steal *when you are in Congress.* Never be mean. Be energetic, but be honorable. Never let your honor be suspected, as when, for instance, any indebtedness is concerned. Treat women with all deference, but detest strong-minded females. Be a gentleman, Horace, — a gentleman.'"

"Fresh from his experiences when away, Horace felt, but it was with indignation at himself, that there was something more old-fashioned and obsolete in his father than he had thought; yet he loved him the more, with a tenderer respect and affection."

We would gladly quote from other of the colonel's passionate harangues, or, better still, the simple but terrible death scene of Anderson Parker. The Uncle Tom of the new dispensation, a broader and higher creature in every way than

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his predecessor, brutally murdered too, like him, witnesses a no less moving testimony when he only mutters at rare intervals during his last delirium, "I done the best I knew how, O Lord." We do not purpose farther to unfold the plot of Colonel Dunwoddie, nor even to tell the reader how he came and ceased to be a millionaire. The plot is a good one, and is very nearly new, and there ought to be a law protecting authors from the infringement, by reviewers, of their patent right to mystify their readers. If the reviewer be also thought in this case to have encroached a little upon the province of the orator, he can only plead once more the extreme and rather exciting rarity of a strong and solemn sensation occasioned by a work of fiction. In the friendly rivalry, supposed to be typified on the striking cover of Harper's new series, between the pumpkin and the cotton boll, the fleecy boll remains for the present abundantly triumphant over its massive Northern competitor. We sincerely hope that the author of Colonel Dunwoddie, to quote the words of his brief preface, will feel warranted by the success of his present venture in portraying "more fully a region, the varied interest of whose past and present is exceeded only by the abundant promise of its future."

Like unto Like[1] is a production as triumphantly feminine as Colonel Dunwoddie was gravely and somewhat clumsily masculine. It aims to deal with the same stern facts and perplexing political problems, flashing over the waste places of Southern society the restless light reflected from a brilliant but seemingly shallow mind. We say seemingly, for the novel is not only very feminine but very young, and to youth and aptness, ambitious of great themes, what may not yet be added in the way of depth and power? Meanwhile, Like unto Like must be content to owe to its *girlishness* its greatest charm. There is a fine flow of spirits through its open pages; a certain sweetness even in its smartness; keen perceptions, quick emotions, false conclusions, inopportune merriment and palpable coquetry where it should be gravest; a naïve parade of a little learning; a frank rebound of impulsive anticipation following hard after the lavish disaster with which the tale is made to close. There is some fine writing in it, and much poor writing, and a little which is very good.

The people of Yariba are described in lively fashion, with captivating touches of always good-humored satire, and the Southern provincial town is so new a field in fiction that the sketch has a singular freshness of interest. Nevertheless, as in the case of the Gulf city so graphically described in Mr. Baker's Year Worth Living, the more faithful we feel the picture of society to be, the less we find it hopeful, for the general level of the civilization portrayed is surprisingly low. The class whose claims to fine breeding are so confidently asserted is represented as not merely unlettered, like the happy "Barbarians" of Mr. Matthew Arnold's native isle, but undignified and unmannerly. Squire Barton, the head of one old family and constant eulogist of the Yariba stock, has a style of language and a grade of wit which would discredit the "shiftless" lounger of a New Hampshire village grocery. Van Tolliver, the hope of another sceptred race, whom the author evidently herself admires as a flower of Confederate chivalry, is a fickle and slightly sordid lover, and an arrogant boor. If this be indeed the true type of the rising generation of Southern gentlemen, then, setting aside the heavier crimes alleged against their class, we must hold them convicted of having somehow forfeited the best of their privileges, those finer and more fantastic moral graces of which almost all other aristocracies have contrived to make a dazzling display. But we would rather believe Horace Dunwoddie to be the true type.

The heroine of Like unto Like, Blythe Herndon, is a fine, lovable, and sufficiently credible creature; but her love story, though told with effusion and vehemence, does not greatly move us. We

[1] *Like unto Like.* A Novel. By SHERWOOD BONNER. Harper's Library of American Fiction, No. 9. 1878.

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are not made to comprehend why she should ever have loved, or thought she loved, the hardy freethinker and freedoer, alien in traditions and nearly twice her age, in whom, despite all that is told us of his practical philanthropies, we cannot help remarking a touch of brutality. That she should soon have ceased to love him was inevitable, and the ghostly grandmother's anathemas are superfluous, and therefore a little grotesque. On the other hand, if the author herself means her hero and heroine for types, and if her title, Like unto Like, signifies a final and fatal incompatibility between the Northern and Southern spirit, then the display of wide sympathies and dispassionate views, especially in the animated and really admirable chapter where Blythe takes the evidence on political questions of five differing friends, is, as the French would say, *demented.*

Shall we say, however, that Like unto Like, though a book of slight performance, is one of abundant promise? Its hopeful features are a certain unconscious originality over and above that which the author affects, the delightful naturalness and unforced humor of the dialogue, and the mental activity which finds itself perpetually allured toward large views and lofty considerations. Its less favorable qualities are its feebleness of characterization; its lack — more complete even than is usual among our native romances — of dramatic and constructive power; a kind of commonness even in the author's most cherished personages; and a seeming levity of soul, which tends to cheapen, for merely melodramatic effect, situations and conceptions which are in themselves essentially tragic and terrible, — like the episode of the heroine's murdered sister, and the pious vengeance of the implacable grandmother. On the whole, we find that the book interests in its author rather than in itself, and will hardly lead farther afield the wandering glances which have essayed to peer beyond Mason and Dixon's line for the long tarrying portent of the Great American Novel.

THE SPIDER.

Spinner of the silken snare,
Fell Arachne in your lair,
Tell me, if your powers can tell,
How you do your work so well!

Weaving on, in light and dark,
Segment and concentric arc,
Lace-like, gossamer designs,
Strict to geometric lines,

Perfect to the utmost part,
Occult, exquisite of art, —
How are all these wonders bred
In your atom of a head?

Propositions here involved
Wit of man has never solved;
Demonstrations hard to find
Are as crystal to your mind.

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How, in deepest dungeon glooms,
Do your Liliputian looms
Work such miracles as these, —
Faultless, fairy filigrees?

Careless flies that hither flit
Come to die; but there you sit,
Feeling with your fingers fine
Each vibrating, pulse-like line;

Eager to anticipate
Hourly messages of fate, —
Funeral telegrams that say,
Here is feasting one more day!

Spider, only He can tell
How you do your work so well,
Who in life's mysterious ways
Knows the method of the maze.

H. S. Cornwell.

PICTURES AT THE EXPOSITION.

THERE is no great abundance of military art in the Exposition. It is a very prominent production of these last years, and has been reduced to an almost photographic accuracy, very different from the pure romancing of the old school; but there is very little of it to be seen at the present time. The troops have been disbanded, or discreetly masked for the moment, not to mar the harmonies of the occasion. It is the same in the Salon, the annual exhibition of the year. There is no splendid triumph at Versailles, with the Thor-like emperor and his chancellor in the midst; none of the burly Germans of Sell bringing in their prisoners; none of the brilliant episodic victories with which Detaille and De Neuville, in fighting the contest over again, have endeavored, so far as lay in paint and bristle brushes, to retrieve the fortunes of the day. There are spirited things of Protais, a color-guard rallied with sternly-set faces around its standard, an outpost of Berne-Bellecour firing from a rifle-pit; but no enemy in sight, nobody worsted, nothing to say whether it may not be 1859 as well as 1870, or simply the practice ground at Vincennes.

Military art not strictly archæological and decorative — like the funeral parade down the mountains, in the snow, of Charles XII., in the Swedish department, and Piloty's passage of Wallenstein to Eger, in his red sedan-chair, surrounded by steel-helmeted soldiers, in the German — confines itself to combats from which acrimony may be thought to have pretty well evaporated with age. Napoleon's campaigns in Egypt figure for considerable. Then there are Meissonier's Cuirassiers of 1805. It was the year of Austerlitz, — a famous year for troops of all kinds. They are not engaged. The long front standing at rest, complicated above and stem-like below, as if it were some peculiar grain crop mowed up to an even line, is not different from what I saw it at the annual review at Longchamps, in June. The

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picture is of considerable size for this master, who has the habit of contriving his extraordinary detail, down to the smallest swelling vein on the neck of a high-spirited horse, in a very small compass. I like it none the worse for that. The feat of writing the Declaration of Independence on a postage-stamp is not entitled to more respect in itself, as a matter of art, than the ability to do it on the side of a house.

One would imagine that Inkermann would be an unpleasant reminiscence, with Russia as a fellow exhibitor. Notwithstanding, there it is in considerable force, perhaps with the idea of some wholesome bearing upon the present condition of affairs. Sir Francis Grant has painted the Duke of Cambridge riding up the hill, followed by the familiar British grenadiers in their bear-skin shakos; and Miss Thompson, the young lady made so suddenly famous by her Roll-Call four years ago, has a Return from Inkermann, which has not quite the strong character of the former picture in the faces, but still enough to make it an important work. The circling birds of prey, that relieve, with their sweep in the air, the formal straight line of the Roll-Call, follow on into this. John Paul Laurens, — French, I need not say, — whose fancy takes him by preference to the barbarous magnificence of the Merovingian kings, presents a dramatic, very real, military death-bed, Marceau lying in state among a sympathetic group of Austrian officers, into whose hands he has fallen as prisoner. It is quite a new thing in composition. The figure, lying upon a couch in full uniform, is boldly foreshortened towards you, feet first.

The statue of his royal highness the Prince of Wales, raised aloft on horseback, is a most excellent piece of modeling and bronze casting, at the very entrance to the fine-art department. It is the most peaceful of statues. It commemorates nothing more illustrious than his holiday trip to India, being offered by Sir Albert Sassoon, native baronet to the loyal city of Bombay, for that purpose. There is nothing more stirring in the bas-reliefs than his gracious reception of delegations from the common schools, and of young rajahs laden down with costly gifts. This is what we have got to come to when our friends of the universal peace congress have their way. You are inclined to quarrel with this statue. It ought not to be so splendid and so imposing. No blood has been spilled. None of the savage, fearless things have been done that entitle to such honors. It must be admitted, as a matter of reason, that this excursion, which if it did no good did no harm, was preferable to the exploits of the early governors-general engaged in the conquest. It is prejudice and not logic that has to be overcome. But when finally, without recalling too much Malthus and John Stuart Mill, war has disappeared, the only contingency, almost, in which there still remains a willingness to make sacrifices for a sentiment, we are going to have a very pretty carnival of selfishness, are we not? It is a matter that does not exactly press, perhaps. There are complications still in Herzegovina, and Italy does not make it a secret that Trieste is naturally Italian territory.

Having begun with British statuary, let me finish with it, and the statuary in general. You cannot but admire extremely numerous examples in which the closest study of life has resulted in a simple grace and dignity parallel to the classic; but it is, for the most part, a kind of bleached painting. It aims at the same effects. It imitates textures of wool, linen, hair, and flesh. The pupil of the eye is undercut, to give an expression of intelligence. Some of the smiling faces follow you around the room with an almost disquieting reality. This is the reverse of the case as it was with David under the first empire. It was painting then that had become sculpture, as may be seen in many a stilted, frigid canvas at the Louvre.

It is the delight in pure lines, their infinitely subtle composition and transitions as the point of view is changed, that makes sculpture a coördinate branch. When it attempts to compete with painting, in textures and complete realization, it is not without its charm, if temper-

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ately managed; but it has to take a secondary rank. Lefeuvre's Jean d'Arc, the peasant child in the woods, with a distaff, hearing her mysterious voices, might be borrowed from Jules Breton.

The slender figures of young boys may be noted as an especial preference for the moment. They are swimmers, fishers, — one in a straw hat with a brim, — Davids, Saint Johns; Ishmael perishing in the desert; a young Aristotle, by Degeorge; and a Julius Cæsar in almost the same attitude, by Civiletti, in the Italian department, sitting in his classic chair, lost in mature thoughtfulness over some manuscript, making part of the education for his future greatness.

It is a rather formidable thing to enter this half mile of galleries. We are going to accost what the world has esteemed the most beautiful, the worthiest of costly representation, for ten years. It is even better than this. There have been admitted not a few works of much more than that age, in which there was a peculiar national pride. Thus there come, under this condition, Frith's celebrated Railway Station and The Derby Day, which could not have been painted far from 1850. They were looked upon in their time as a remarkable attempt to make something of modern out-of-door civilized life, which had up to that time been left aside as desperately hopeless. It was not much that they could make of it, you decide, with the bonnets and crinoline of the date. As to expression, in which the numerous small figures were thought to be especially "cute," it is but caricature to what can be done now, in the movement of which the admirable work in the London Graphic is an index.

The word "modernity" has been coined for the professors of something tolerable in civilized life as it is, and they are rather looked askance at. I do not think they should be, for making a valorous effort to be of their time, inasmuch as it has not been determined in all the other departments as yet that it is not the greatest and most glorious of times. It was not archæologically, as their large body of imitators, with costumed models, seem to think, that Van Ostade, Van der Helst, Terberg, and De Hoogh painted their cavaliers playing cards, with pages bringing wine on a tray, and their burgomasters in steeple-crowned hats. There were courtiers making sweeping reverences before Gérome, and ladies in satin in rich interiors before Willems; but they were contemporaneous people and their houses, and not studio tableaux.

For civilized masculine dress I see no one yet who does not hurl himself cruelly against an obdurate wall in attempting it. There are more rows deep of spectators at the Salon around Garnier's picture of The Liberator of the Soil than any other. It is an incident of the assembly at Versailles. The minister of the interior speaks from the tribune of certain members who had formed part of the body to which was due the settlement of the disastrous war. The left and centre arise thereupon in mass, and, with *applaudissements* of the most *vives* and *chaleureux*, point to M. Thiers, who sits modestly among them. "It was he! He is the Liberator of the Soil!" they cry. This was really a warm and inspiring moment in the affairs of the state, but oh how dreary, for an august effect, all these concentric rows of black, with white dots for the faces, and smaller white dots for the enthusiastic, pointing hands!

There are notable illustrators of modernity with feminine fashions, which, following more the contour of the human figure, lend themselves with much grace, for the moment, to art. The principal is De Nittis, exhibiting patriotically as an Italian, but a thorough Frenchman of Paris and the Salon. He is followed by Ducq, Poirson, Ballavoine, Saulnier. They paint you lady-like figures, with a twist of blonde hair, bending over the platform to look for an expected train, or promenading, in ulsters, on a pier at the sea-side. The painting is solid and flat. The sea is usually of a greenish tinge, and there are just those agreeable touches of white for the crest of a breaker that denote mastery. De Nittis has the faculty of painting very full street

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scenes — Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly, Paris at the Pont Royal — with something like their natural diversity of transactions and every-day colors, without becoming merely spotty and *bizarre*, and without having to secure breadth by reducing everything to a monotone. When you find one of the regulars trying his hand at a street, it is either this, or he must throw something Titianesque — high-colored garments of red and blue — into it. You could not deny that they might be found there, in the foreground, on some especial occasion, but it is not the every-day glimpse.

The modern inspiration is not lacking in any of the countries. Bockelmann uses it for a German bank failure, depicting excellently the varied expressions of the groups gathered around the closed doors, and Menzel for forging a shaft like Weir's; Savitzki for a common gang of laborers on a Russian railway; Boks, of the Dutch school, in a little comedy of the interior, in which the master and mistress, returning from a visit, have found a soldier's fatigue cap on the drawing-room table, and all the servants are wondering, with varied astonishment, how it could possibly have got there. It does not seem that the best of these have by any means drawn out of the field all that it is capable of.

It is the English department that you enter first, and the large portrait figures, or portrait-like *genre*, that first call you to regard them. Sant's typical family of young Englishwomen of the middle class, in white, pretty and homely, just as it happens; Millais's more artificial trio from the haughtier circle at the top, and his retired mariner read to about the northwest passage by his daughter; Stone's My Lady is a Widow and Childless, in which she is shown walking desolately in her park, in sight of the happiness of a common laborer in front, whose blooming wife and babies have brought him his lunch to the trench he is digging; Leslie's visit of a young girl, in Gainsborough costume, to her old boarding-school, where she is surrounded with gentle envy by her former school-mates, have the trait in common of a generous scale. The subjects are of a minor character, by the French standard, but the implicit local belief in their worthiness is testified to by the liberal masses and bold outlines. Add to these, by all means, the graphic parterre of ancient heads in Herkomer's view of the Pensioners of Chelsea Hospital.

This English art shows the most genial appreciation of domestic and perhaps of rural life, though not of pure poetic landscape, where the palm, I think, goes to the French. There is a dash of fox-hunting and gentlemen who like to get themselves up in Scotch costumes to go to the moors and the trout streams in August; in general, a view of the national character not contradicting that presented in Punch and the best literature. The English think very highly of their art themselves. They put it under glass, and fix its value at such prices that our dealers can afford to bring over very little of it to show us. It has the general fault of over-ruddiness of color. Most of the complexions are spoiled by it. It is only one or two, like Herkomer and Mark Fisher (an American), who have caught the secret of the delicious silvery grayness which is the leading characteristic of the French. There is a fondness in the newest school for a sort of water-color "stipple" finish. It is not easy to explain just what stipple is without a brush, but it is to cover the surface over as much as you can with small touches, crossed this way and that. It gives a loose and at the same time a woolly texture. Bonnat does it in the backgrounds of his portraits. I have been inclined to take it for a modern variation, and should be so still, except that in sliding through over the smooth floors of the Louvre again, the other day, to see how the schools of the present correspond to the old distinctions, I found that David's Madame Récamier is stippled all over, and is perhaps the model of the manner.

The two important side branches of Alma Tadema, for one, and the Burne Jones school for the other, are very different from the rest. Alma Tadema has an original vein of affection for clas-

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sic life and the Pharaohs. He recovers every detail of their manners by an exhaustive study; but it pleases him, in calling the ancient figures to life with a charming color, to leave in them a suggestion of the friezes and the papyrus manuscripts. He is not of the English except by residence, and has nothing in common with them. He is not more of his birthplace, Belgium, however. He is one of the figures wholly original. Burne Jones, Stanhope, and Watts, on the other hand, are struggling with some serious idea which is not classic, and although more mediæval than anything else is not that either. Above all, it does not care for decorative color. The bodies are attenuated, the flesh greenish; no rugs; no spangled tunic on this unseductive Vivian cajoling the enchanter Merlin; even no weird darks against light, — nothing but monotone. I know what it is. I have felt that way myself. It is a protest. You want things to be different. You want something to happen. Walt Whitman has felt that way. It is a "yawp over the roofs of men."

It is not a state peculiar to the spiritual English, this. Something corresponding to it, though more imitative and not satisfied to eliminate the sentiment of beauty, is found in other nations. Gebhardt, of the Germans, paints a crucifixion as meagre as Cranach's, and Kaulbach *fils* and Schraundolph small portrait-figure groups, on an antique, large-grained canvas, that recall Holbein. The French do it with the very sweet modern religious art of Humbert, Perrault, and Bouguereau. It is not perhaps strictly religious. It has the air rather of being glad of an opportunity to deal with beautiful myths for a sentimental effect, and Bouguereau does not hesitate to have all sorts of classical nudities along-side of his Holy Families. They revive the mediæval paraphernalia, and add the perfect modern technique. Humbert's Madonna is composed in a chair, against a banner, with a gold circle around her head, like John Bellini and Cima Conegliano. There is the innovation of a scarlet robe of the richest hue instead of the usual blue. She is not a Madonna, but a splendid princess, with a grave, intellectual beauty.

There are persons who pass Bouguereau with a grimace, as if he were something painful to look it, — as if he were assafœtida, or a Gorgon with snaky locks. When you learn what is the matter, it is that he is waxy; he is simply pretty instead of impressive. It is true that there is an ideal delicacy in the complexions, which will be improved when the mellowing of fifty years has passed over it; but I do not see how any one, though, captivated by subtler masters, he may not want it for himself, can fail to recognize the merit of this splendid and costly article. It is honest, straightforward drawing and painting, — the artificiality apart, — and particularly useful for us as students, I should think, since we have not had near enough of this very thing, and are not ready for subtleties on an extensive scale.

You find yourself very vacillating in this long promenade, so full of charms. How often are you forsworn the very instant after having pledged unchangeable fidelity! You will have no portraits but those of Millais and Leighton until you come to Emile Levy and Thirion. You join Canon and Angele in Austria only to desert to Leubach and Kaulbach in Germany, and again to Bischof in the Low Countries. The grounds shall invariably be Vandyke brown, or Indian red, or drab, or sea-green, or a tapestry in large figures, and cold while the figure is warm, — or at least *vice versa*. You will be pensive forever in the late autumns of McEntee, or by the leaden waves of Mesdag, until you breathe the fragrance of the flowering almond-tree with Defaulx, or gather the glowing harvests with Segé. There shall be no time of day but sunset, and no country but the Orient. You will believe in nothing you cannot see with Billerary, finishing every dock-leaf in his foreground to take hold of; or you will deliver yourself to the mysterious gleams of sentiment and color of the Corots, Burne Joneses, Fortunys. It is only the hard lot of the honest peasants of Jules Breton and

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Israels that is deserving of real sympathy, and again your fancy goes dancing with Bacchantes, or prances gallantly in the triumphal entry of an emperor.

What is to be done about this? Cosmopolitanism, good friends. There were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in Horatio's philosophy, as Hamlet said to him, and it is the case still. Moonlight is nice, but early dawn is not bad, and noonday has its advantages. One can like *consommé de volaille à la royale*, and *cotelettes d'agneau regence*. If the maker in most art and literature is bound to go around always in the excellent little circle he has created, to repeat the same charming face, the same trick of light, the same nefarious rascal always coming to a magnanimous end, it is not so for the spectator. He has no such limitations.

It is a sybaritic education, all the same, — this promenade. When you have finished it, and returned from the large saloon of Germany at the further end, it is with a colder and more judicial glance the eye catches along the glowing walls. You are ready to quarrel about a secondary color in a shadow, and as likely as not to join the sedition against Bouguereau now with alacrity. But what is really the right of it? Is there no better, no best; no decision to be come to among the numerous schools which there must be, displaying their merits side by side? I should say this: that the nation would have the greatest art which had the most facilities and the habit of the most rigid study of the human figure. I should prove it from the vast quantities of powerful work exhibited by the French. They have both the condition and its result. It is to this that you have always to return, — the straightforward study of the human figure. There are no lines, no gradations of light and shade and color, so subtle and difficult. There is but little that can escape whoever is thorough master of them. It is from this that styles ought to germinate according to the individuality of the artist. None of the pleasing, continually recurring side variations is capable of founding a school. Their charm is in their strangeness. Repetition is ruin.

The vividly realized nude is a large element in French art, and in the others but moderate. There are some who, having acquired the power, have no imagination with which to put it to use. These regard the realization of the model as a sufficient object in itself. But for the most part it is touched with genuine poetry. Henner paints milk-white Dianas seen as if through a mist, with a single gleam of light upon the silken hair. Nothing could be less objectionable. It keeps alive the classic myths, and creates a grandiose art. The dead Orpheus, head downwards; the Adam and Eve chased from Paradise; the twisting groups from Milton struggling in the air, have their sentiment, but who can doubt that they are done most for the luxury of the foreshortenings, the astonishing daring of the poses?

The French public, educated by so long a course of archæology, must have a very tolerable idea of the subjects by this time. They are educated, too, by good art criticism in their daily papers, down to the Petit Journal. They make intelligent remarks, even those of quite a humble order. "*Tons clairs*," says, for the usual monosyllable, a middle-aged rough blouse, passing on, not particularly interested, from the Danaides of Leroux. But "Wot rubbish!" cry the next comers, a couple of small London tradesmen, hurrying through in a pleasant state of excitement on an excursion ticket. "Why, they 're a-pourin' water *hin!*" So they are, the poor Danaides! — an interminable procession of them, advancing in white through an arid plain, to the task that is never finished and never will be, with a most pathetic melancholy. One has fallen completely, in front, broken by the heavy jar. Another is weeping, as they go, on the shoulder of an elder sister, who can have but scant reassurance to give her.

If the troops are withdrawn and there is little slaughter in the open field, it is perhaps that the havoc in detail is all the fiercer. The department of horrors

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is recruited from all history with impartiality, and is satisfied with nothing less than Titanic dimensions. Orestes hides his shuddering head from the pursuing furies; Ixion is racked upon his wheel; Nero tries, on a writhing slave, the poison which he intends for a destination of much greater importance. Monsieur Becker erects here again — where in the world does the man expect to get a purchaser for it? —the hideous scaffold of the sons of Rizpah, with the mother keeping off the vultures. I am somewhat horror-proof myself, having been kept awake at Brussels by the dreadful fancies of Wiertz, but these are tolerably searching. Wiertz has, among the rest, if you remember, in the museum constituted of his works, the thoughts and visions of a head cut off by the guillotine. He represents that it still feels and is conscious. There is the first moment, the second moment, the third moment. The third moment there is nothing but sinister flashes, circles, spots, and a reddish mist, to represent the last vestiges of sense.

It is easy to be impressive by terror. Hecatombs of Ixions could not offset the sweet impressiveness which is drawn by Jules Breton from the incidents of the commonest rural life. It is a couple of peasant maids at a spring; a gleaner with a bundle of grain on her head, dark against the sky; a family resting at noon under a tree, while the sun shines on the hay-field outside, where their work is awaiting them. He draws as well as Bouguereau, but without making the least parade of it. The figures are large; the lines of the simple clothing run like those of a statuary. The tone is low. Gray, blue, brown, and white are nearly all the colors he wants. He is fond of this dark against the sky, or objects within the circle of a shadow. There is a great mystery then. There is light, this part is brighter than that, a gleam on a cheek or a hand, but you are unable to tell where it comes from. It is local and reflected. It takes a master to seize it.

It is a tribute to the genuine inspiration of picturesque habiliments that it is not strangers alone who appreciate them. Italy makes a liberal use of its opportunities in this direction. Moradei's extremely real pair of peasant gossips set all the world laughing in sympathy. There is a grave Last Moments of Marcus Brutus, at twilight, in a thistle-grown garden, in the modern classic manner. Everything about Italy is particularly modern, for the rest. She does not stay at home entirely for her subjects, however. There is none of the Orientalists more pleasing than Pasini. He gives variety and the richest color to complicated groups of small figures, like the bands of two Arab chieftains meeting in the mountains for a parley, while keeping all the time a delightful simplicity. In the chamber with De Nittis is Michetti. If she had nothing else he would suffice to leave a charming memory of Italy. One of his pieces, an idyl of a stripling and maid minding turkeys, is almost as cheerful as you would suppose it possible to go in that direction. It is a veritable rainy day to that next to it. Imagine humming-birds, scarlet coral, lapis lazuli, — the brightest of everything. On a tender green hill-top of spring, against the bluest of blue skies and seas, a multitude of small, flat, nude figures are dancing to tambourines; lying with bluish vine shadows cast upon them; climbing in a blossoming tree, like blossoms themselves, and with circlets of the white flowers around their necks. It is a veritable chant, an uncontrollable shout of joy.

This is affiliated to the work of Fortuny and his friends, which goes to make up the Spanish-Roman school. Morino's quaint Don Quixote, in the memorable and never-to-be-forgotten adventure with the strolling players, is of almost the same brightness. The unfortunate knight sits, lance in rest, on his drooping Rozinante, in the distance, while the players hurl ribaldry and defiances at him from their cart on the hill, in the foreground. The strange apparel and the tinsel crowns of the king and princess furnish one of the best of bases that his fast-recurring illusions ever enjoyed.

You are sensible of a new *milieu* the

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moment you enter the Spanish department from any of the others, though it is by no means so apparent when exchanging them for one another. It has the characteristic of a prismatic, entirely modern brightness and purity of color. It does not take black grounds, it appears, to force figures vividly out. Madrazo paints them upon pink, sea-green, or pearl-gray. The light is a real daylight. It is a question of only the smallest differences between the counterfeit presentments and the persons standing in the neighborhood, with whom you compare them. The Spaniards have a serious side, too. It is perhaps more or less an effect of their political fermentations that they hang up great canvases of Virginius, and the deaths of Lucretia and Seneca, in the ancient academic style. In this style the accessories were of but little account; it was the action. When done with such earnestness the subjects are probably intended as warnings to tyrants in general, down to date. There are savage ideas afloat, and it would be well to take heed on their own account.

The modern classical school, on the contrary, is archæological and decorative. The mode of buckling a cothurnus must be shown, and Cæsar must wear the very signet-ring he would have worn, and no other. I see nobody who does it more completely and magnificently than the Russian Siemaradski. He is an Alma Tadema magnified. Nero sits in the midst of a splendid court to witness the firing of his "human torches." They are martyrs, one an old man, another a lovely young girl, wrapped in straw, and fixed to tall posts to serve this purpose. It is not of the dreadful kind; the fires are only just being lighted by slaves going from post to post with ladders, and the suffering has not commenced. It is an imposing composition, the piled-up white marble terraces swarming with graceful figures, and it is colored with the French temperate richness.

This is not what you looked for so much in Russia. What we trace with the greatest interest in the less known countries is the delineation of national manners and local scenes. These are not lacking. There are harvesters in the country of Koursk; peasants bringing berries to the voyagers in a railway train; a dash of moonlight on the white walls of a lonely farm-house in Ukraine, with a great river winding through the unbroken forest, in the dark, below. There is not a national style. The artists learn at Paris, for the most part, but they inspire themselves with subjects of the country, which is the most auspicious of signs. Here comes a ragged, shaggy crew, harnessed like galley-slaves, hauling a trading-boat down the Volga. They are cheaper than steam, it seems, for this small traffic. This is their trade, when the wind does not blow, — breast-high through the shallows, and over the sand-bars, from village to village. One of them wears a red blouse, like the *garçon* in the Russian restaurant. The prevailing color is bright, without forcing. There is a Southern gayety in the scenes. It might almost be Naples.

Benjamin Constant's entry of Mohammed II. into Constantinople is so large a work that the bodies of the dead and wounded in the immediate foreground, over which the conqueror's gray charger is coming to trample, must be more than twice the size of life. But there is reserved, in the department of Austria, the surprise of a work that quite reduces this to mediocrity. It is Makart's, the artist who displays a genius for the most colossal art of all. His Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp is thirty feet long and eighteen high. Everybody sits down a long time before it. There is no point of view from which it can be seen as a whole. It is one of the splendid pageants on which the pen of Motley loved so well to linger. There is the cloth of gold, the pages and esquires, the heralds-at-arms in blazoned surcoats, the beauties in the balconies. The emperor, in silver armor embossed with gold, advances, with maidens strewing flowers before him. The air behind is dark with spear-points. It is all coming directly at you. There is a real excitement in sitting in front of such a procession. It is like looking up stream at

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Niagara from the bridges at Goat Island. You feel as if you were going to be an Arnold Winkelried, resisting the onset, and struggling desperately against being trampled down. The coloring of the Austrians has a golden tinge, which for the moment makes the gray of the French seem chilly and the Spanish unreservedly frigid. There is something too much of it with the emperor. I find Mohammed preferable. It is better to leave a little to time. Veronese had not, we may be sure, to begin with, the mellowness of the year 1868.

There is no sharp line between Austria and Germany. The influence of Munich spreads out in many directions. The golden hue of the color continues, but with a greater delicacy. There is nothing florid and cloying about it. In the best examples, only a faint trace of amber is fused with the desirable, refreshing gray, and makes of it absolute perfection. The north of Germany, the studios of Berlin and Dusseldorf, is better represented here than Munich, but Dusseldorf is not the old-fashioned Dusseldorf of harsh and trivial finish. The later art of both has been propagated from the new movement, and does it no discredit. There must be many Frenchman who, having imagined in the great arch-enemy boorish instincts and a provincial inferiority in matters of taste, go through this department with misgivings and new lights. France is met fairly, upon her own ground. I confess to having been surprised at a certain trait. It is not the knowledge and vigor of delineation. It is a feeling for tender, refined loveliness. If the French instinctively attain to grace, the Germans strive for genuine beauty. There is nowhere else such calm, clear-eyed portraiture looking out at you with subtilized, fleeting expressions. The beauty that is preferred in the women is notably modest and pervaded by intelligence. In the great tableau of Makart — for I include the southern Germans — all of the faces are lovely, the knights, the young archers, the populace. He has not been able to force himself to put in the usual touches of deformity to give it point.

Knaus and Meyerheim have an excellent humorous talent. Riefstahl draws you with him to a simple funeral in the snowy heights of the real Alps, and Brandt to a richly-colored cavalcade of Cossacks crossing an enameled prairie in the spring-time. There is peculiar ability in textures. It delights to display itself — more charmingly perhaps in Bügel than any other — in the painting of sheep, of the ragged, unwashed kind, with full coats.

Belgian art is nourished by great traditions and by a generous school at Antwerp. It has not the advantage here, to give it the credit to which it is entitled as a whole, of the grand decorative works to which it is liberally called at home, as in the palaces of Brussels. I find Verlat, who is most prominent as to size, somewhat harsh, and overstrained in his mammoth views of Barabbas, and animals fighting. The charming large, rich-colored fishing boats of Clays, painted in a thick, smoothed paste, belong to the Dutch school, along-side, in spirit. One chamber is devoted, in great part, to Alfred Stevens. He does interiors, with figures having the true "society" air. He has a peculiar taste in quiet colors. They might be called "symphonies," what he does with plushes and satins of brown, drab, and gray, with a little pale red and blue. This is one of the new directions still widely open. Moore has, in the English department, some small specimens in pale blue and pearl. I have passed till now, in the French department, a Jacquet, which belongs particularly to this group. It is a sitting figure in a dreamy attitude. It is a symphony in the hues of wines, ruby and amber gleams and depths; the whole softened, melting, — exquisite!

But if it be only a matter of symphonies and tones that we are arrived at, in what are we better off than when dealing with the sulphur-yellow drawing-rooms of the English upholsterers? In little, except that human nature is comminuted, as it were, and mingled with this. Its intelligence, however frivolous, looks out of the midst, and gives the splendor an unending mystery.

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The Scandinavian nations have their students at Rome, at Paris, and Munich. They paint the nude, the fantastic legends of the gods of Asgard, the savage fiords warmed by the glow of the short summer, with a thoroughness of execution and a sober charm of their own. Salmson, of Sweden, makes a pleasing large picture — I prefer to mention that at the Salon as displaying best his qualities — of four laborers hoeing. They are in a row, and all in the front plane. It is of an almost indolent simplicity; the lines are mainly horizontal, and there is scarcely an attempt at composition. Denmark shows, in the landscapes, a great deal of a metallic green finished in much detail, not unlike some of the work of W. T. Richards.

The Swiss republic, with its peculiar conditions, has produced no indigenous art, but only, as in literature, a nice general culture. Among the rest are shown two not at all complimentary portraits of Generals Sherman and Lee, purchased by the federal council with curious impartiality.

The Greeks keep alive the memory of Lord Byron, and their gallant naval combats with the Turks early in the century. They do not go farther back. If you wish to find the exact manner of the Pyrrhic dances, it is not here, but in the No. 9 of Alma Tadema.

The Dutch school is one to which the word can be applied with some confidence. There is assembled, principally at the Hague, a collection of artists who have both a spirit and a manner of their own. It is a modern spirit, having nothing to do with the classics, and little with the Middle Ages. It finds its satisfaction almost entirely in the exterior aspects of the country. It is the black-and-white cattle feeding on the levels, fringed with windmills, the moist, heavy atmosphere that forms clouds close down to the earth. We get transient gleams through it upon a patch of verdure, a red roof, a white window, with a delicious effect. The sea and the fishing boats, in the hands of Maris, Apol, Mesdag, are an important department. The boats are very bold, and colored as Clays does them for Belgium, but more sombre. The sea is strange, leaden, greenish, and thick; the sea of the Channel turbid, and never crystalline. Ribarz paints the same gleams and the red roofs exquisitely for Austria, and Masure is not the only one at Paris who approaches — as Daubigny did — the same kind of sea; but there can be little doubt of the origin of the manner in the country itself. Your sympathy is demanded for the life depicted, yet not disturbingly. The people are unhappy, but not in anguish. They walk by the sea, or sit with folded hands, with an air of reverie in their melancholy.

The art of the United States, — behold us arrived, at last, in the department which constitutes to the patriotic American his foreground, lingered over with an affectionate interest touched with sympathy. It has not suffered a sea change in crossing the ocean. There is the old element, — very quiet and not in force here, — imperfectly educated, and developed in provincial conditions. There is the new element, in train to be exceedingly well educated, reveling deeply in foreign picturesqueness, painting from a common stock of archæological and Oriental ideas, and not yet having gone in search, as it undoubtedly will, of national subjects. You would not know, from the walls, where you were. The painting is extremely good. If it were not for the overwhelming richness in the vicinity, it must be thought well of by everybody. A critic, who has deservedly compared our façade to a railway station in the Western wilds, finds here that "this is a people which has not yet arrived at the sentiment of art." But no, M. Hippolyte Gautier! It is a people of the quickest and most impressible, of an eager zest in art. But it has been so starved, it has had so few opportunities, — no government patronage; no great churches and municipal halls to decorate; no education, in so far as it is educated, except in small, domestic works. Something very radical and wholesale has got to be done with it before we can have a great body of strong painters, for at the present they

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are produced, as our Western railroads were built, in advance instead of after the demand; but let nobody believe that it is not of excellent material.

One is ready to assert at the end that there are no national but only individual peculiarities, — no schools. It is not as in the great epochs of the past, when communications were difficult. The old master, shut up in his hill city, developed an art with sharp edges, which passed but slowly out of the territory. Everybody now has access to everybody else's picture, to borrow what he pleases from it. A Paris Salon is an epitome of what is done the continent over, if not the world over.

There is but one school. The way to judge of national standing is numerically. How many of these admirable artists has the nation in proportion to its population? But no, not yet. This is coming rapidly, but not quite come. You bear away still, though faintly, the domestic and moral tone of England; the raw, glowing colors of Spain; the expression of intellectual feminine beauty of Germany; the furtive sunshine and the thick, weird glance at the sea and its fishing boats of Holland; the mosaic view of life of the (Spanish) Italians; the scholarship and a certain grandiose seriousness of the French, as distinctive characteristics.

THREE TYPICAL WORKINGMEN.

THERE are many types or varieties of character among the workingmen of this country. As acquaintance with many individuals must precede any useful attempt at classification, I present these sketches of workingmen I have known without trying to determine in what degree they are typical or representative persons. Of course one can report only what he has seen. Workingmen are not equally communicative with everybody, and there are few observers who, to use a phrase common among the workingmen, can "put things together;" few who distinguish what is significant, or penetrate to the relations between the most familiar facts, or even remember and think about what they have seen. My acquaintance with American workingmen in different parts of the country has impressed me with the essential truth of the saying that the whole world is everywhere, and that although many things seem strange or unusual when first seen, continued observation reveals the existence of similar facts and instances almost everywhere. Of course the life of workingmen and their families varies in many of its features in different regions. There are observable diversities of type, in conditions and in character, as we pass from the mountain mining regions to the farms of the Western prairies or of New England. Manufacturing communities have their peculiarities. Changes in employment modify the character of the population. The establishment of a great factory employing a thousand men or women would produce important social and moral modifications in any community. Wide-spread changes in opinion also affect the prevalent type of character, and in time even the structure of society. The increased hostility to the churches which has been developed in some classes of our population within the last twenty years has already produced in many places a greater feebleness of community. There is not always now, on the part of the people living near each other, so general or vital coöperation for the promotion of the interests of the neighborhood as formerly existed; and the more definite and active opposition to Christianity in our time has already produced changes in

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the administration of charity, and, what is more important, in the moral guardianship of the younger and more dependent members of many communities. There is often less interest on the part of society in the establishment of young men in business or profitable industry. Such shifting of currents and tendencies in the life and thought of the age often goes on for some time without being recognized, but no student of the subject believes that great changes can take place in the circumstances, occupations, opinions, habits, and educational conditions of any population without some resulting modification in personal character and the structure of society.

Strong drink is still the greatest evil in the life of multitudes of American workingmen, though the number of those who do not use ardent spirits at all has greatly increased during the last twenty-five years, and is still increasing. Yet there are workingmen everywhere who are fighting this appetite, and trying to throw off the bondage of the habit of indulgence. One such I have known for many years. He was born in New England, and was a member of the first company of soldiers who left Boston for the seat of war at the beginning of the rebellion. He was shot through the hand at Antietam, and receives a pension of five dollars per month from the government. Four or five of his children are in the public schools, and there are two or three smaller ones at home. He has been for several years a shoemaker, working in the large shops or "factories" of a country town. There seems to be nothing loose or defective in his original equipment; he has in almost every respect a fine nature; but he had a hard struggle for several years with the habit of social drinking. It beset him most severely in times of depression, when he was out of work, or after sickness in his family. His pastor once told me of having chanced to see him coming out of a saloon one day while the shops were closed. The clergyman met him with an impetuous expression of grief and disappointment that he should not have cared more for the trials and perplexities of his minister's lot, and should be willing to add thus to his burdens, mentioning several workingmen about whom he had long been anxious, and whom he had tried to encourage and fortify against the appetite for liquor. "If you workingmen go on in this way," he concluded, "how can I have strength or hope to try to do anything? It is enough to break a man's heart to see that nobody cares about what he is trying so hard to accomplish." The man's face grew white; he burst into tears, and said, "I did not know you cared so much about it as that. I will never go into such a place again." And the minister thinks he has kept his word.

The life of such a man has its trials and hardships. During many years past he has scarcely ever received more than enough for the subsistence of his family in time of health. He is now able, while working by the piece, to earn a dollar and a half per day. This, with the pension added, amounts at the utmost to about five hundred and thirty dollars per year. Out of this he must pay rent for his house, and provide all that his family can have to live upon. The closest economy consistent with health does not avail to save any considerable part of such an income. But sickness comes to all homes, and most frequently to those of the poor. When it visits a household like this, even if the workman is not kept from the shop by the illness of child or wife, there is unavoidably some increase of expenditure. There can be but very little increase without incurring debts, and in such circumstances how can debts ever be paid?

Then there are sometimes losses from other causes than sickness in the family. Two or three years ago this man worked for manufacturers who did not (perhaps could not) pay their hands promptly. My friend's children had been ill, and he was straining every nerve to make extra wages, frequently working fifteen hours out of the twenty-four. He had gone on thus for some months, when his employers suddenly closed their shop

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and left the town. Other creditors seized the stock on hand, and the workmen were left unpaid. The amount due my neighbor was about one hundred and fifty dollars. I went to see him. He was depressed, of course, and indignant, but bore the stroke bravely. It was a serious matter for him. His wife was troubled and anxious lest her husband might, under such discouragement, yield to the temptation he had long withstood, and so lose the mastery of himself he had so hardly won. He was half sick for a day or two, but wise neighbors invited him and his family out for two or three visits. He soon emerged from his depression, and as soon as possible obtained work in another shop. Since then he has not been able to free himself from debt, but he told me recently that with a year of steady work and close economy he can pay all that he owes.

I asked him lately if he was attending the political meetings now being held nightly in the town where he lives. "No," said he; "I do not go at all this year. I joined the greenback people last year, listened to their speeches, and voted their ticket. But their talk has disgusted me. I told my wife they were depending on getting something out of nothing. We are all to be prosperous with very little labor. Now, I don't see how that can be. It may be that poor people are oppressed, and I think myself some things are wrong, and they are hard to bear; but as I look at it, it takes a deal of hard work to keep this world going on, and it seems to me these labor reformers would only make things worse. One thing I have noticed: I have been out of work sometimes for a few weeks, and even when we had plenty to live on the idleness did me no good." This man is growing in self-control and strength of character. He has a good wife, and his children are doing well in the public schools.

I have observed that workingmen who habitually drink even the lighter beverages, such as beer and ale, are usually more irritable at home, and are more frequently involved in domestic disturbance and unhappiness, than those who use no liquor. In the towns and cities the children of those who do not drink are commonly more intelligent, quiet, and well behaved than the children of parents who drink even moderately. This results largely, I suppose, from the fact that men who do not drink are at home at evening much more, and their family life becomes more social, intellectual, and active.

Another hardship and temptation for multitudes of workingmen arises from the fact that they have been systematically taught by all their guides that in this country men should "aspire" to the possession of nearly everything that appears in any way desirable. The old moral teaching, which emphasized intelligibly and without mysticism the strength which comes from the repression of desires, has been to a great extent disused. It is harder and more painful than formerly for workingmen and their families to "do without things." In very few communities has there been any example of moderation on the part of the more fortunate classes, and these are not without some degree of responsibility for the alienation and discontent recently apparent among workingmen. The unwillingness to begin where they are, and accept the facts of their situation, with the wearing, fruitless endeavor to live on a scale requiring an expenditure greater than their income, is perhaps the chief evil and error in the life of American workingmen as a class. (Of course this does not now apply to those who are entirely without employment.) Would that this evil were confined to the class of workingmen!

The next story is of a man who is now between forty-five and fifty years of age, who was born in New England. He was from boyhood an earnest abolitionist; was a common soldier and afterward a commissioned officer in the Union army; and has been a farmer and house-carpenter since the close of the war. In speaking of him I feel that I ought to begin with the fullest recognition of the many excellent qualities in his character. He is a man of most amiable and

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kindly disposition; of great tenderness and benevolence to the poor, the sick, and all who are in distress; a faithful and sympathetic nurse when disease invades the homes of his neighbors; and ready to divide his last crust with those whom others neglect or abuse. He is what people call a well-informed man; his knowledge of what may be learned from the encyclopædias and from good books being above the average attainments even of "cultivated people." Yet he is poorly fitted for life in a world where effects depend upon causes, and most good things have their price in toil. My friend has always been greatly interested in the elevation of mankind, the improvement of society, and the progress of humanity, — to use three phrases which are very dear to him. But he has not been, and is not now, able so to apply and direct his own powers as to gain a subsistence for himself and his family. He once had a farm, which, if it had been managed wisely and cultivated with energy, would have been a sufficient means and source of support, a most comfortable and desirable home. But he could never begin his work at the right time, or follow it persistently after his tardy beginning.

In the late spring, when his neighbors were already plowing their corn, they would sometimes ask each other, "How 's the captain's corn?" And the usual reply would be, "The captain has n't planted yet. Fact is, he has n't got his plans made out for this season's crop." This reply hints at one of my friend's greatest difficulties. His plans are always so large and complex, and all his movements so deliberate, that it is almost impossible for him to begin even the simplest and most ordinary operations of the farm.

He is an inveterate reader, and has read many good books during the long summer days when his labor was sadly needed on his farm. He has always had an especial fondness for the speculative or theoretical side of the physical sciences, and is deeply interested in all labor-saving inventions, and especially in projects which promise great results from apparently trifling causes. He has almost boundless faith in the possibility of such inventions or discoveries. I think he would scarcely be staggered by the announcement that somebody had a plan to warm the polar regions of the globe and cool the tropics, or had found out how to evolve power enough from a pail of water to drive a railway train across the continent. He has a vivid imagination, but it has never been disciplined, or brought into relations with the facts of life. I think the greatest happiness of his life has been the study of the works of Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin. He is very familiar with these, and has eminent delight in Mr. Darwin's speculations regarding the origin and development of animal and human life. He has good conversational powers, and is a very interesting companion on a journey or in the social circle.

Yet this man, with all these endowments and with good health and ample strength of body and limb, has not been successful in life. He early began borrowing money for current expenses, for the means of subsistence, mortgaging his farm to secure the payment of these sums, which grew larger and larger, and were never paid. By and by the whole value of the farm was swallowed up, and he was dispossessed. He has many children, and the family would often have suffered sharply if it had not been for the patient, laborious industry of the wife and mother, who is not at all poetical or imaginative, who has no great plans or theories, but who has an old-fashioned, practical faith in hard work. For many years the family has in large measure subsisted upon the scanty proceeds of her work with her sewing-machine. If she had been seconded by equal industry and application on the part of her husband, they might now have been a prosperous family in a home of their own. Instead of this the man is hopelessly, fatally, in debt. His credit was gone long ago.

My friend has recently been profoundly interested in the science of government, and especially in subjects connected with the financial systems of dif-

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ferent nations. He now attributes the loss of his farm to fatal mismanagement on the part of our government, and an evil discrimination in our national legislation against the workingmen and in favor of capitalists. His theories of these subjects need not be recorded here at length. They are essentially the same as those held by most of the men who think the way can be opened into a new Garden of Eden for mankind by entrusting the guidance and control of society to leaders who have not been spoiled by culture or knowledge. His expectations have, however, an Oriental richness of coloring, a breadth and sweep surpassing all that I have heard or read in the most sanguine predictions of the prophets of the national party. The opinions or theories of this class relative to financial subjects, and other matters connected with the government and the organization of society, however wild and baseless we may esteem them, are held naturally by their votaries. Our fellow-citizens who still display the characteristics of prehistoric thought are, in an important sense, logical and consistent. They think as they must think till they have a different education. These theories and prepossessions are coherent with their usual intellectual methods, and with the whole body of their thought. They are such as should have been expected, under existing circumstances, from a class with their equipment and education.

I think the failures of this life can be traced far back, if not entirely to their sources. My friend has always been, as he himself declares, a dreamer and idealist. When he was young he loved to indulge in reverie, — in beautiful and happy imaginings of a world unblighted by evil and suffering. It would probably have required, even in early manhood, strenuous self-restraint, a severe and protracted course of effort and discipline, to overcome this inclination to luxurious, indolent thinking. The habit has so long been firmly fixed that probably no endeavor of which he is now capable would avail to free him from this bondage, a bondage which is in some respects not unlike that of opium or strong drink. His neighbors cannot afford to employ him, because he so often forgets himself or his work. Even in such occupations as require the constant attention and reciprocal activity of two men, such as handling lumber or brick, he becomes oblivious, in the briefest interval, respecting the necessity of coöperation with his fellow-workman.

Our friend has never used intoxicating liquors, having been faithful to his habit of total abstinence even while an officer in the army. An old neighbor and faithful friend of his, who is in no degree blind to his faults, says that the captain would face all possible obloquy in support of an unpopular principle or cause, and that he would undoubtedly meet death unflinchingly at the hands of an angry mob, if that were the penalty for protecting a helpless woman or child from abuse, or befriending an oppressed negro or Chinaman; and my own acquaintance with the man leads me to regard this estimate as only just. He is capable of any devotion or sacrifice that would not require faithful, patient industry, and a recognition of the hard facts and conditions of human life in this world. He has always preferred illusions to truth.

At a meeting of a greenback club a few weeks ago, after our friend had made a speech in which representations of the woes of the unemployed millions of American workingmen were mingled with glowing millennial prophecies of the good time coming, "when the people shall have buried the capitalist and the politician in one wide, deep grave," an old farmer gave his neighbors his view of the state of the country: "The man who works for money and then saves it will have it, but the man who spends good working-days talking politics will never have much of anything. It 's well enough for neighbors to talk over these things on Saturday evenings down at the store, specially if there 's anybody there that knows anything about such matters; but a good many men about here would rather talk all day on the streets about the hard times and the meanness of the

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bond-holders than to do an honest day's work. I have been farming here, in the edge of the village, for fifteen years. Before that I farmed in Northern New York. Have always hired one or two hands. Men do not generally work so well of late years as before the war. The high wages just after the war seemed to spoil a good many of them. They acted as if they thought they were working entirely for their own interest, and not at all for mine. One of my hands told me once — that was in 1865 or 1866 — that while he could make three dollars a day he would n't stand much orderin' around from anybody. I discharged him at once, for I thought he might soon conclude that he owned the farm, instead of me. I always hired men from New York (where I used to live), for six months or a year at a time, till three years ago my wife and I thought that as so many men here were out of employment, and there was real distress on account of it, I ought to give my neighbors a chance to do whatever work I had for hired men. But it has been unprofitable for me, and has not seemed to do them much good. I have not found many men who were ready to go to work at any particular time. Some who had complained bitterly of the hard times, and of not being employed, engaged to work for me, but they never came. Others came so late in the morning and worked so leisurely that it made me tired to see their movements. One man made greenback speeches to me nearly all one day; they were pretty good speeches, too, — of the kind. At night I paid him, and told him I did not feel comfortable in having a man at work in my fields who could speak so well as he. He was very poor, and needed every cent he could make, but I would have paid him pretty good wages to stay away rather than have him on my place. I have tried to have some men work for me who get help from the town in winter, but I never could get much out of them."

It is a little more than ten years since a sturdy young friend of mine, whom the neighbors called Jim, bought sixty acres of land about two miles from a thriving country town in one of the largest States. It was high ground, lying on the first "bench" or elevation above a river valley or "bottom," to use terms common in that region. It had been rendered nearly worthless for agriculture by the use of the upper stratum of clay over most of its surface in the manufacture of brick. Then it had been for a long time part of an unsettled estate belonging to non-resident heirs, and, as nobody took care of it, excavations were made upon it for earth to fill up low-lying lots, and for road-making, till it was as rough and uninviting a place as one would see in a day's ride, — made up mostly of irregular hillocks of clay, small ponds, and tracts of mire. At last it was to be sold, and this young fellow, who had just attained his majority, was the purchaser. He was an orphan, free after he was sixteen years of age to make his own living, and without a dollar in the world, or any possession but sound health and a strong will. He had at that time gone into the army, and after the war was over he had worked on the farms and in the stone quarries in the vicinity, and in these five years had saved enough to make a good first payment on this piece of land. He had now to improve his property and finish paying for it. He had a surveyor look over the ground and advise about drains. Then he bought a little scrub mule and an old cart, as he was determined not to go in debt for anything besides the land. He began digging down banks, opening ditches, and filling up ponds. He obtained permission to remove the earth thrown out in enlarging and extending a mill-race not far away, and engaged in carting this on to his land. He planted every foot of his ground that would produce anything, and labored early and late to bring more of it into a state of fitness for cultivation. When obliged to have money, he worked for a few days in the stone quarries. He put up a little cabin on his own ground, and brought an old negro woman from the town to keep house for him.

I sometimes saw him in those days,

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going out to the cabin on Sunday afternoons for a little talk with him. The old woman went to church regularly on Sunday morning, and Jim went along, because, as he said, it kept fellows away whom he did not wish to associate with. I thought this a good reason, and did not press him for others. He did not use tobacco nor any kind of strong drink. "The fact is," he said, "vices are luxuries, and I can't afford to have any." I found that his reputation among the farmers and business men was excellent for industry and faithfulness. One old man told me that Jim lost less time in getting at his work than any other hand he had ever employed. "He 'll be in the middle of a job, goin' on steady and regular, while other men are sort o' preparin' to get ready."

Last year I visited Jim again. Walking out to his place, I met him driving a span of gigantic mules harnessed to a wagon-load of stone. He stopped his team, and sprang off his load, in order to greet me. Then, as there was a long reach of level road ahead, he invited me to share his seat, and we talked of old times, of the state of the country, and of his affairs. He had made the last payment for his place some months before, owned the team he was driving, and had made various improvements on the land, as he would show me in the afternoon. He told me, among other things, that a few years before he had bought, for a merely nominal sum, the privilege of cleaning the streets of the neighboring town, removing the sweepings to his place for their value as fertilizing material. He said the streets had not been cleaned before, in any thorough or systematic way, and that at first he could not induce even idle men who were in quest of employment to assist in cleaning them for good wages. "No," said one of the colored men, "I 'se had pretty hard times; I 'se had to git down pretty low, but I 'se never come to that." But Jim soon changed that by going into town on Saturday, when the streets were full of people, and loading up his cart before a crowd of wondering boys. One or two acquaintances jeered good-naturedly; but Jim soon extended his operations, and hired men and boys to collect the street-sweepings, litter from stables and barns, and rubbish from door-yards, all of which enriched his land, and left the town one of the cleanest I have seen, whereas it was formerly a very dirty one. "You see," said he, "my ground will bear a deal of fertilizing. It has a clay subsoil, and will keep all I give it."

In the afternoon we looked over his place together. There was hardly a trace of its old appearance left. All the ground had been brought under cultivation; a barn had been built, trees planted, and the cabin enlarged. I saw a work-bench under a shed, and stopped to look at the tools. "Yes," said Jim, "our workingmen buy too many things; buy things that they ought to make for themselves. I 've saved a good many dollars here, and have n't lost any time, for I should have to go twice to town for each job of repairing done there." In the house the furniture was nearly all home-made. (I have been in scores of the homes of unemployed workingmen, in different parts of our country, during the last five years, where the chairs, tables, and bedsteads were all worn out and breaking down, so that in many instances there was not a safe or comfortable seat in the house. Yet the furniture had all been bought of dealers at high prices, if we consider its quality and its capacity for use, — or rather for going to pieces, — and these workingmen were not able to repair it, or even to make new stools on which to sit while eating their food. They had been at work in shops, mills, or factories, and when these closed had so little power of self-help that months of idleness passed without anything being done to make their homes more comfortable. In such cases everything that comes into the house, or that is used about it, must be bought, and requires money for its purchase.)

The old colored woman was still housekeeper. On shelves against the wall I saw two or three volumes of Gray's Botanies, with some recent books on chem-

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istry, geology, and mineralogy. "I thought I would learn something about my own ground and what grows on it. I have given very little time to these things, — a few minutes now and then after dinner, or while the mules were resting; but it has been a kind of rest to me when I was tired to look for things, and then try to learn about them after I had found them. I was surprised to find so many different kinds of plants on this small piece of ground. I have found several which the books say are rare, and it is likely there are many that I have not happened to see."

"Did you have no instruction?"

"Only from the books, at first, but they are very plain. All one needs is a start. I was plowing here one day, when a man came along and asked if he might walk over the field and look at what grew on my ground. I said, Yes, and asked if I might go along. So I let my team stand, for I thought it worth while to leave my work for an hour if I could learn something. The gentleman knew about plants, and gave me some good hints, and said the real good of such studies was in the discipline or cultivation that we get by observing and comparing things. It was an hour well spent. The gentleman advised me to make a list or record of all the plants and trees growing here, and also of the different minerals and kinds of stone; but I do not get along very fast with it. Sometimes I wish I could have been here before the place was worked over so much." There were many geological and mineralogical specimens in a little cabinet; a few of them such as would be highly valued by collectors. "I have come really to love the place," said my young friend, "but I am going to leave it soon."

"Why," said I, "why is that?"

"Well, it is getting to be very comfortable here, and easy, and I am too young for that. Whenever I see a rough, wild piece of ground, that has never had any chance, I feel like taking hold to see what can be made of it. We never know what is in such a wild, forsaken place till we begin to work with it; then the land seems to take hold and do the best it can. There 's a very rough place out among the hills, a few miles from here, that I should like to make a partnership with for a few years. It 's entirely different from this, so I shall like it for that. It 's full of rocks, and is very uneven, with another kind of soil, and I shall have to learn nearly everything new. I have concluded to buy it."

In the evening Jim harnessed his mules and drove me to town. As we left his gate I said, "You like mules best?"

He laughed, and answered, "They are not handsome, but in the mud and on rough ground they can do what 's wanted of them, and are worth more than fine horses. I think, sometimes, there 's a good deal of hard mule work wanted in this country. I know when I came here I needed about as much straightening out as this piece of ground; and you remember how it looked. The mules have helped me a little besides improving the place."

"Have you not wished you had some easier work? Some of your neighbors here, I believe, think men ought not to work so much or so hard."

"I do not know how it may be with others, — though I think most young fellows are much alike, — but it takes about twelve hours a day to keep me up to what a man ought to be. I am sometimes almost frightened to find how fast the weeds will grow in a fellow's disposition with a little idleness. All sorts of unprofitable and dreamy thoughts come up, and get stronger and stronger. It would not take long to feel meddlesome and envious and sour and discontented. I believe I should soon be a savage if it were not for hard work."

"Do you see much of other young men here?"

"Most of them belong to so many societies in the town that they have no time for anything but their meetings. They wanted me to join all of them, and I asked what they did. So they told me their course of proceeding for the evening. That might do very well for

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one time, I thought, but they said they did the same things over again every time they came together, and that would not do for me. The young fellows that belong to these societies don't seem to know what to do with themselves when they are at home or alone."

"Do they seem to be well informed?"

"None of us are well informed. A few of us know a little of a good many things, but we know nothing to the bottom. And now this reminds me of what I have for a long time wished to ask you. What shall I read? What can I tell these young men to read? Some of them are not satisfied with the way they are going on. One day I was thinking how reasonable it was that I should know something about the ground I was working over every day, and I wished I could know about the history of this very spot all the way through the old ages, and how it had come to be what it is now. I thought it might help me to know what to do with it. And I should like to know about human society, especially in our own country, — about the changes and steps by which it has come to be what it is now. I can't find out very well what it is now, — what is the real condition of things. I see different people working in different directions. Some of these movements must be wrong, and I should like to know which I ought to help and work with. I can't read the great newspapers. They are too large, and it would take more time than workingmen can spare to read them. The writers seem to think people have nothing else to do but read their long articles. Is there any rather small paper that will tell the truth and explain things plainly, that I can read and show to the young men about here?"

(The same inquiry has been addressed to me hundreds of times during the last dozen years by workingmen in nearly all the Northern States, when I have conversed with them about the state of the country, and the interests and duties of their class. I have always had to answer that although we have a few invaluable publications which are organs of wise and sound thinking, they are for the most part addressed to the cultivated classes, and are more elaborate and bookish, as well as more costly, than reading for workingmen should be; and that there is as yet no means for the education of the workingmen which such a paper would supply. Of late I have to reflect that, although I cannot yet point workingmen to such a newspaper as they need, hundreds of thousands of them receive each week one that is devoted to the propagation of theories of government and a philosophy of life which, if generally accepted by its readers, must not only stimulate the growth of erroneous opinions, but also lower the tone and standard of character among American workingmen; and this organ of illusion and destructive error, although as large as our leading American newspapers, is supplied to subscribers for the price of twenty-five cents per year. Why should sound and wholesome teaching cost so much more than that which is mischievous? Although the exponents of prehistoric or uncivilized thought claim to be the friends and representatives of the poor, they are not without means for the propagation of their ideas. They give their publishing enterprises a vigorous support, and are ready to pay large sums for the services of acceptable speakers.) I told my young friend I thought there would be such a paper before many years had passed, and advised him to ask two or three of the most thoughtful young men to join him in taking one or two of the best newspapers, and to buy such numbers of the magazines as contain articles of special interest and value; and then we parted.

My observation of the life and thought of workingmen impresses me with the conviction that the cultivated men of the country are not, in a sufficient degree, in communication with the great body of the laboring people; and that a more direct and vital relation between them would be a great gain to both classes. The things which our best and wisest men are saying to each other should be addressed, and in suitable

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forms of utterance might be addressed, to the workingmen of the nation.

There is danger that we shall accept as necessary and inevitable the permanence of the conditions which have produced our present difficulties; that even our leaders, those who "in their motion are full-welling fountain-heads of change," may not see how imperative is the need of a system of education that shall be so disciplinary of the mass of the people as to make them truly self-governing; or, in other words, to make purely democratic institutions compatible with progress in civilization. Existing means and agencies for the political education of our people are very inadequate. We have depended upon our common schools for results which they alone could not possibly produce.

I suppose few intelligent men now think our chief peril is from communistic outbreaks or revolution. But it is somewhat remarkable that people should so readily conclude that if we are not threatened by this particular danger we have no cause for apprehension; and that the condition and prospects of our country are therefore, on the whole, satisfactory and encouraging. About the utmost mischief in the power of communistic mobs would be the burning of some of our cities, and to accomplish even so much as that they would have to be aided by the accidental concurrence of many favoring conditions. But history shows us that nations have often been lulled into fancied security by their deliverance from one form of danger, while from sources unnoticed or deemed contemptible more serious mischiefs arose, and wrought lasting injury.

Are not the conditions of intellectual soil and atmosphere favorable for the growth of plausible fallacies, of illusions about what can be accomplished by legislation in "lightening the burdens of poverty and toil, and bringing back the days of prosperity to a suffering people," — illusions which will lead the minds of men away from the study of the real problems of the time, and make them more and more impatient and unteachable? May we not reasonably anticipate a long period of wasteful and often very perilous experiments (if we can rightly use the word "experiment" for what is the result of mere impulse and recklessness; for what is undertaken without foresight, carried forward without critical observation or intelligence, and looked back to when it is past with no increase of wisdom from experience), — experiments which will greatly exhaust the national vitality and resources, and which are therefore too costly to be undertaken if they can be avoided? But it is common among cultivated people, who feel, not unreasonably, a kind of awe of the vastness and complexity of our modern life, to urge that each of these mischievous fallacies and illusions "will play its part in the education of the people," and that the result of this educational process is what we must chiefly depend upon for the increase of wisdom among us, and for the development of such qualities in the national character as shall secure our continued progress in civilization.

Let us examine this briefly. We have need of clear thinking here. A trust in events, in general conditions, and in the influence of the total environment of society, as the chief means or sources of change, is one of the prominent features of modern cultivated thought. As it is now held, this trust, with the scientific and philosophical theories with which it is correlated, marks an important stage in intellectual and social evolution, but it admits of modification and farther development. We are apt to be somewhat dazed and bewildered by the modern revelations of the immensity of the universe. Everywhere we encounter a tangle and maze of elements, conditions, and relations, practically of infinite extent; and in the study of civilization, or the evolution of society, this impression of the slow working of resistless forces, through a limitless complexity of causes and effects, recurs continually, and with especial emphasis. If everything around us is the result of movements which began when the primordial atoms floated together, where is there room for us to put in our hand? What

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can we do but wait for events? The moral or social world seems to many of the cultivated minds of our time a great stage for the vast spectacular drama of history. It is one of their illusions that they are only spectators and critics of the play. But the vast, eternal movement easily incorporates human and personal effort. A man's thought or work becomes, in the measure of his wisdom and personal vitality, a factor in the life of his time, a source of change, a cause which transmits some effect to the near future.

But, more specifically, men and nations are commonly educated by events only as the events are wisely interpreted and explained by competent teachers and guides. There is no magical power in the mere succession of occurrences of any kind to give men wisdom. One insanity or popular delusion may succeed another, leading to any number of disastrous experiments, and the masses may garner no stores of valuable experience from such fateful seed-sowing, unless the time brings forward teachers who can show to the people the meaning, origin, and tendencies of contemporary events; who can come to their work with a power of analysis which will enable them to distinguish the several factors of the life of the time, and a synthetic judgment by which to estimate the national character, position, and capabilities. The great need of our people to-day is precisely this wise interpretation of the events of the last twenty years, this competent explanation of current legislation and the other important factors of our national life and thought. Even partisans should be able to appreciate the fact that much of the prevalent dissatisfaction with the older political organizations has been produced by the partisan interpretations of political issues and events so persistently advanced by the newspapers and orators of both parties. The substitution of unreal for real issues has been so general that the people have nearly everywhere recognized it, and many of those whom they formerly trusted are not now believed even when they tell the truth.

THE LADY OF THE AROOSTOOK.

VII.

STANIFORD and Dunham drew stools to the rail, and sat down with their cigars after the captain left them. The second mate came by, and cast a friendly glance at them; he had whimsical brown eyes that twinkled under his cap-peak, while a lurking smile played under his heavy mustache; but he did not speak. Staniford said, there was a pleasant fellow, and he should like to sketch him. He was only an amateur artist, and he had been only an amateur in life otherwise, so far; but he did not pretend to have been anything else.

"Then you 're not sorry you came, Staniford?" asked Dunham, putting his hand on his friend's knee. He characteristically assumed the responsibility, although the voyage by sailing-vessel rather than steamer was their common whim, and it had been Staniford's preference that decided them for Trieste rather than any nearer port.

"No, I 'm not sorry, — if you call it come, already. I think a bit of Europe will be a very good thing for the present, or as long as I 'm in this irresolute mood. If I understand it, Europe is the place for American irresolution. When I 've made up my mind, I 'll come home again. I still think Colorado is the thing, though I have n't abandoned California altogether; it 's a question of cattle-range and sheep-ranch."

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"You 'll decide against both," said Dunham.

"How would you like West Virginia? They cattle-range in West Virginia, too. They may sheep-ranch, for all I know, — no, that 's in Old Virginia. The trouble is that the Virginias, otherwise irreproachable, are not paying fields for such enterprises. They say that one is a sure thing in California, and the other is a sure thing in Colorado. They give you the figures." Staniford lit another cigar.

"But why should n't you stay where you are, Staniford? You 've money enough left, after all."

"Yes, money enough for one. But there 's something ignoble in living on a small stated income, unless you have some object in view besides living, and I have n't, you know. It 's a duty I owe to the general frame of things to make more money."

"If you turned your mind to any one thing, I 'm sure you 'd succeed where you are," Dunham urged.

"That 's just the trouble," retorted his friend, with a laugh. "I can't turn my mind to any one thing, — I 'm too universally gifted. I paint a little, I model a little, I play a very little indeed; I can write a book notice. The ladies praise my art, and the editors keep my literature a long time before they print it. This does n't seem the highest aim of being. I have the noble earth-hunger; I must get upon the land. That 's why I 've got upon the water." Staniford laughed again, and pulled comfortably at his cigar. "Now, you," he added, after a pause, in which Dunham did not reply, "you have not had losses; you still have everything comfortable about you. *Du hast alles was Menschen begehr*, even to the *schönsten Augen* of the divine Miss Hibbard."

"Yes, Staniford, that 's it. I hate your going out there all alone. Now, if you were taking some nice girl with you!" Dunham said, with a lover's fond desire that his friend should be in love, too.

"To those wilds? To a redwood shanty in California, or a turf hovel in Colorado? What nice girl would go? 'I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.' "

"I don't like to have you take any risks of degenerating," began Dunham.

"With what you know to be my natural tendencies? Your prophetic eye prefigures my pantaloons in the tops of my boots. Well, there is time yet to turn back from the brutality of a patriarchal life. You must allow that I 've taken the longest way round in going West. In Italy there are many chances; and besides, you know, I like to talk."

It seemed to be an old subject between them, and they discussed it languidly, like some abstract topic rather than a reality.

"If you only had some tie to bind you to the East, I should feel pretty safe about you," said Dunham, presently.

"I have you," answered his friend, demurely.

"Oh, I 'm nothing," said Dunham, with sincerity.

"Well, I may form some tie in Italy. Art may fall in love with me, there. How would you like to have me settle in Florence, and set up a studio instead of a ranch, — choose between sculpture and painting, instead of cattle and sheep? After all, it does grind me to have lost that money! If I had only been swindled out of it, I should n't have cared; but when you go and make a bad thing of it yourself, with your eyes open, there 's a reluctance to place the responsibility where it belongs that does n't occur in the other case. Dunham, do you think it altogether ridiculous that I should feel there was something sacred in the money? When I remember how hard my poor old father worked to get it together, it seems wicked that I should have stupidly wasted it on the venture I did. I want to get it back; I want to make money. And so I 'm going out to Italy with you, to waste more. I don't respect myself as I should if I were on a Pullman palace car, speeding westward. I 'll own I like this better."

"Oh, it 's all right, Staniford," said his friend. "The voyage will do you

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good, and you 'll have time to think everything over, and start fairer when you get back."

"That girl," observed Staniford, with characteristic abruptness, "is a type that is commoner than we imagine in New England. We fair people fancy we are the only genuine Yankees. I guess that 's a mistake. There must have been a good many dark Puritans. In fact, we always think of Puritans as dark, don't we?"

"I believe we do," assented Dunham. "Perhaps on account of their black clothes."

"Perhaps," said Staniford. "At any rate, I 'm so tired of the blonde type in fiction that I rather like the other thing in life. Every novelist runs a blonde heroine; I wonder why. This girl has the clear Southern pallor; she 's of the olive hue; and her eyes are black as sloes, — not that I know what sloes are. Did she remind you of anything in particular?"

"Yes; a little of Faed's Evangeline, as she sat in the door-way of the warehouse yesterday."

"Exactly. I wish the picture were more of a picture; but I don't know that it matters. *She 's* more of a picture."

"'Pretty as a bird,' the captain said."

"Bird is n't bad. But the bird is in her manner. There 's something tranquilly alert in her manner that 's like a bird; like a bird that lingers on its perch, looking at you over its shoulder, if you come up behind. That trick of the heavily lifted, half lifted eyelids — I wonder if it 's a trick. The long lashes can't be; she can't make them curl up at the edges. Blood, — Lurella Blood. And she wants to know." Staniford's voice fell thoughtful. "She 's more slender than Faed's Evangeline. Faed painted rather too fat a sufferer on that tombstone. Lurella Blood has a very pretty figure. Lurella. Why Lurella?"

"Oh, come, Staniford!" cried Dunham. "It is n't fair to call the girl by that jingle without some ground for it."

"I 'm sure her name 's Lurella, for she wanted to know. Besides, there 's as much sense in it as there is in any name. It sounds very well. Lurella. It is mere prejudice that condemns the novel collocation of syllables."

"I wonder what she 's thinking of now, — what 's passing in her mind," mused Dunham aloud.

"*You* want to know, too, do you?" mocked his friend. "I 'll tell you what: processions of young men so long that they are an hour getting by a given point. That 's what 's passing in every girl's mind — when she 's thinking. It 's perfectly right. Processions of young girls are similarly passing in our stately and spacious intellects. It 's the chief business of the youth of one sex to think of the youth of the other sex."

"Oh, yes, I know," assented Dunham; "and I believe in it, too" —

"Of course you do, you wicked wretch, you abandoned Lovelace, you bruiser of ladies' hearts! You hope the procession is composed entirely of yourself. What would the divine Hibbard say to your goings-on?"

"Oh, don't, Staniford! It is n't fair," pleaded Dunham, with that flattered laugh which the best of men give when falsely attainted of gallantry. "I was wondering whether she was feeling homesick, or strange, or" —

"I will go below and ask her," said Staniford. "I know she will tell me the exact truth. They always do. Or if you will take a guess of mine instead of her word for it, I will hazard the surmise that she is not at all homesick. What has a pretty young girl to regret in such a life as she has left? It 's the most arid and joyless existence under the sun. She has never known anything like society. In the country with us, the social side must always have been somewhat paralyzed, but there are monumental evidences of pleasures in other days that are quite extinct now. You see big dusty ball-rooms in the old taverns: ball-rooms that have had no dancing in them for half a century, and where they give you a bed sometimes. There used to be academies, too, in the hill towns, where they furnished a rude but

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serviceable article of real learning, and where the local octogenarian remembers seeing something famous in the way of theatricals on examination-day; but neither his children nor his grandchildren have seen the like. There 's a decay of the religious sentiment, and the church is no longer a social centre, with merry meetings among the tombstones between the morning and the afternoon service. Superficial humanitarianism of one kind or another has killed the good old orthodoxy, as the railroads have killed the turnpikes and the country taverns; and the common schools have killed the academies. Why, I don't suppose this girl ever saw anything livelier than a township cattle show, or a Sunday-school picnic, in her life. They don't pay visits in the country except at rare intervals, and their evening parties, when they have any, are something to strike you dead with pity. They used to clear away the corn-husks and pumpkins on the barn floor, and dance by the light of tin lanterns. At least, that 's the traditional thing. The actual thing is sitting around four sides of the room, giggling, whispering, looking at photograph albums, and coaxing somebody to play on the piano. The banquet is passed in the form of apples and water. I have assisted at *some* rural festivals where the apples and water were omitted. Upon the whole, I wonder our country people don't all go mad. They do go mad, a great many of them, and manage to get a little glimpse of society in the insane asylums." Staniford ended his tirade with a laugh, in which he vented his humorous sense and his fundamental pity of the conditions he had caricatured.

"But how," demanded Dunham, breaking rebelliously from the silence in which he had listened, "do you account for her good manner?"

"She probably was born with a genius for it. Some people are born with a genius for one thing, and some with a genius for another. I, for example, am an artistic genius, forced to be an amateur by the delusive possession of early wealth, and now burning with a creative instinct in the direction of the sheep or cattle business; you have the gift of universal optimism; Lurella Blood has the genius of good society. Give that girl a winter among nice people in Boston, and you would never know that she was not born on Beacon Hill."

"Oh, I doubt that," said Dunham.

"You doubt it? Pessimist!"

"But you insinuated just now that she had no sensibility," pursued Dunham.

"So I did!" cried Staniford, cheerfully. "Social refinement and sensibility are two very different things; the cynic might contend they were incompatible, but I won't insist so far. I dare say she may regret the natal spot; most of us have a dumb, brutish attachment to the *cari luoghi;* but if she knows anything, she hates its surroundings, and must be glad to get out into the world. I should like mightily to know how the world strikes her, as far as she 's gone. But I doubt if she 's one to betray her own counsel in any way. She looks deep, Lurella does." Staniford laughed again at the pain which his insistence upon this name for Lydia brought to Dunham's face.

VIII.

After dinner, nature avenged herself in the young men for their vigils of the night before, when they had stayed up so late, parting with friends, that they had found themselves early risers without having been abed. They both slept so long that Dunham, leaving Staniford to a still unfinished nap, came on deck between five and six o'clock.

Lydia was there, wrapped against the freshening breeze in a red knit shawl, and seated on a stool in the waist of the ship, in the Evangeline attitude, and with the wistful, Evangeline look in her face, as she gazed out over the far-weltering sea-line, from which all trace of the shore had vanished. She seemed to the young man very interesting, and he approached her with that kindness for all other women in his heart which

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the lover feels in absence from his beloved, and with a formless sense that some retribution was due her from him for the roughness with which Staniford had surmised her natural history. Women had always been dear and sacred to him; he liked, beyond most young men, to be with them; he was forever calling upon them, getting introduced to them, waiting upon them, inventing little services for them, corresponding with them, and wearing himself out in their interest. It is said that women do not value men of this sort as much as men of some other sorts. It was long, at any rate, before Dunham — whom people always called Charley Dunham — found the woman who thought him more lovely than every other woman pronounced him; and naturally Miss Hibbard was the most exacting of her sex. She required all those offices which Dunham delighted to render, and many besides: being an invalid, she needed devotion. She had refused Dunham before going out to Europe with her mother, and she had written to take him back after she got there. He was now on his way to join her in Rome, where he hoped that he might marry her, and be perfectly sacrificed to her ailments. She only lacked poverty in order to be thoroughly displeasing to most men; but Dunham had no misgiving save in regard to her money; he wished she had no money.

"A good deal more motion, is n't there?" he said to Lydia, smiling sunnily as he spoke, and holding his hat with one hand. "Do you find it unpleasant?"

"No," she answered, "not at all. I like it."

"Oh, there is n't enough swell to make it uncomfortable, yet," asserted Dunham, looking about to see if there were not something he could do for her. "And you may turn out a good sailor. Were you ever at sea before?"

"No; this is the first time I was ever on a ship."

"Is it possible!" cried Dunham; he was now fairly at sea for the first time himself, though by virtue of his European association he seemed to have made many voyages. It appeared to him that if there was nothing else he could do for Lydia, it was his duty to talk to her. He found another stool, and drew it up within easier conversational distance. "Then you 've never been out of sight of land before?"

"No," said Lydia.

"That 's very curious — I beg your pardon; I mean you must find it a great novelty."

"Yes, it 's very strange," said the girl, seriously. "It looks like the Flood. It seems as if all the rest of the world was drowned."

Dunham glanced round the vast horizon. "It *is* like the Flood. And it has that quality, which I 've often noticed in sublime things, of seeming to be for this occasion only."

"Yes?" said Lydia.

"Why, don't you know? It seems as if it must be like a fine sunset, and would pass in a few minutes. Perhaps we feel that we can't endure sublimity long, and want it to pass."

"I could look at it forever," replied Lydia.

Dunham turned to see if this were young-ladyish rapture, but she was evidently affecting nothing. He liked seriousness, for he was, with a great deal of affectation for social purposes, a very sincere person. His heart warmed more and more to the lonely girl; to be talking to her seemed, after all, to be doing very little for her, and he longed to be of service. "Have you explored our little wooden world, yet?" he asked, after a pause.

Lydia paused too. "The ship?" she asked presently. "No; I've only been in the cabin, and here; and this morning," she added conscientiously, "Thomas showed me the cook's galley, — the kitchen."

"You 've seen more of it than I have," said Dunham. "Would n't you like to go forward, to the bow, and see how it looks there?"

"Yes, thank you," answered Lydia, "I would."

She tottered a little in gaining her feet, and the wind drifted her slightness

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a step or two aside. "Won't you take my arm, perhaps?" suggested Dunham.

"Thank you," said Lydia, "I think I can get along." But after a few paces, a lurch of the ship flung her against Dunham's side; he caught her hand, and passed it through his arm without protest from her.

"Is n't it grand?" he asked triumphantly, as they stood at the prow, and rose and sank with the vessel's careering plunges. It was no gale, but only a fair wind; the water foamed along the ship's sides, and, as her bows descended, shot forward in hissing jets of spray; away on every hand flocked the white caps. "You had better keep my arm, here." Lydia did so, resting her disengaged hand on the bulwarks, as she bent over a little on that side to watch the rush of the sea. "It really seems as if there were more of a view here."

"It does, somehow," admitted Lydia.

"Look back at the ship's sails," said Dunham. The swell and press of the white canvas seemed like the clouds of heaven swooping down upon them from all the airy heights. The sweet wind beat in their faces, and they laughed in sympathy, as they fronted it. "Perhaps the motion is a little too strong for you here?" he asked.

"Oh, not at all!" cried the girl.

He had done something for her by bringing her here, and he hoped to do something more by taking her away. He was discomfited, for he was at a loss what other attention to offer. Just at that moment a sound made itself heard above the whistling of the cordage and the wash of the sea, which caused Lydia to start and look round.

"Did n't you think," she asked, "that you heard hens?"

"Why, yes," said Dunham. "What could it have been? Let us investigate."

He led the way back past the forecastle and the cook's galley, and there, in dangerous proximity to the pots and frying-pans, they found a coop with some dozen querulous and meditative fowl in it.

"I heard them this morning," said Lydia. "They seemed to wake me with their crowing, and I thought — I thought I was at home!"

"I 'm very sorry," said Dunham, sympathetically. He wished Staniford were there to take shame to himself for denying sensibility to this girl.

The cook, smoking a pipe at the door of his galley, said, "Dey won't trouble you much, miss. Dey don't gen'ly last us long, and I 'll kill de roosters first."

"Oh, come, now!" protested Dunham. "I would n't say that!" The cook and Lydia stared at him in equal surprise.

"Well," answered the cook, "I 'll kill de hens first, den. It don't make any difference to me which I kill. I dunno but de hens is tenderer." He smoked in a bland indifference.

"Oh, hold on!" exclaimed Dunham, in repetition of his helpless protest.

Lydia stooped down to make closer acquaintance with the devoted birds. They huddled themselves away from her in one corner of their prison, and talked together in low tones, as of grave mistrust. "Poor things!" she said. As a country girl, used to the practical ends of poultry, she knew as well as the cook that it was the fit and simple destiny of chickens to be eaten, sooner or later; and it must have been less in commiseration of their fate than in self-pity and regret for the scenes they recalled that she sighed. The hens that burrowed yesterday under the lilacs in the dooryard; the cock that her aunt so often drove, insulted and exclamatory, at the head of his harem, out of forbidden garden bounds; the social and domestic groups that scratched and descanted lazily about the wide, sunny barn doors; the anxious companies seeking their favorite perches, with alarming outcries, in the dusk of summer evenings; the sentinels answering each other from farm to farm before winter dawns, when all the hills were drowned in snow, were of kindred with these hapless prisoners.

Dunham was touched at Lydia's compassion. "Would you like — would you like to feed them?" he asked by a happy inspiration. He turned to the cook,

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with his gentle politeness: "There 's no objection to our feeding them, I suppose?"

"Laws, no!" said the cook. "Fats 'em up." He went inside, and reappeared with a pan full of scraps of meat and crusts of bread.

"Oh, I say!" cried Dunham. "Have n't you got some grain, you know, of some sort; some seeds, don't you know?"

"They will like this," said Lydia, while the cook stared in perplexity. She took the pan, and opening the little door of the coop flung the provision inside. But the fowls were either too depressed in spirit to eat anything, or they were not hungry; they remained in their corner, and merely fell silent, as if a new suspicion had been roused in their unhappy breasts.

"Dey 'll come to it," observed the cook.

Dunham felt far from content, and regarded the poultry with silent disappointment. "Are you fond of pets?" he asked, after a while.

"Yes," replied Lydia. "I used to have pet chickens when I was a little thing."

"You ought to adopt one of these," suggested Dunham. "That white one is a pretty creature."

"Yes," said Lydia. "He looks as if he were Leghorn. Leghorn breed," she added, in reply to Dunham's look of inquiry. "He 's a beauty."

"Let me get him out for you a moment!" cried the young man, in his amiable zeal. Before Lydia could protest, or the cook interfere, he had opened the coop-door and plunged his arm into the tumult which his manœuvre created within. He secured the cockerel, and drawing it forth was about to offer it to Lydia, when in its struggles to escape it drove one of its spurs into his hand. Dunham suddenly released it; and then ensued a wild chase for its recapture, up and down the ship, in which it had every advantage of the young man. At last it sprang upon the rail; he put out his hand to seize it, when it rose with a desperate screech, and flew far out over the sea. They watched the suicide till it sank exhausted into a distant whitecap.

"Dat 's gone," said the cook, philosophically. Dunham looked round. Half the ship's company, alarmed by his steeple-chase over the deck, were there, silently agrin.

Lydia did not laugh. When he asked, still with his habitual sweetness, but entirely at random, "Shall we — ah — go below?" she did not answer definitely, and did not go. At the same time she ceased to be so timidly intangible and aloof in manner. She began to talk to Dunham, instead of letting him talk to her; she asked him questions, and listened with deference to what he said on such matters as the probable length of the voyage and the sort of weather they were likely to have. She did not take note of his keeping his handkerchief wound round his hand, nor of his attempts to recur to the subject of his mortifying adventure. When they were again quite alone, the cook's respect having been won back through his ethnic susceptibility to silver, she remembered that she must go to her room.

"In other words," said Staniford, after Dunham had reported the whole case to him, "she treated your hurt vanity as if you had been her pet schoolboy. She lured you away from yourself, and got you to talking and thinking of other things. Lurella is deep, I tell you. What consummate tacticians the least of women are! It 's a pity that they have to work so often in such dull material as men; they ought always to have women to operate on. The youngest of them has more wisdom in human nature than the sages of our sex. I must say, Lurella is magnanimous, too. She might have taken her revenge on you for pitying her yesterday when she sat in that warehouse door on the wharf. It was rather fine in Lurella not to do it. What did she say, Dunham? What did she talk about? Did she want to know?"

"No!" shouted Dunham. "She talked very well, like any young lady."

"Oh, all young ladies talk well, of course. But what did this one say? What did she do, except suffer a visible

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pang of homesickness at the sight of unattainable poultry? Come, you have represented the interview with Miss Blood as one of great brilliancy."

"I have n't," said Dunham. "I have done nothing of the kind. Her talk was like any pleasant talk; it was refined and simple, and — unobtrusive."

"That is, it was in no way remarkable," observed Staniford, with a laugh. "I expected something better of Lurella; I expected something salient. Well, never mind. She 's behaved well by you, seeing what a goose you had made of yourself. She behaved like a lady, and I 've noticed that she eats with her fork. It often happens in the country that you find the women practicing some of the arts of civilization, while their men folk are still sunk in barbaric uses. Lurella, I see, is a social creature; she was born for society, as you were, and I suppose you will be thrown a good deal together. We 're all likely to be associated rather familiarly, under the circumstances. But I wish you would note down in your mind some points of her conversation. I 'm really curious to know what a girl of her traditions thinks about the world when she first sees it. Her mind must be in most respects an unbroken wilderness. She 's had schooling, of course, and knows her grammar and algebra; but she can't have had any cultivation. If she were of an earlier generation, one would expect to find something biblical in her; but you can't count upon a Puritanic culture now among our country folks."

"If you are so curious," said Dunham, "why don't you study her mind, yourself?"

"No, no, that would n't do," Staniford answered. "The light of your innocence upon hers is invaluable. I can understand her better through you. You must go on. I will undertake to make your peace with Miss Hibbard."

The young men talked as they walked the deck and smoked in the starlight. They were wakeful after their long nap in the afternoon, and they walked and talked late, with the silences that old friends can permit themselves. Staniford recurred to his loss of money and his Western projects, which took more definite form now that he had placed so much distance between himself and their fulfillment. With half a year in Italy before him, he decided upon a cattle-range in Colorado. Then, "I should like to know," he said, after one of the pauses, "how two young men of our form strike that girl's fancy. I have n't any personal curiosity about her impressions, but I should like to know, as an observer of the human race. If my conjectures are right, she 's never met people of our sort before."

"What sort of men has she been associated with?" asked Dunham.

"Well, I 'm not quite prepared to say. I take it that it is n't exactly the hobbledehoy sort. She has probably looked high, — as far up as the clerk in the store. He has taken her to drive in a buggy Saturday afternoons, when he put on his ready-made suit, — and looked very well in it, too; and they 've been at picnics together. Or may be, as she 's in the school-teaching line, she 's taken some high-browed, hollow-cheeked, high-school principal for her ideal. Or it is possible that she has never had attention from any one. That is apt to happen to self-respectful girls in rural communities, and their beauty does n't save them. Fellows, as they call themselves, like girls that have some go, that make up to them. Lurella does n't seem of that kind; and I should not be surprised if you were the first gentleman who had ever offered her his arm. I wonder what she thought of you. She 's acquainted by sight with the ordinary summer boarder of North America; they penetrate everywhere, now; but I doubt if she 's talked with them much, if at all. She must be ignorant of our world beyond anything we can imagine."

"But how do you account for her being so well dressed?"

"Oh, that 's instinct. You find it everywhere. In every little village there is some girl who knows how to out-preen all the others. I wonder," added Staniford, in a more deeply musing tone, "if

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she kept from laughing at you out of good feeling, or if she was merely overawed by your splendor."

"She did n't laugh," Dunham answered, "because she saw that it would have added to my annoyance. My splendor had nothing to do with it."

"Oh, don't underrate your splendor, my dear fellow!" cried Staniford, with a caressing ridicule that he often used with Dunham. "Of course, *I* know what a simple and humble fellow you are; but you 've no idea how that exterior of yours might impose upon the agricultural imagination; it has its effect upon me, in my pastoral moods." Dunham made a gesture of protest, and Staniford went on: "Country people have queer ideas of us, sometimes. Possibly Lurella was afraid of you. Think of that, Dunham, — having a woman afraid of you, for once in your life! Well, hurry up your acquaintance with her, Dunham, or I shall wear myself out in mere speculative analysis. I have n't the *aplomb* for studying the sensibilities of a young lady, and catching chickens for her, so as to produce a novel play of emotions. I thought this voyage was going to be a season of mental quiet, but having a young lady on board seems to forbid that kind of repose. I should n't mind a half dozen, but *one* is altogether too many. Poor little thing! I say, Dunham! There 's something rather pretty about having her with us, after all, is n't there? It gives a certain distinction to our voyage. We shall not degenerate. We shall shave every day, wind and weather permitting, and wear our best things." They talked of other matters, and again Staniford recurred to Lydia: "If she has any regrets for her mountain home, — though I don't see why she should have, — I hope they have n't kept her awake. My far-away cot on the plains is not going to interfere with my slumbers."

Staniford stepped to the ship's side, and flung the end of his cigarette overboard; it struck, a red spark amidst the lurid phosphorescence of the bubbles that swept backward from the vessel's prow.

IX.

The weather held fine. The sun shone, and the friendly winds blew out of a cloudless heaven; by night the moon ruled a firmament powdered with stars of multitudinous splendor. The conditions inspired Dunham with a restless fertility of invention in Lydia's behalf. He had heard of the game of shuffle-board, that blind and dumb croquet, with which the jaded passengers on the steamers appease their terrible leisure, and with the help of the ship's carpenter he organized this pastime, and played it with her hour after hour, while Staniford looked on and smoked in grave observance, and Hicks lurked at a distance, till Dunham felt it on his kind heart and tender conscience to invite him to a share in the diversion. As his nerves recovered their tone, Hicks showed himself a man of some qualities that Staniford would have liked in another man: he was amiable, and he was droll, though apt to turn sulky if Staniford addressed him, which did not often happen. He knew more than Dunham of shuffle-board, as well as of tossing rings of rope over a peg set up a certain space off in the deck, — a game which they eagerly took up in the afternoon, after pushing about the flat wooden disks all the morning. Most of the talk at the table was of the varying fortunes of the players; and the yarn of the story-teller in the forecastle remained half-spun, while the sailors off watch gathered to look on, and to bet upon Lydia's skill. It puzzled Staniford to make out whether she felt any strangeness in the situation, which she accepted with so much apparent serenity. Sometimes, in his frequently recurring talks with Dunham, he questioned whether their delicate precautions for saving her feelings were not perhaps thrown away upon a young person who played shuffle-board and ring-toss on the deck of the Aroostook with as much self-possession as she would have played croquet on her native turf at South Bradfield.

"Their ideal of propriety up country

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is very different from ours," he said, beginning one of his long comments. "I don't say that it concerns the conscience more than ours does; but they think evil of different things. We 're getting Europeanized, — I don't mean you, Dunham; in spite of your endeavors you will always remain one of the most hopelessly American of our species, — and we have our little borrowed anxieties about the free association of young people. They have none whatever; though they are apt to look suspiciously upon married people's friendships with other people's wives and husbands. It 's quite likely that Lurella, with the traditions of her queer world, has not imagined anything anomalous in her position. She may realize certain inconveniences. But she must see great advantages in it. Poor girl! How she must be rioting on the united devotion of cabin and forecastle, after the scanty gallantries of a hill town peopled chiefly by elderly unmarried women! I 'm glad of it, for her sake. I wonder which she really prizes most: your ornate attentions, or the uncouth homage of those sailors, who are always running to fetch her rings and blocks when she makes a wild shot. I believe I don't care, and should n't disapprove of her preference, whichever it was." Staniford frowned before he added: "But I object to Hicks and his drolleries. It 's impossible for that little wretch to think reverently of a young girl; it 's shocking to see her treating him as if he were a gentleman." His behavior really gave no grounds for reproach; and it was only his moral mechanism, as Staniford called the character he constructed for Hicks, which he could blame. Nevertheless, the thought of him gave an oblique cast to Staniford's reflections. "This sort of worship is every woman's due in girlhood; but I suppose a fortnight of it will make her a pert and silly coquette. What does she say to your literature, Dunham?"

Dunham had already begun to lend Lydia books, — his own and Staniford's, — in which he read aloud to her, and chose passages for her admiration; but he was obliged to report that she had rather a passive taste in literature. She seemed to like what he said was good, but not to like it very much, or to care greatly for reading; or else she had never had the habit of talking books. He suggested this to Staniford, who at once philosophized it.

"Why, I rather like that, you know. We all read in such a literary way, now; we don't read simply for the joy or profit of it; we expect to talk about it, and say how it is this and that; and I 've no doubt that we 're sub-consciously harassed, all the time, with an automatic process of criticism. Now Lurella, I fancy, reads with the sense of the days when people read in private, and not in public, as we do. She believes that your serious books are all true; and she knows that my novels are all lies — that 's what some excellent Christians would call the fiction even of George Eliot or of Hawthorne; she would be ashamed to discuss the lives and loves of heroes and heroines who never existed. I think that 's first-rate. She must wonder at your distempered interest in them. If one could get at it, I suppose the fresh wholesomeness of Lurella's mind would be something delicious, — a quality like spring water."

He was one of those men who cannot rest in regard to people they meet till they have made some effort to formulate them. He liked to ticket them off; but when he could not classify them, he remained content with his mere study of them. His habit was one that does not promote sympathy with one's fellow creatures. He confessed even that it disposed him to wish for their less acquaintance when once he had got them generalized; they became then collected specimens. Yet, for the time being, his curiosity in them gave him a specious air of sociability. He lamented the insincerity which this involved, but he could not help it. The next novelty in character was as irresistible as the last; he sat down before it till it yielded its meaning, or suggested to him some analogy by which he could interpret it.

With this passion for the arrangement

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and distribution of his neighbors, it was not long before he had placed most of the people on board in what he called the psychology of the ship. He did not care that they should fit exactly in their order. He rather preferred that they should have idiosyncrasies which differentiated them from their species, and he enjoyed Lydia's being a little indifferent about books for this and for other reasons. "If she were literary, she would be like those vulgar little persons of genius in the magazine stories. She would have read all sorts of impossible things up in her village. She would have been discovered by some æsthetic summer boarder, who had happened to identify her with the gifted Daisy Dawn, and she would be going out on the æsthetic's money for the further expansion of her spirit in Europe. Somebody would be obliged to fall in love with her, and she would sacrifice her career for a man who was her inferior, as we should be subtly given to understand at the close. I think it's going to be as distinguished by and by not to like books as it is not to write them. Lurella is a prophetic soul; and if there 's anything comforting about her, it 's her being so merely and stupidly pretty."

"She is not merely and stupidly pretty!" retorted Dunham. "She never does herself justice when you are by. She can talk very well, and on some subjects she thinks strongly."

"Oh, I 'm sorry for that!" said Staniford. "But call me some time when she 's doing herself justice."

"I don't mean that she 's like the women we know. She does n't say witty things, and she has n't their responsive quickness; but her ideas are her own, no matter how old they are; and what she says she seems to be saying for the first time, and as if it had never been thought out before."

"That is what I have been contending for," said Staniford; "that is what I meant by spring water. It is that thrilling freshness which charms me in Lurella." He laughed. "Have you converted her to your spectacular faith, yet?" Dunham blushed. "You have tried," continued Staniford. "Tell me about it!"

"I will not talk with you on such matters," said Dunham, "till you know how to treat serious things seriously."

"I shall know how when I realize that they are serious with you. Well, I don't object to a woman's thinking strongly on religious subjects: it 's the only safe ground for her strong thinking, and even there she had better feel strongly. Did you succeed in convincing her that Archbishop Laud was a *saint incompris*, and the good King Charles a blessed martyr?"

Dunham did not answer till he had choked down some natural resentment. He had, several years earlier, forsaken the pale Unitarian worship of his family, because, Staniford always said, he had such a feeling for color, and had adopted an extreme tint of ritualism. It was rumored at one time, before his engagement to Miss Hibbard, that he was going to unite with a celibate brotherhood; he went regularly into retreat at certain seasons, to the vast entertainment of his friend; and, within the bounds of good taste, he was a zealous propagandist of his faith, of which he had the practical virtues in high degree. "I hope," he said presently, "that I know how to respect convictions, even of those adhering to the church in error."

Staniford laughed again. "I see you have not converted Lurella. Well, I like that in her, too. I wish I could have heard the arguments, *pro* and *con*. It would have been amusing. I suppose," he pondered aloud, "that she is a Calvinist of the deepest dye, and would regard me as a lost spirit for being outside of her church. She would look down upon me from one height, as I look down upon her from another. And really, as far as personal satisfaction in superiority goes, she would have the advantage of me. That 's very curious, very interesting."

As the first week wore away, the wonted incidents of a sea voyage lent their variety to the life on board. One day the ship ran into a school of whales, which remained heavily thumping and

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lolling about in her course, and blowing jets of water into the air, like so much garden hose, Staniford suggested. At another time some flying-fish came on board. The sailors caught a dolphin, and they promised a shark, by and by. All these things were turned to account for the young girl's amusement, as if they had happened for her. The dolphin died that she might wonder and pity his beautiful death; the cook fried her some of the flying-fish; some one was on the lookout to detect even porpoises for her. A sail in the offing won the discoverer distinction when he pointed it out to her; a steamer, celebrity. The captain ran a point out of his course to speak to a vessel, that she might be able to tell what speaking a ship at sea was like.

At table the stores which the young men had laid in for private use became common luxuries, and she fared sumptuously every day upon dainties which she supposed were supplied by the ship, — delicate jellies and canned meats and syruped fruits; and, if she wondered at anything, she must have wondered at the scrupulous abstinence with which Captain Jenness, seconded by Mr. Watterson, refused the luxuries which his bounty provided them, and at the constancy with which Staniford declined some of these dishes, and Hicks declined others. Shortly after the latter began more distinctly to be tolerated, he appeared one day on deck with a steamer-chair in his hand, and offered it to Lydia's use, where she sat on a stool by the bulwark. After that, as she reclined in this chair, wrapped in her red shawl, and provided with a book or some sort of becoming handiwork, she was more picturesquely than ever the centre about which the ship's pride and chivalrous sentiment revolved. They were Americans, and they knew how to worship a woman.

Staniford did not seek occasions to please and amuse the young girl, as the others did. When they met, as they must, three times a day, at table, he took his part in the talk, and now and then addressed her a perfunctory civility. He imagined that she disliked him, and he interested himself in imagining the ignorant grounds of her dislike. "A woman," he said, "must always dislike some one in company; it 's usually another woman; as there 's none on board, I accept her enmity with meekness." Dunham wished to persuade him that he was mistaken. "Don't try to comfort me, Dunham," he replied. "I find a pleasure in being detested which is inconceivable to your amiable bosom."

Dunham turned to go below, from where they stood at the head of the cabin stairs. Staniford looked round, and saw Lydia, whom they had kept from coming up. She must have heard him, but it would not do to recognize the fact. He took his cigar from his mouth, and caught up a stool, which he placed near the ship's side, where Lydia usually sat, and without waiting for her concurrence got a stool for himself, and sat down with her.

"Well, Miss Blood," he said, "it 's Saturday afternoon at last, and we 're at the end of our first week. Has it seemed very long to you?"

Lydia's color was bright with consciousness, but the glance she gave Staniford showed him looking tranquilly and honestly at her. "Yes," she said, "it *has* seemed long."

"That 's merely the strangeness of everything. There 's nothing like local familiarity to make the time pass, — except monotony; and one gets both at sea. Next week will go faster than this, and we shall all be at Trieste before we know it. Of course we shall have a storm or two, and that will retard us in fact as well as fancy. But you would n't feel that you 'd been at sea if you had n't had a storm."

He knew that his tone was patronizing, but he had theorized the girl so much with a certain slight in his mind that he was not able at once to get the tone which he usually took towards women. This might not, indeed, have pleased some women any better than patronage: it mocked while it caressed all their little pretenses and artificialities; he addressed them as if they must be in

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the joke of themselves, and did not expect to be taken seriously. At the same time he liked them greatly, and would not on any account have had the silliest of them different from what she was. He did not seek them as Dunham did; their society was not a matter of life or death with him; but he had an elder-brotherly kindness for the whole sex.

Lydia waited awhile for him to say something more, but he added nothing, and she observed, with a furtive look: "I presume you 've seen some very severe storms at sea."

"No," Staniford answered, "I have n't. I 've been over several times, but I 've never seen anything alarming. I 've experienced the ordinary seasickening tempestuousness. The sea has its excuse for being, I've no doubt, but it 's never been able to state it — to me."

"Have you — have you ever been in Italy?" asked Lydia, after another pause.

"Yes," he said, "twice. I'm very fond of Italy." He spoke of it in a familiar tone that might well have been discouraging to one of her total unacquaintance with it. Presently he added of his own motion, looking at her with his interest in her as a curious study. "You 're going to Venice, I think Mr. Dunham told me."

"Yes," said Lydia.

"Well, I think it 's rather a pity that you should n't arrive there directly, without the interposition of Trieste." He scanned her yet more closely, but with a sort of absence in his look, as if he addressed some ideal of her.

"Why?" asked Lydia, apparently pushed to some self-assertion by this way of being looked and talked at.

"It 's the strangest place in the world," said Staniford; and then he mused again. "But I suppose" — He did not go on, and the word fell again to Lydia.

"I 'm going to visit my aunt, who is staying there. She was where I live, last summer, and she told us about it. But I could n't seem to understand it."

"No one can understand it, without seeing it."

"I 've read some descriptions of it," Lydia ventured.

"They 're of no use, — the books."

"Is Trieste a strange place, too?"

"It 's strange, as a hundred other places are, — and it 's picturesque; but there 's only one Venice."

"I 'm afraid sometimes," she faltered, as if his manner in regard to this peculiar place had been hopelessly exclusive, "that it will be almost too strange."

"Oh, that 's another matter," said Staniford. "I confess I should be rather curious to know whether you liked Venice. I like it, but I can imagine myself sympathizing with people who detested it, — if they said so. Let me see what will give you some idea of it. Do you know Boston well?"

"No; I 've only been there twice," Lydia acknowledged.

"Then you 've never seen the Back Bay by night, from the Long Bridge. Well, let me see" —

"I 'm afraid," interposed Lydia, "that I've not been about enough for you to give me an idea from other places. We always go to Greenfield to do our trading; and I 've been to Keene and Springfield a good many times."

"I 'm sorry to say I have n't," said Staniford. "But I 'll tell you: Venice looks like an inundated town. If you could imagine those sunset clouds yonder turned marble, you would have Venice as she is at sunset. You must first think of the sea when you try to realize the place. If you don't find the sea too strange, you won't find Venice so."

"I wish it would ever seem half as home-like!" cried the girl.

"Then you find the ship — I 'm glad you find the ship — home-like," said Staniford, tentatively.

"Oh, yes; everything is so convenient and pleasant. It seems sometimes as if I had always lived here."

"Well, that 's very nice," assented Staniford, rather blankly. "Some people feel a little queer at sea — in the beginning. And you have n't — at all?" He could not help this leading question, yet he knew its meanness, and felt remorse for it.

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"Oh, *I* did, at first," responded the girl, but went no farther; and Staniford was glad of it. After all, why should he care to know what was in her mind?

"Captain Jenness," he merely said, "understands making people at home."

"Oh, yes, indeed," assented Lydia. "And Mr. Watterson is very agreeable, and Mr. Mason. I did n't suppose sailors were so. What soft, mild voices they have!"

"That 's the speech of most of the Down East coast people."

"Is it? I like it better than our voices. Our voices are so sharp and high, at home."

"It 's hard to believe that," said Staniford, with a smile.

Lydia looked at him. "Oh, I was n't born in South Bradfield. I was ten years old when I went there to live."

"Where *were* you born, Miss Blood?" he asked.

"In California. My father had gone out for his health, but he died there."

"Oh!" said Staniford. He had a book in his hand, and he began to scribble a little sketch of Lydia's pose, on a fly-leaf. She looked round and saw it. "You 've detected me," he said. "I have n't any right to keep your likeness, now. I must make you a present of this work of art, Miss Blood." He finished the sketch with some ironical flourishes, and made as if to tear out the leaf.

"Oh!" cried Lydia, simply, "you will spoil the book!"

"Then the book shall go with the picture, if you 'll let it," said Staniford.

"Do you mean to give it to me?" she asked, with surprise.

"That was my munificent intention. I want to write your name in it. What 's the initial of your first name, Miss Blood?"

"L, thank you," said Lydia.

Staniford gave a start. "No!" he exclaimed. It seemed a fatality.

"My name is Lydia," persisted the girl. "What letter should it begin with?"

"Oh — oh, I knew Lydia began with an L," stammered Staniford, "but I — I — I thought your first name was" —

"What?" asked Lydia sharply.

"I don't know. Lily," he answered guiltily.

"Lily *Blood!*" cried the girl. "Lydia is bad enough; but *Lily* Blood! They could n't have been such fools!"

"I beg your pardon. Of course not. I don't know how I could have got the idea. It was one of those impressions — hallucinations" — Staniford found himself in an attitude of lying excuse towards the simple girl, over whom he had been lording it in satirical fancy ever since he had seen her, and meekly anxious that she should not be vexed with him. He began to laugh at his predicament, and she at his mistake. "What is the date?" he asked.

"The 15th," she said; and he wrote under the sketch, *Lydia Blood. Ship Aroostook, August* 15, 1874, and handed it to her, with a bow surcharged with gravity.

She took it, and regarded the picture without comment.

"Ah!" said Staniford, "I see that you know how bad my sketch is. You sketch."

"No, I don't know how to draw," replied Lydia.

"You criticise."

"No."

"So glad," said Staniford. He began to like this. A young man must find pleasure in sitting alone near a pretty young girl, and talking with her about herself and himself, no matter how plain and dull her speech is; and Staniford, though he found Lydia as blankly unresponsive as might be to the flattering irony of his habit, amused himself in realizing that here suddenly he was almost upon the terms of window-seat or conservatory flirtation with a girl whom lately he had treated with perfect indifference, and just now with fatherly patronage. The situation had something more even than the usual window-seat advantages; it had qualities as of a common shipwreck, of their being cast away on a desolate island together. He felt more than ever that he must protect this helpless loveliness, since it had begun to please his imagination. "You don't

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criticise," he said. "Is that because you are so amiable? I'm sure you could, if you would."

"No," returned Lydia; "I don't really know. But I've often wished I did know."

"Then you did n't teach drawing, in your school?"

"How did you know I had a school?" asked Lydia quickly.

He disliked to confess his authority, because he disliked the authority, but he said, "Mr. Hicks told us."

"Mr. Hicks!" Lydia gave a little frown as of instinctive displeasure, which gratified Staniford.

"Yes; the cabin-boy told him. You see, we are dreadful gossips on the Aroostook, — though there are so few ladies" — It had slipped from him, but it seemed to have no personal slant for Lydia.

"Oh, yes; I told Thomas," she said. "No; it's only a country school. Once I thought I should go down to the State Normal School, and study drawing there; but I never did. Are you — are you a painter, Mr. — Staniford?"

He could not recollect that she had pronounced his name before; he thought it came very winningly from her lips. "No, I'm not a painter. I'm not anything." He hesitated; then he added recklessly, "I'm a farmer."

"A farmer?" Lydia looked incredulous, but grave.

"Yes; I'm a horny-handed son of the soil. I'm a cattle-farmer; I'm a sheep-farmer; I don't know which. One day I'm the one, and the next day I'm the other." Lydia looked mystified, and Staniford continued: "I mean that I have no profession, and that sometimes I think of going into farming, out West."

"Yes?" said Lydia.

"How should I like it? Give me an opinion, Miss Blood."

"Oh, I don't know," answered the girl.

"You would never have dreamt that I was a farmer, would you?"

"No, I should n't," said Lydia, honestly. "It's very hard work."

"And I don't look fond of hard work?"

"I did n't say that."

"And I've no right to press you for your meaning."

"What I meant was — I meant — Perhaps if you had never tried it you did n't know what very hard work it was. Some of the summer boarders used to think our farmers had easy times."

"I'm not a summer boarder of that description. I know that farming is hard work, and I'm going into it because I dislike it. What do you think of that as a form of self-sacrifice?"

"I don't see why any one should sacrifice himself uselessly."

"You don't? You have very little conception of martyrdom. Do you like teaching school?"

"No," said Lydia promptly.

"Why do you teach, then?" Staniford had blundered. He knew why she taught, and he felt instantly that he had hurt her pride, more sensitive than that of a more sophisticated person, who would have had no scruple in saying that she did it because she was poor. He tried to retrieve himself. "Of course, I understand that school-teaching is useful self-sacrifice." He trembled lest she should invent some pretext for leaving him; he could not afford to be left at a disadvantage. "But do you know, I would no more have taken you for a teacher than you me for a farmer."

"Yes?" said Lydia.

He could not tell whether she was appeased or not, and he rather feared not. "You don't ask why? And I asked you why at once."

Lydia laughed. "Well, why?"

"Oh, that's a secret. I'll tell you one of these days." He had really no reason; he said this to gain time. He was always honest in his talk with men, but not always with women.

"I suppose I look very young," said Lydia. "I used to be afraid of the big boys."

"If the boys were big enough," interposed Staniford, "they must have been afraid of you."

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Lydia said, as if she had not understood, "I had hard work to get my certificate. But I was older than I looked."

"That is much better," remarked Staniford, "than being younger than you look. I am twenty-eight, and people take me for thirty-four. I'm a prematurely middle-aged man. I wish you would tell me, Miss Blood, a little about South Bradfield. I've been trying to make out whether I was ever there. I tramped nearly everywhere when I was a student. What sort of people are they there?"

"Oh, they are very nice people," said Lydia.

"Do you like them?"

"I never thought whether I did. They are nearly all old. Their children have gone away; they don't seem to live; they are just staying. When I first came there I was a little girl. One day I went into the grave-yard and counted the stones; there were three times as many as there were living persons in the village."

"I think I know the kind of place," said Staniford. "I suppose you're not very homesick?"

"Not for the place," answered Lydia, evasively.

"Of course," Staniford hastened to add, "you miss your own family circle." To this she made no reply. It is the habit of people bred like her to remain silent for want of some sort of formulated comment upon remarks to which they assent.

Staniford fell into a musing mood, which was without visible embarrassment to the young girl, who must have been inured to much severer silences in the society of South Bradfield. He remained staring at her throughout his reverie, which in fact related to her. He was thinking what sort of an old maid she would have become if she had remained in that village. He fancied elements of hardness and sharpness in her which would have asserted themselves as the joyless years went on, like the bony structure of her face as the softness of youth left it. She was saved from that, whatever was to be her destiny in Italy. From South Bradfield to Venice, — what a prodigious transition! It seemed as if it must transfigure her. "Miss Blood," he exclaimed, "I wish I could be with you when you first see Venice!"

"Yes?" said Lydia.

Even the interrogative comment, with the rising inflection, could not chill his enthusiasm. "It is really the greatest sight in the world."

Lydia had apparently no comment to make on this fact. She waited tranquilly a while before she said, "My father used to talk about Italy to me when I was little. He wanted to go. My mother said afterwards — after she had come home with me to South Bradfield — that she always believed he would have lived if he had gone there. He had consumption."

"Oh!" said Staniford softly. Then he added, with the tact of his sex, "Miss Blood, you must n't take cold, sitting here with me. This wind is chilly. Shall I go below and get you some more wraps?"

"No, thank you," said Lydia; "I believe I will go down, now."

She went below to her room, and then came out into the cabin with some sewing at which she sat and stitched by the lamp. The captain was writing in his log-book; Dunham and Hicks were playing checkers together. Staniford, from a corner of a locker, looked musingly upon this curious family circle. It was not the first time that its occupations had struck him oddly. Sometimes when they were all there together, Dunham read aloud. Hicks knew tricks of legerdemain which he played cleverly. The captain told some very good stories, and led off in the laugh. Lydia always sewed and listened. She did not seem to find herself strangely placed, and her presence characterized all that was said and done with a charming innocence. As a bit of life, it was undeniably as pretty as it was quaint.

"Really," Staniford said to Dunham, as they turned in, that night, "she has domesticated us."

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"Yes," assented Dunham with enthusiasm; "is n't she a nice girl?"

"She 's intolerably passive. Or not passive, either. She says what she thinks, but she does n't seem to have thought of many things. Did she ever tell you about her father?"

"No," said Dunham.

"I mean about his dying of consumption?"

"No, she never spoke of him to me. Was he" —

"Um. It appears that we have been upon terms of confidence, then." Staniford mused, with one boot in his hand. "I should never have thought it."

"What was her father?" asked Dunham.

"Upon my word, I don't know. I did n't seem to get beyond elemental statements of intimate fact with her. He died in California, where she was born; and he always had a longing to go to Italy. That was rather pretty."

"It 's very touching, I think."

"Yes, of course. We might fancy this about Lurella: that she has a sort of piety in visiting the scenes that her father wished to visit, and that — Well, anything is predicable of a girl who says so little and looks so much. She 's certainly very handsome; and I 'm bound to say that her room could not have been better than her company, so far."

X.

The dress that Lydia habitually wore was one which her aunt Maria studied from the costume of a summer boarder, who had spent a preceding summer at the sea-shore, and who found her yachting-dress perfectly adapted to tramping over the South Bradfield hills. Thus reverting to its original use on shipboard, the costume looked far prettier on Lydia than it had on the summer boarder from whose unconscious person it had been plagiarized. It was of the darkest blue flannel, and was fitly set off with those bright ribbons at the throat which women know how to dispose there according to their complexions. One day the bow was scarlet, and another crimson; Staniford did not know which was better, and disputed the point in vain with Dunham. They all grew to have a taste in such matters. Captain Jenness praised her dress outright, and said that he should tell his girls about it. Lydia, who had always supposed it was a walking costume, remained discreetly silent when the young men recognized its nautical character. She enjoyed its success; she made some little changes in the hat she wore with it, which met the approval of the cabin family; and she tranquilly kept her black silk in reserve for Sunday. She came out to breakfast in it, and it swept the narrow spaces, as she emerged from her state-room, with so rich and deep a murmur that every one looked up. She sustained their united glance with something tenderly deprecatory and appealingly conscious in her manner, much as a very sensitive girl in some new finery meets the eyes of her brothers when she does not know whether to cry or laugh at their expected remark. Thomas almost dropped a plate. "Goodness!" he said helplessly, expressing the public sentiment in regard to a garment of which he alone had been in the secret. No doubt it passed his fondest dreams of its splendor; it fitted her as the sheath of the flower fits the flower.

Captain Jenness looked hard at her, but waited a decent season after saying grace before offering his compliment, which he did in drawing the carving-knife slowly across the steel. "Well, Miss Blood, that 's right!" Lydia blushed richly, and the young men made their obeisances across the table.

The flushes and pallors chased each other over her face, and the sight of her pleasure in being beautiful charmed Staniford. "If she were used to worship she would have taken our adoration more arrogantly," he said to his friend when they went on deck after breakfast. "I can place her; but one's circumstance does n't always account for one in America, and I can't make out yet whether she 's ever been praised for being pretty. Some of our hill-

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country people would have felt like hushing up her beauty, as almost sinful, and some would have gone down before it like Greeks. I can't tell whether she knows it all or not; but if you suppose her unconscious till now, it 's pathetic. And black silks must be too rare in her life not to be celebrated by a high tumult of inner satisfaction. I 'm glad we bowed down to the new dress."

"Yes," assented Dunham, with an uneasy absence; "but — Staniford, I should like to propose to Captain Jenness our having service this morning. It is the eleventh Sunday after" —

"Ah, yes!" said Staniford. "It *is* Sunday, is n't it? I *thought* we had breakfast rather later than usual. All over the Christian world, on land and sea, there is this abstruse relation between a late breakfast and religious observances."

Dunham looked troubled. "I wish you would n't talk in that way, Staniford, and I hope you won't say anything" —

"To interfere with your proposition? My dear fellow, I am at least a gentleman."

"I beg your pardon," said Dunham, gratefully.

Staniford even went himself to the captain with Dunham's wish; it is true the latter assumed the more disagreeable part of proposing the matter to Hicks, who gave a humorous assent, as one might to a joke of doubtful feasibility.

Dunham gratified both his love for social management and his zeal for his church in this organization of worship; and when all hands were called aft, and stood round in decorous silence, he read the lesson for the day, and conducted the service with a gravity astonishing to the sailors, who had taken him for a mere dandy. Staniford bore his part in the responses from the same prayer-book with Captain Jenness, who kept up a devout, inarticulate under-growl, and came out strong on particular words when he got his bearings through his spectacles. Hicks and the first officer silently shared another prayer-book, and Lydia offered half hers to Mr. Mason.

When the hymn was given out, she waited while an experimental search for the tune took place among the rest. They were about to abandon the attempt, when she lifted her voice and began to sing. She sang as she did in the meeting-house at South Bradfield, and her voice seemed to fill all the hollow height and distance; it rang far off like a mermaid's singing, on high like an angel's; it called with the same deep appeal to sense and soul alike. The sailors stood rapt; Dunham kept up a show of singing for the church's sake. The others made no pretense of looking at the words; they looked at her, and she began to falter, hearing herself alone. Then Staniford struck in again wildly, and the sea-voices lent their powerful discord, while the girl's contralto thrilled through all.

"Well, Miss Blood," said the captain, when the service had ended in that subordination of the spiritual to the artistic interest which marks the process and the close of so much public worship in our day, "you 've given us a surprise. I guess we shall keep you pretty busy with our calls for music, after this."

"She is a genius!" observed Staniford at his first opportunity with Dunham. "I knew there must be something the matter. Of course she 's going out to school her voice; and she has n't strained it in idle babble about her own affairs! I must say that Lu— Miss Blood's power of holding her tongue commands my homage. Was it her little *coup* to wait till we got into that hopeless hobble before she struck in?"

"Coup? For shame, Staniford! Coup at such a time!"

"Well, well! I don't say so. But for the theatre one can't begin practicing these effects too soon. Really, that voice puts a new complexion on Miss Blood. I have a theory to reconstruct. I have been philosophizing her as a simple country girl. I must begin on an operatic novice. I liked the other better. It gave value to the black silk; as a singer she'll wear silk as habitually as a cocoon. She will have to take some stage name; translate Blood into Italian. Wo

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shall know her hereafter as La Sanguinelli; and when she comes to Boston we shall make our modest brags about going out to Europe with her. I don't know; I think I preferred the idyllic flavor I was beginning to find in the presence of the ordinary, futureless young girl, voyaging under the chaperonage of her own innocence, — the Little Sister of the Whole Ship. But this crepusculant prima donna — no, I don't like it. Though it explains some things. These splendid creatures are never sent half equipped into the world. I fancy that where there 's an operatic voice, there 's an operatic soul to go with it. Well, La Sanguinelli will wear me out, yet! Suggest some new topic, Dunham; talk of something else, for heaven's sake!"

"Do you suppose," asked Dunham, "that she would like to help get up some *musicales*, to pass away the time?"

"Oh, do you call that talking of something else? What an insatiate organizer you are! You organize shuffle-board; you organize public worship; you want to organize musicales. She would have to do all your music for you."

"I think she would like to go in for it," said Dunham. "It must be a pleasure to exercise such a gift as that, and now that it 's come out in the way it has, it would be rather awkward for us not to recognize it."

Staniford refused point-blank to be a party to the new enterprise, and left Dunham to his own devices at dinner, where he proposed the matter.

"If you had my Persis here, now," observed Captain Jenness, "with her parlor organ, you could get along."

"I wish Miss Jenness *was* here," said Dunham, politely. "But we must try to get on as it is. With Miss Blood's voice to start with, nothing ought to discourage us." Dunham had a thin and gentle pipe of his own, and a fairish style in singing, but with his natural modesty he would not offer himself as a performer except in default of all others. "Don't *you* sing, Mr. Hicks?"

"Anything to oblige a friend," returned Hicks. "But I don't sing — before Miss Blood."

"Miss Blood," said Staniford, listening in ironic safety, "you overawe us all. I never did sing, but I think I should want to make an effort if you were not by."

"But don't you — don't you *play* something, anything?" persisted Dunham, in desperate appeal to Hicks.

"Well, yes," the latter admitted, "I play the flute a little."

"Flutes on water!" said Staniford. Hicks looked at him in sulky dislike, but as if resolved not to be put down by him.

"And have you got your flute with you?" demanded Dunham, joyously.

"Yes, I have," replied Hicks.

"Then we are all right. I think I can carry a part, and if you will play to Miss Blood's singing" —

"Try it this evening, if you like," said the other.

"Well, ah — I don't know. Perhaps — we had n't better begin this evening."

Dunham looked embarrassed, and Staniford laughed. "You might have a sacred concert, and Mr. Hicks could represent the shawms and cymbals with his flute."

Dunham looked sorry for Staniford's saying this. Captain Jenness stared at him, as if his taking the names of these scriptural instruments in vain were a kind of blasphemy, and Lydia seemed puzzled and a little troubled.

"I did n't think of its being Sunday," said Hicks, with what Staniford felt to be a cunning assumption of manly frankness, "or any more Sunday than usual; seems as if we had had a month of Sundays already since we sailed. I 'm not much on religion myself, but I should n't like to interfere with other people's principles."

Staniford was vexed with himself for his scornful pleasantry, and vexed with the others for taking it so seriously and heavily, and putting him so unnecessarily in the wrong. He was angry with Dunham, and he said sarcastically to Hicks, "Very just sentiments."

"I am glad you like them," replied Hicks, with sullen apprehension of the offensive tone.

Staniford turned to Lydia. "I sup-

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pose that in South Bradfield your Sabbath is over at sundown on Sunday evening."

"That used to be the custom," answered the girl. "I 've heard my grandfather tell of it."

"Oh, yes," interposed Captain Jenness. "They used to keep Saturday night down our way, too. I can remember when I was a boy. It came pretty hard to begin so soon, but it seemed to kind of break it, after all, having a night in."

The captain did not know what Staniford began to laugh at. "Our Puritan ancestors knew just how much human nature could stand, after all. We did not have an uninterrupted Sabbath till the Sabbath had become much milder. Is that it?"

The captain had probably no very clear notion of what this meant, but simply felt it to be a critical edge of some sort. "I don't know as you can have too much religion," he remarked. "I 've seen some pretty rough customers in the church, but I always thought, What would they be out of it!"

"Very true!" said Staniford, smiling. He wanted to laugh again, but he liked the captain too well to do that; and then he began to rage in his heart at the general stupidity which had placed him in the attitude of mocking at religion, a thing he would have loathed to do. It seemed to him that Dunham was answerable for his false position. "But we shall not see the right sort of Sabbath till Mr. Dunham gets his Catholic church fully going," he added.

They all started, and looked at Dunham as good Protestants must when some one whom they would never have suspected of Catholicism turns out to be a Catholic. Dunham cast a reproachful glance at his friend, but said simply, "I am a Catholic, — that is true; but I do not admit the pretensions of the bishop of Rome."

The rest of the company apparently could not follow him in making this distinction; perhaps some of them did not quite know who the Bishop of Rome was. Lydia continued to look at him in fascination; Hicks seemed disposed to whistle, if such a thing were allowable; Mr. Watterson devoutly waited for the captain. "Well," observed the captain at last, with the air of giving the devil his due, "I 've seen some very good people among the Catholics."

"That 's so, Captain Jenness," said the first officer.

"I don't see," said Lydia, without relaxing her gaze, "why, if you are a Catholic, you read the service of a Protestant church."

"It is not a Protestant church," answered Dunham, gently, "as I have tried to explain to you."

"The Episcopalian?" demanded Captain Jenness.

"The Episcopalian," sweetly reiterated Dunham.

"I should like to know what kind of a church it is, then," said Captain Jenness, triumphantly.

"An Apostolic church."

Captain Jenness rubbed his nose, as if this were a new kind of church to him.

"Founded by Saint Henry VIII. himself," interjected Staniford.

"No, Staniford," said Dunham, with a soft repressiveness. And now a threatening light of zeal began to burn in his kindly eyes. These souls had plainly been given into his hands for ecclesiastical enlightenment. "If our friends will allow me, I will explain" —

Staniford's shaft had recoiled upon his own head. "O Lord!" he cried, getting up from the table, "I can't stand *that!*" The others regarded him, as he felt, even to that weasel of a Hicks, as a sheep of uncommon blackness. He went on deck, and smoked a cigar without relief. He still heard the girl's voice in singing; and he still felt in his nerves the quality of latent passion in it which had thrilled him when she sang. His thought ran formlessly upon her future, and upon what sort of being was already fated to waken her to those possibilities of intense suffering and joy which he imagined in her. A wound at his heart, received long before, hurt vaguely; and he felt old.

W. D. Howells.

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THE DEATH OF BRYANT.

How was it then with Nature when the soul
  Of her own poet heard a voice which came
From out the void, "Thou art no longer lent
To Earth!" when that incarnate spirit, blent
With the abiding force of waves that roll,
  Wind-cradled vapors, circling stars that flame,
        She did recall? How went
His antique shade, beaconed upon its way
Through the still aisles of night to universal day?

Her voice it was, her sovereign voice, which bade
  The Earth resolve his elemental mold;
And once more came her summons: "Long, too long,
Thou lingerest, and charmest with thy song!
Return! return!" Thus Nature spoke, and made
  Her sign; and forthwith on the minstrel old
        An arrow, bright and strong,
Fell from the bent bow of the answering Sun,
Who cried, "The song is closed, the invocation done!"

But not as for those youths dead ere their prime,
  New-entered on their music's high domain,
Then snatched away, did all things sorrow own:
No utterance now like that sad sweetest tone
When Bion died, and the Sicilian rhyme
  Bewailed; no sobbing of the reeds that plain,
        Rehearsing some last moan
Of Lycidas; no strains which skyward swell
For Adonais still, and still for Asphodel!

The Muses wept not for him as for those
  Of whom each vanished like a beauteous star
Quenched ere the shining midwatch of the night;
The greenwood Nymphs mourned not his lost delight;
Nor Echo, hidden in the tangled close,
  Grieved that she could not mimic him afar.
        He ceased not from our sight
Like him who, in the first glad flight of spring,
Fell as an eagle pierced with shafts from his own wing.

This was not Thyrsis! no, the minstrel lone
  And reverend, the woodland singer hoar,
Who was dear Nature's nursling, and the priest
Whom most she loved; nor had his office ceased
But for her mandate: "Seek again thine own;
  The walks of men shall draw thy steps no more!"
        Softly, as from a feast

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The guest departs that hears a low recall,
He went, and left behind his harp and coronal.

"*Return!*" she cried, "unto thine own return!
Too long the pilgrimage; too long the dream
In which, lest thou shouldst be companionless,
Unto the oracles thou hadst access, —
The sacred groves that with my presence yearn."
The voice was heard by mountain, dell, and stream,
Meadow and wilderness, —
All fair things vestured by the changing year,
Which now awoke in joy to welcome one most dear.

"*He comes!*" declared the unseen ones that haunt
The dark recesses, the infinitude
Of whispering old oaks and soughing pines.
"*He comes!*" the warders of the forest shrines
Sang joyously. "His spirit ministrant
Henceforth with us shall walk the underwood,
Till mortal ear divines
Its music added to our choral hymn,
Rising and falling far through archways deep and dim!"

The orchard fields, the hill-side pastures green,
Put gladness on; the rippling harvest-wave
Ran like a smile, as if a moment there
His shadow poised in the midsummer air
Above; the cataract took a pearly sheen
Even as it leapt; the winding river gave
A sound of welcome where
He came, and trembled, far as to the sea
It moves from rock-ribbed heights where its dark fountains be.

His presence brooded on the rolling plain,
And on the lake there fell a sudden calm, —
His own tranquillity; the mountain bowed
Its head, and felt the coolness of a cloud,
And murmured, "*He is passing!*" and again
Through all its firs the wind swept like a psalm;
Its eagles, thunder-browed,
In that mist-molded shape their kinsman knew,
And circled high, and in his mantle soared from view.

So drew he to the living veil, which hung
Of old above the deep's unimaged face,
And sought his own. Henceforward he is free
Of vassalage to that mortality
Which men have given a sepulchre among
The pathways of their kind, — a resting-place
Where, bending one great knee,
Knelt the proud mother of a mighty land
In tenderness, and came anon a plumèd band.

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Came one by one the Seasons, meetly drest,
  To sentinel the relics of their seer.
First Spring — upon whose head a wreath was set
Of wind-flowers and the yellow violet —
Advanced. Then Summer led his loveliest
  Of months, one ever to the minstrel dear
    (Her sweet eyes dewy wet),
June, and her sisters, whose brown hands entwine
The brier-rose and the bee-haunted columbine.

Next, Autumn, like a monarch sad of heart,
  Came, tended by his melancholy days.
Purple he wore, and bore a golden rod,
His sceptre; and let fall upon the sod
A lone fringed-gentian ere he would depart.
  Scarce had his train gone darkling down the ways
    When Winter thither trod, —
Winter, with beard and raiment blown before,
That was so seeming like our poet old and hoar.

What forms are these amid the pageant fair,
  Harping with hands that falter? What sad throng?
They wait in vain, a mournful brotherhood,
And listen where their laureled elder stood
For some last music fallen through the air.
  "What cold, thin atmosphere now hears thy song?"
    They ask, and long have wooed
The woods and waves that knew him, but can learn
Naught save the hollow, haunting cry, "*Return! return!*"

Edmund C. Stedman.

THE NATURE OF MUSIC.

Among the mistaken notions that have long prevailed in regard to music is the one that a taste for it may be planted and cultivated in almost any young person, and that some skill in musical execution may be attained by almost any one who will begin early enough and practice long enough. I say almost, because there are some young people of either sex who, joining to their natural incapacity of music a certain stolidity, a certain stubbornness, or shall we say a certain combination of self-knowledge and self-respect, prove so thoroughly impracticable in this respect that it has to be confessed that they have absolutely no talent for music. Such as these, however, are regarded by the holders of the notion aforesaid as the very rare exceptions, — exceptions which, they say, with admirable logic quite worthy of the notion it is intended to support, prove the rule.[1] It is gravely proposed by these people that music should be made a part of the routine of early education in all schools, and that all, or practi-

[1] As to the unreason and utter lack of meaning in the phrase "the exception which proves the rule," as commonly used, see Words and their Uses, Appendix.

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cally all, children and adolescent persons should be taught to sing or to play at sight. It is admitted that they will attain to various degrees of proficiency in skill of music; but it is assumed that all or nearly all of them will acquire some executive ability, — enough to take part in concerted music; at least enough to have made the training a valuable part of education. It would be as reasonable to expect all the girls to have black eyes, and all the boys to grow to be six feet high. The great number of people who are wholly without musical perceptions, and who are born without even the germs of musical development, seems to be little suspected; as little as, until a few years ago, it was known that a very considerable proportion of the men and women around us had not only no eye for color, but could not distinguish the real difference between the very primary colors themselves. Still less does it seem to have been suspected that of those who have the musical faculty in a certain rather low degree, that is, the apprehension of rhythm and pitch, or time and tune, and the ability of receiving a certain kind of pleasure from certain forms of melody, there are many in whom all the experience and all the cultivation to which they could be subjected would not develop the capacity to appreciate the higher music.

It would seem that the fact that men and women are born with or without the musical faculty, or with it only in a certain degree, should be one of universal and undisputed acceptance, — one that should be assumed and acted upon in all inquiries or experiments in regard to the condition of the intellect or the phenomena of emotion. But it is not so. It has been a matter of general belief for a long period that music exercised a more or less soothing influence over the mentally insane. "Music cures madness" is another one of those silly sayings that are generally received and repeated and believed, partly because of their embodying what seems to be a general truth in a terse form, partly because of their alliteration, and partly because no one knows any reason why they should be true. Not long since, some of the patients in one of our public insane asylums were subjected to the influences of music by way of testing its effect upon persons in their condition. Upon most of them it seemed to have no effect at all, whether their insanity was melancholia or mania in any of its forms. Of those affected with mania, some were brought in with the paroxysm on, others in intervals of quiet; but all were alike unmoved by the music. They took little or no notice of it, and remained in their stolid or their raving state, as the case might be; and this equally whether the music was lively and spirited, or sad and tender.

This result was merely what might, or rather what should, have been expected. Indeed, the experiment decided nothing, and could have decided nothing; for as to the adage about music and madness, that is too absurd for the demonstration of its fallacy to be taken into consideration. The experiment could have decided nothing, because nothing was known of the conditions under which it was made. To test the effect of music upon the insane, the subjects of the experiment must be persons known to have been susceptible of musical impressions in a state of mental health. If these persons had been stone deaf from birth, the most visionary believer in the powers of music to "soothe the savage breast" would not have thought of experimenting upon their insanity by the performance of music in their presence. Need it be said that it would be as reasonable to subject the born deaf to the influence of music, with the expectation of consequent psychological phenomena, as to do the same with those who are born without the perception of melody and harmony? No case is insupposable; and it is supposable that insanity might develop musical susceptibility in a person who in a normal state was entirely without musical perceptions. But as this involves the absurdity of assuming that a defect of organization is remedied and supplied by disease, it may be dismissed without further consideration. Disease sometimes increases nat-

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ural sensibility, even to a painful degree; insanity sometimes appears to bestow knowledge, always, however, by merely uniting a broken chain of memory; but there is, I believe, no case on record, nor is it consistent with reason that there should be a case, in which disease, which is disorganizing, enfeebling, and destructive, bestowed faculties not before possessed. Therefore, as I remarked before, the only way to test the effect of music upon the insane is to choose subjects known to have been musically sensitive in their sane condition. Whether this has been done, I do not know; but I will venture the prediction that when it is done the result of the experiment will be that music will be found to have just the same effect upon these persons, other things being equal, in their insane condition that it had upon them before the period of their intellectual disturbance. By other things being equal, I refer to their emotional condition. Lovers of music, however sensitive or however sane, are more easily moved by it at some times than at others, and in certain moods than in others; and if the insane subject of a musical experiment is by nature musically sensitive, and at the time of the experiment is in a condition of unusual emotional excitability, that excitability will cause an unusually quick and strong response to the influence of music, as it will to that of any other stimulus or irritant. The point is that intellectual derangement in a musically organized person will not blunt musical sensitiveness, or disturb musical perceptions.

How common musical incapacity is, how great its varieties are, and how frequently persons of rare intellectual and moral qualities are afflicted with this defect of organization, and suffer the loss of this incomparable pleasure, I believe to be not generally known with a knowledge which leads to any intelligent apprehension. It is admitted in regard to certain persons that they know nothing about music. Of these a conspicuous example is Dr. Johnson, of whom Macaulay says that he just knew the bell of St. Paul's from the organ; and like stories are told of a few other celebrated people. But these persons are regarded in literature (which is generally made by music-lovers, or by those who, like Bulwer and Helps, affect to be so) as intellectual monsters, *lusus naturæ*, — as much so as the Duke of Marlborough in his inability to tell red from green. As to this, by the way, the question naturally arises, When the beautiful Duchess of Cleveland blushed with love, when Sarah Jennings, less beautiful but more alluring, flamed with anger, did their cheeks turn deep green in the eyes of their admirer? — that is, the tint that to him was deep green? If so, what was the beauty that captivated him? If not, were the trees and the turf red, or the tint that to him was red? In either case, what a strange aspect would the world present to us of its color-seeing inhabitants if we were obliged to look through such eyes for a while at the face of man and of woman, and that of nature! From some difference of this kind I am sure the musically sensitive would suffer if they were compelled to listen with the ears of those who are music-deaf. Life would lose to them one of its greatest charms; and not only so, but it would seem that there was a "great gap in nature," — that a part of the cosmos had suddenly been extinguished. And so indeed for them it would truly be; for as far as the individual, at least, is concerned, phenomena exist only subjectively, from our consciousness of their nature.

The numbers of the wholly music-deaf are, I believe, generally very much underrated. Literature, at least that important part of it known as *belles-lettres*, having been made by music-lovers, and poetry — the poet having at first been a singer as well as a maker of verses — being filled with lauds of music and extollings of music lovers, and condemnation, implicit if not explicit, of those who have no music in their souls, a confession of a lack of interest in this art is one that demands no inconsiderable candor and courage. A man may own to an incapacity to appreciate pictures, or statues, or the beauty of architecture, as

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he may say that he does not relax his mind over chess, or amuse his leisure hours with logarithms; and the admission will be regarded as not at all damaging, — as having nothing to do with his character. But let him say plainly that he does not care anything at all for music, — let him, in earnest, call ballad singing squalling, dramatic singing screaming, and violin playing scraping, — and he is set down by a very large proportion of his hearers as a coarse, hard-hearted, embruted person; not because of his lack of consideration for others, shown in the epithets which he applies to that which is so dear to them, but simply because he "don't like music." I have a great respect for the man who, in candid and not uncourteous terms, confesses that music has no charm or interest for him. He must have some manliness and independence of character; and he is quite likely to have as clear an intellect and as kind a heart as if music formed as great a part of the highest pleasure of his life as it does of mine, or that of any other of my sort. For, to tell the truth, many of us are miserable creatures. Nor is the quality of the music that we most enjoy the least indication of our mental traits or moral characters. The Heroic symphony, the C-minor, the ninth, the allegretto of the seventh, the Hallelujah chorus, the great largo in D-major, the andante of the Jupiter symphony, Stradella's *aria di chiesa*, — all these, and all that is of their kind, we may understand and enjoy with a delight that has in it something mysterious, something almost awful, so deep does it descend into unfathomable depth, so high does it mount into the soul's empyrean, so profoundly does it thrill us with a joy indescribable, incomprehensible; and yet we shall be mentally and, more likely, morally miserable creatures; no better than that one of our number who, having been a bad son and a hard-hearted husband, not long ago, in New York, habitually starved and beat and tortured his young daughters, to prepare his soul for the pleasure that he enjoyed, also habitually, at public and private performances of the best music. I think that the basest, most sordid, most selfish souls that I have ever met, as well as the noblest, purest, and most self-denying, have been among enthusiastic lovers of music of the highest order.

I have said that musical sensibility is the accompaniment of a certain physical organization. By this I do not mean that the pleasure derived from music is purely physical; unless, indeed, we are to resolve all sensation into consciousness of physical condition or action, direct or reflex, — a profound problem of physiological psychology which I should not discuss here, even if I felt competent to do so. Nor do I mean that musical capacity is dependent merely on nicety of ear. For the cases are common of persons who have the very finest perceptions of the relations of sound, and what is called a quick ear for music in a very remarkable degree, who are nevertheless capable of appreciating only the most trivial, shallow, and commonplace compositions. To them the great masters speak in an unknown tongue. To the strains of the seraphim, to the spheral harmonies, they are as deaf as adders. But they can tell, to the vibration of a comma, what is in tune or not in tune, and their time is as accurate as that of a transit pendulum. Their defect (for so it must be) is a defect of nature, of what we call the soul; meaning thereby we hardly know what, but something different from either the intellect or the heart.

It is a firmly-established fact that rhythm is man's first step toward music. He beats sticks or stones together at regular intervals. Then he makes a drum, which is generally at first only a block of resonant wood; and this erelong he accompanies with such song as consists in shouting his likes and dislikes, his hopes and his fears, in a more or less discordant fashion. He then contrives instruments of percussion of a somewhat more advanced order, — a dried gourd, with a string or two stretched over it, or some elastic prong inserted into it, — and upon these he thrums in monotone, or in disregarded discord. He stretches a dried skin over a hoop, and lengthens

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his string or strings by adding a neck, and thus gets notes of different pitch, and the power to make them at will; and he now has his banjo. His song gradually becomes less monotonous, he makes a reed pipe, and thus he advances gradually toward music; but he is still very far away from melody, even of the rudest and simplest kind, and still farther from harmony. For the order of musical development is this: first, rhythm; next, melody; last, harmony. Now this order obtains as one of gradation even in the music and among the musicians of high civilization. To keep time is an absolutely essential qualification in a musician, — perhaps the most essential; but it is the lowest. The humblest and least musically gifted orchestral player must play in time; and he may do so with a perfection not surpassed by Joachim or Wilhelmj. On the other hand, the appreciation of melody is the commonest manifestation of musical organization; that of harmony belongs only to those having the finer and more comprehensive musical capacity. Indeed, in harmony and in the process of its enjoyment music seems to approach, if not to reach, the region of the intellect. The approach, however, is only in seeming. The pleasure given by harmony, like that given by rhythm, is dependent entirely upon physiological conditions and physical causes. Bad harmony does not offend the reason; poor harmony may satisfy the soul of the wise, and leave hungry them of feeble understanding. The science of acoustics, the mathematics of sound, not only may but must be violated by the writer of pleasing harmony. There is nothing so offensive to the ear as a succession of perfect fifths, — the only absolute concord. Nor have the so-called laws of harmony any other than a negative force in this respect. Harmony perfectly correct according to those laws, elaborate and, in the cant of musical criticism, "thoughtful," may be a weariness to the flesh and an oppression of the spirit; of no more meaning to the music-lover, saying no more to his soul or for it, than the thumping of the savage upon his drum. The English cathedral services, written in the last century by various Doctors Blow and the like, whose proper places were rather at the bellows than at the key-boards of their organs, are filled with tons of such exactly measured and carefully worked blocks of musical stupidity. If the pleasure derived even from counterpoint — that most elaborate form of harmony — were intellectual, such writing would give at least the satisfaction which is derived from a conformity to intellectual law; on the contrary, lacking other merit, it is offensive by very reason of that conformity.

Mozart at three years of age used to delight in sounding thirds upon the harpsichord; and many children of fine musical organization have done the same at almost as early an age. The pleasure derived by an infant from the sounding together of two notes at this interval has plainly in it not the slightest intellectual element. It charms, it soothes, it delights, by conforming exquisitely to the requirements of something in the organization of the child ; nothing more. Now the enjoyment given to the mature, finely organized, and highly cultivated music-lover is a mere development of that of the child in the sound of thirds. It has grown with his growth; it has become complex and profound; but it has not in the least changed its nature. Indeed, it may be safely assumed that the enjoyment of such a little child in this rudimental harmony is as great, in proportion to its capacity, as that of the strong man whose soul is troubled with sad delight at the Marcia Funebre of the Heroic symphony. The child's little cup is not only just as full as the man's deep reservoir, but it is brimmed from the very same spring of emotional pleasure.

The fact of the physical relations, if not the physical nature, of musical sensations will be apparent to any music-lover who is capable of watching and narrowly analyzing his own experience. It will be found to consist in some thing, some condition, some action, which is entirely apart from the intellect, and which has as manifestly a physical origin as the excitement from wine or from opium. The physical nature of these

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sensations was early brought to my attention by an expression of a person of very fine musical organization (my own father), whom I often heard say that a discord in music made him feel as if some one were scraping his bones, — a feeling in which I am sure that many of my readers will sympathize. Now it is to be remarked that by a discord he meant not merely a combination of sounds which is not acoustically, or even musically, accordant; he meant a discord out of place, or rather a chord, either concordant or discordant, out of place. For in music discords properly used give no less pleasure than concords; and indeed the higher and greater pleasures of music are dependent rather upon discord than upon concord. Many lovers of music, who know nothing of its theory or of its mechanism, would be surprised to learn that some of the harmonies that please them most are a succession of discords rarely interrupted by resolutions into concord.

The non-intellectual character of the pleasure derived from harmony and its absolutely unintellectual significance may be proved by any thoughtful musician to himself by reflecting upon his own performance. If at the piano-forte his fingers are resting upon one chord, and he moves one of them; if he is playing string quartettes, and he moves one finger the distance of the eighth of an inch, the result being in either case the progression of a semitone in one part of the harmony, the effect may be a thrill of delight, or, if he is in error, a thrill of horror, in every musically organized person within hearing. A moment's reflection will show him that there can be no meaning in such a change, or only such as the limits of language oblige us to call a musical meaning. It can have no relations to the intellectual or to the moral nature of those who receive pleasure from it, or suffer pain.

A little incident that attracted my attention in a quartette party of which I was a member illustrates this point further. In the andante in F of Mozart's quartette in C, there is a passage in which the bass glides up from the tonic to the dominant, and then descends diatonically to the octave of the latter for a cadence on the chord of the seventh. Whenever we played this movement, just as the finger of the 'cello player struck the C, the second violin would wince and draw his breath through his teeth as if he were cut to the quick with a sharp knife, while his face beamed with pleasure. He was quite incapable of affecting this; for he was a very manly and simple as well as intelligent fellow; so independent, indeed, and above affectation that, although he had been for years a violin player and among musical people, he did not shrink from the avowal that he preferred Haydn's and even *(horresco referens!)* Charles Dancla's quartettes to Mozart's and Beethoven's. His sensations at the point in question were merely what all the rest of us felt quite as keenly as he did. We, indeed, happened to have a little more control over our nerves than he had over his; but we understood and sympathized with him entirely. Now if the 'cello player had given the C a quarter or an eighth of a note flat, this gentleman would have winced in the same way; but his face would have expressed not pleasure, but pain. Why? So far as his mind was concerned, the C a quarter of a note sharp or flat would have been a matter of no consequence. Apart from the question whether the passage itself had any intellectually appreciable meaning, his intellectual perception of the composer's design, his thought, as we say, would have been as clear with the C out of tune as in tune. It was a mere matter of sensation, — sensation subtle, if you please, and exquisite and refined to the ultimate pitch of subtlety and exquisiteness and refinement, but still sensation; nothing more or other. And this I found that he himself admitted upon reflection.

Two other examples will illustrate our subject in other directions. I remarked before that the beginning of music is in rhythm, and that the pleasurable perception of difference in pitch of sound is of later development. In other words, time comes before tune. These two fac-

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ulties or capacities are not, however, developed with equality of progression, either in individuals or in the mass of mankind. On the contrary, they seem to be quite independent of each other, and even to coexist in the same person without any fixed relations of proportion or otherwise. All musicians know that some of their number are what is called better "timeists" than others, while some are distinguished from their fellows by a very nicely exact and delicate discrimination of pitch; playing or singing very precisely in tune, and detecting easily and with much annoyance any deviation from the true pitch by others. The union of both these faculties is necessary for high perfection in the mechanism of music. It is an interesting fact that the first of these faculties, time, may exist and be developed highly in a person who is entirely without the other. I know a man of superior intelligence, of unusual attainments, of fine social qualities, of a good heart, and of a fervid and glowing nature, who not only cares nothing and knows nothing about music, but who never can care or know anything about it, because he cannot tell the difference between one tune and another, except vaguely, by emphasis, accent. And this distinction serves only for a very loose discrimination between all airs in one measure and all in another, — between common time and triple time, or, for example, between 6-8 and 3-4. Not that he knows anything about time or about 6-8 and 3-4; but that there is some slightly perceptible difference to him, in movement or impulse, between a jig and a psalm tune. But he confessed to me frankly that he could detect no difference in sound between Yankee Doodle and Old Hundred. In brief, he is quite incapable of appreciating the differences of pitch in sound. Now it is remarkable that not only is he a highly educated man and one of uncommon intelligence, but he is specially addicted to poetry; and in poetry he is charmed by the music of the verse; and, yet again, he is singularly sensitive to quantity in Greek and Latin verse. His incapacity for music, which is total, is therefore manifestly not at all consequent upon any intellectual deficiency, emotional dryness, bareness of fancy, or coldness of imagination. His feeling for the music of poetry and for prosodic quantity shows too that the physical defect, whatever it is, that shuts him out from the world of music is a very narrow one, and is limited to the absence or to the inaction of that part of the inner ear which distinguishes high from low in sound, as a certain faculty in the eye distinguishes red from blue and red or blue from yellow.

In bringing forward my other example I shall seem to begin very far from my subject. A gentleman whom I know well made a mistake of two days as to the service upon him of a law paper, — a mistake upon a point which, being himself a lawyer (although not in practice), he knew was of such importance that inaccuracy upon it might cost him his case, or be at least productive of trouble and expense; and so it proved. This led him to observe himself, and he found upon examination that he never knew the day of the month, and if told it would forget it directly, so that his clerk said that nothing was more common than for him to ask the day of the month two or three times in the course of a morning, and even then to misdate a letter. This was the more remarkable as his memory was singularly tenacious, alike of facts, of faces, of names, and of numbers. After the lapse of years he could easily recollect all the features of a road over which he had walked, and on what part of a page to find a passage or even a word which had attracted his attention. He was a musician, and pursuing his self-examination he found in his musical execution or apprehension a defect similar to that which troubled him with regard to the succession of the days of the month, — a defect in time. His perception of it was perfect; and in the most complicated movements, *when he had once apprehended their construction*, he could trust himself like a metronome. But in case of a simple succession of notes all alike, that is, of the same pitch and length (passages of which occur in

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all instrumental compositions), he could not trust himself surely for more than a bar or two; and it was much the same in passages of many bars' rest. If the element of form came in, — for example, a group of three or four notes, melodic or *quasi*-melodic, — he found that he could trust himself to a demi-semi-quaver on the second beat of a bar; but the simple succession 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so forth, without change of pitch or of duration, threw him all abroad, unless he made the most vigorous effort of concentration and memory; and even this sometimes failed, so that he was in the habit of neglecting the count and taking up his point by attention to the harmony and to the rhythm of the other parts. Here the manifest relation between the incapacity to remember the numbered succession of days otherwise all alike, and that to remember the passage of a succession of notes all alike, or of silent intervals necessarily all alike, seems to show clearly that the perception and mental measurement of the passage of time is a constitutional faculty, dependent upon some special organization. This man had what the former lacked entirely in regard to pitch of sound, and lacked what the other had in regard to time; and it is worthy of special note that he, being no less addicted to poetry than the other, and to the enjoyment of its music, was yet comparatively indifferent to quantity in the Greek and Latin poets, which the other so highly appreciated.

That some persons have "a taste for music," and that others have not, is no more to be announced by word of mouth or put into print than that some are tall and others short, some dark and others fair; but I believe it has not hitherto been asserted, or attempted to be shown, that their taste for music is, like their tallness or their shortness, their fairness or their brownness, the result of mere physical organization, and that music has no more to do with their minds or their morals than it has with their stature or their complexion. This fact, however, that musical susceptibility is purely the result of physical organization, has direct and intimate relation with the other, that music has no intellectual or moral significance. The two propositions are interdependent, complementary. The one involves the other. If musical sensibility is merely the accompaniment of physical organization, it must take its place accordingly among phenomena which have not only physical conditions (as some intellectual and moral phenomena have), but physical bases; and the exciting cause of musical sensation must also take its place accordingly among other material causes of physically pleasurable sensations: for example, a rose, the form, the color, and the perfume of which give great pleasure, — a pleasure not only so great but so subtle and so exquisite to persons of delicate senses and fine perceptions of beauty that their genuine, unaffected sensations have been made the occasion of the satire to "die of a rose in aromatic pain." But no one will pretend that the pleasure derived from the form and color or the perfume of a rose is other than sensuous, or has any other than a physical origin. No small part of the error that has prevailed upon such subjects is due to an ascetic contempt of sensuous pleasure and of the physical part of man, — a derogation unnatural, unhealthy, and on the whole of evil influence. This view of sensuous pleasures is one of the motives which has led men, in general unconsciously, to the belief that music has relations to man's moral and intellectual nature, and that it expresses or may express something more than mere emotion. To those who took the ascetic view of sensuous pleasure (and they were by no means confined to those of ascetic life or even of religious tendencies) it would have seemed monstrous to regard as physical in origin and sensuous in nature the pleasure derived from that great and mysterious aid to the expression of love and entreaty and adoration: the love of mother for child, of man for woman; the love of good men for God, and their desires and aspirations Godward; the heavenly adoration of cherubim and seraphim. But nevertheless the fact was

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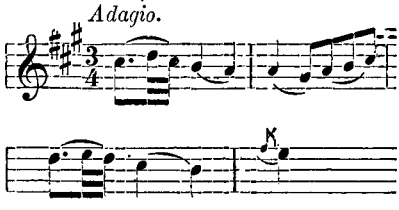
at one time that "the devil had all the best music." So, at least, said a music-loving divine; and his saying was true in so far that the devil had very good music, — and he always will have it so long as he is a devil. For music lends itself to deviltry just as to any other emotion that asks for pleasurable audible expression; and what is more, the same music may serve equally well both God and devil. There has been much outcry amongst those who wear their beards of severe and formal cut because of the transfer of opera music to the church choir. But rarely is there any good reason for this protest, except on the ground of association. An air which some of a congregation associate with the excitement of the theatre may be objectionable as a church tune on account of the thoughts and images which it suggests; but very rarely on any other. A sweet, slow air is a sweet, slow air, and nothing more or less. In its character it may be low or high, trivial or noble. But that character gives it its grade in art, and depends upon the grade of its composer's genius; it has nothing to do with its purpose or its meaning. There can be nothing inherently sacred in any succession or combination of sounds, although a melody, instrumental or vocal, in mass or in opera, may have what we call divine beauty. There is an antiquated style of harmony which has come to be called ecclesiastical, but by mere accident; for in the diatonic scale there are no strictly pious intervals.

In illustration, and I think in absolute proof of this, I refer again to Händel's Lascia ch'io pianga.[1] This has been used for church purposes; and there was never an air written better suited for devotional singing. It is quite safe to say that any musically sensitive person, however religious in temperament, who heard this air for the first time in church, would assume, without question, that it was "sacred music," and of a very high character; a conclusion which would be confirmed on learning the composer's name. But in fact the air comes from an opera; and into that it was translated from a ballet, Händel having composed it as a dance tune for the stately old Spanish saraband, in which the dancer accompanied himself with castanets. Does any one hear the castanets click when a fine soprano voice sings, —

> "Lascia ch'io pianga la cruda sorte,
> E che sospiri la libertà,"

or when, from choir and organ, this air is borne slow winging the words of Keble or of Newman?

What then does the music of this famous air mean? I will not ask for an intellectual meaning. What is its moral significance? Nay, what is its emotional suggestiveness? Does it suggest a graceful dancer, gayly dressed and playing castanets, or the yearnings and the aspirations of an overburdened soul? Does any one who sings or hears it know? Did Händel know, himself? And when Händel wrote the music to the Messiah, and composed the grand fugal chorus which stands sixth in the first part of the oratorio, how did he determine what musical phrases would suggest and express what is conveyed by the words, "And he shall purify the sons of Levi"? And, in very deed, what is there in these words which demands or adapts itself to expression or enforcement or enlargement by beauty of sound? Why should this prediction be sung at much length? and what relation does a double fugue of florid figure bear to the announcement that the sons of Levi were to undergo the process of purification, or the fact that they stood in need, as some of them still stand in need, thereof? Some at least of my musical readers know this divinely beautiful air, the theme of the adagio of one of Haydn's quartettes in D: —



Will any one of them after playing it, or hearing it through to its "dying close," and feeling the while that they are dwelling in Elysium, tell me what it means, or

[1] See Absolute Music in Galaxy for March, 1875.

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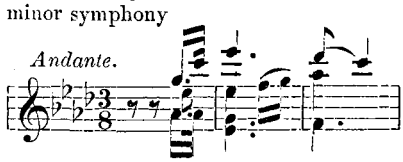
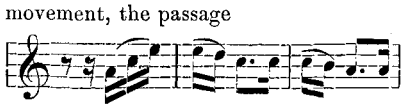
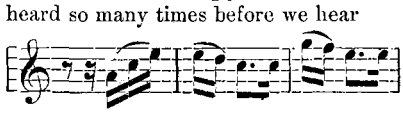
even what it expresses? I am sure that there are very few of the thoughtful among them who would not, after brief consideration, shrink from the undertaking. Hardly less sure am I that, if half a dozen of them were to attempt it without consultation, there would be half a dozen answers. For that exquisitely beautiful conception of Haydn's would lend itself to the expression of at least so many kinds of emotion. Why is it, when in this passage of the andante of the C-minor symphony



the oboe steals up to meet the coyly lingering flute, we follow with such exquisite delight its meek approach? The musician indeed may talk of passage from dominant to tonic, and suspended harmony of seventh, and inverted chord; but all that refers to mere processes of art, like the painter's conformity to laws of perspective, or the medium in which he mixes his colors. It helps us not one whit to the knowledge of what is meant by these three notes which give us such delight. And when, at the end of this movement, the passage



which has come always like a refrain after the theme, comes for the last time, and instead of hearing just what we have heard so many times before we hear



why is it that we are pierced with a pleasure so poignant, a delight so keen, as to seem like the dividing asunder of soul and spirit? Why, in the midst of the colossal majesty of the *finale* of this symphony, do we drop suddenly upon a brief and softly suggested reminiscence of the preceding scherzo? Who can tell why? but who has ever wished it otherwise? Could Beethoven himself have given any other reason than that so he felt it and so he willed it? He wrote a great concerto for the violin; can any one tell what it means, even what it expresses, particularly in the second and third movements? What does Bach's great chacone for the same instrument mean? Did any one, even hearing it as Wilhelmj plays it, ever attach to it any meaning or any shadow of any meaning? And yet it stands and will ever stand as one of the great compositions for the greatest of musical instruments. Who that has hung with a suspense of delight almost painful upon the long-drawn cadences of the andante of the Jupiter symphony has ever found in it a meaning, a suggestion, a revelation, I might almost ask an expression, of any feeling or of any mood of mind? Or who, venturing upon such an interpretation, will find another enthusiast to accept his reading? What can be hoped in this respect when Schubert says of the allegretto of the seventh symphony that we hear in it the wedding march and the opening and shutting of the pew doors! Shade of Beethoven! the barriers of the grave are impregnable, or you would have burst through them upon the world in Titanic fury at this assertion. That movement, so charged with the mystery of human sadness, so full of unresigned endurance, almost of woe, through which break at times vistas of a heaven of serenest joy! — and to have a man who is regarded as an eminent musician and critic talk to us of the slamming of pew doors! — what hope is there for us of any satisfying musical interpretation? Let us listen, commune with our own hearts, and be still.

This difference of interpretation is itself also the consequence of a difference of organization, or at least of development, in the interpreters. It cannot be otherwise. For, as the Arab sheik said, the speaker is one and the hearer is another. What Händel, Mozart, or Beethoven utters, he utters for himself. Thus his own soul speaks to him what thus he speaks to his world of listeners. What they may understand depends not on him, but on them. They will feel and understand as it is given to them to do.

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That adagio of Haydn s, first mentioned above, one of the fullest in expression that he wrote, may express love, or sadness, or religious fervor, or placid joy, according to the organization of the hearer. We can only be sure of this: that it is an expression of beauty which sprang from a certain mood of the composer's soul, and which will probably induce a like mood in persons of like organization to his; in others differently constituted but yet musically sensitive, other moods; but in all such persons a sense of beauty, a sensation of pleasure. For music is somewhat like a witticism, of which Shakespeare tells us that the prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the mouth of him that speaks it. And this difference of apprehension indicates and indeed implies also an entire inability on the part of some to apprehend and comprehend what is clear and beautiful to others. Which inability I believe to be largely congenital, and not much removable by education and culture. Carlyle says, propitiating opinion for Wilhelm Meister: "A picture of Raphael, a Greek statue, a play of Sophocles or Shakespeare, appears insignificant to the unpracticed eye; and not until after long and patient and intense examination do we begin to descry the earnest features of that beauty which has its foundation in the deepest nature of man, and will continue to be pleasing through all ages." This theory, which is prevalent, and which appears under another form in the notion about the superior strength of acquired tastes, I do not believe in, or at least I do not believe it to be of general application to those who have a natural capacity for art. It has some truth as applied to the appreciation of technical excellence, but none, I believe, in regard to the higher beauty, the imaginative, the poetic purpose of the artist. According to my observation, at the point of capacity of appreciation in this respect at which a man stands in early life will he stand throughout life. He may, and if he has a sensitive nature and the capacity of observation he will, not only advance in his appreciation of technical excellence, but confirm himself in his appreciation by study. But he who when confronted with a great work of art fails entirely to recognize its beauty is not likely to be brought to feel that beauty by reëxamination.

So, at least, I have found it. In æsthetics conclusions must be chiefly drawn from one's own experience and from the personal observation of others. I shall therefore not apologize for reference to such sources of knowledge. It is well known that the C-minor symphony was rejected by the Philharmonic Society of London upon the first trial after the receipt of the score from Beethoven. Yet it is certainly on the whole the greatest work of its composer, and the greatest existing symphony. Does it require study to appreciate it? Must there be long and patient examination to discern its beauties? I cannot think so. I grew up entirely out of the range of instrumental music, even of an inferior order. I had heard nothing orchestral but a few operatic overtures, when at about twenty years of age I heard my first symphony of any sort; and that symphony was the C-minor. My delight was unspeakable; and I understood the work, as I believe, perfectly. I afterwards by repeated hearing and by study (before two years had passed I had arranged this symphony from the score for piano-forte, flute, violin, and violoncello) discovered beauties of construction and of detail; but the poetic purpose of the work and the beauty of its musical ideas were as clear to me on the first hearing as they are to-day. My experience I believe to have been that of many others of my generation. *We*, if we had been a Philharmonic society, would not have thrown this score scornfully aside at the first hearing. And the number of those who are like-minded has, I believe, increased largely with advancing years; and that not because, or but indirectly because, of musical education and culture. I have found that this power of appreciation exists in others, as it did in me, entirely irrespective of cultivation or even of experience. I have had opportunities of observing two young persons who had

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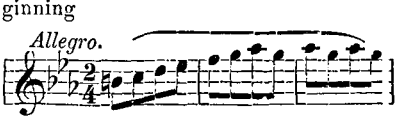
no musical education, and who heard little or no music of any kind in their home; and they, even before they were old enough to have such musical culture as comes from social experience, took to Mozart, and even more to Beethoven, like young ducks to water. No art pleasure to them was equal to that of hearing Beethoven's symphonies, which they understood and discussed intelligently at their first hearing of them. It is so with all art. Any person who, having the works of Shakespeare, or of Raphael and Titian within reach, does not feel and enjoy their beauty in the early years of adolescence, is not likely ever to attain to their appreciation. In music such facts as the rejection of the C-minor symphony by a body of experienced musicians, and its instant appreciation afterwards by music-lovers of no experience, show that the development of man with the progress of the ages fits one generation for the quick apprehension of that which those of an earlier generation would understand with difficulty if at all. There can be, I think, no doubt of the fineness and delicacy of Shakespeare's musical organization; and yet I believe that if he could be brought back to earth in all the fullness of his marvelous powers, and the quick intensity of his poetic feeling, he not only would not admire, but could not be taught to apprehend a Beethoven symphony. He belonged to a different period of musical development. Therefore when I read not long since in a leading newspaper that "the first tiresome Beethoven symphony given in this country was played in Boston on the 10th of February, 1841," I did not set down the writer of the paragraph as necessarily a man of stolid nature, or as incapable of the delights of poetry and art. I merely saw that his physical organization did not make him sensible to the pleasure of the higher music; and in that he not impossibly might find fellowship with Tennyson and Thackeray and Ruskin.

How, then, is it to be known that certain music is higher than other music? that what some persons, who perhaps have to a certain degree a pleasure in music, regard as a tiresome Beethoven symphony is really a grand work of art? I can only tell how I know it. I remember one afternoon when I was going about depressed in gloom, my heart like lead, weary of my life; there came into my mind suddenly, I know not why, I know not how, that mighty passage in the first movement of the C-minor symphony, beginning



and ending after about seventy bars with a return to the dominant theme of the movement. I had not heard the symphony, or indeed music of any kind, for some years; but this passage on the instant took possession of me as if it were uttered from the clouds, and kept possession of me all that afternoon and night until I slept, tramping through my brain with heroic tread; and it set me up like a tonic, so that the next day I was a man again, fit for work. But non-musical people might say this was purely personal to me; besides, I myself can see that the entrance of the passage into my mind might have been a consequence rather than a cause, — the accompaniment of a nervous reaction. Even in that case, however, the character of the passage receives an illustration from my experience. I have said that I can do no more than tell my readers how I know that certain music is great, and that other, in which many people find pleasure, is not. Of the beauty of this music, I mean that of Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and particularly of the second, the fourth, and the fifth, and of that of some of the elder Italian composers, I cannot dispute. It is a final fact, which I accept without question, as I accept the pleasure to my eye of red upon blue. I am content with this final fact. But, moreover, this music awakens in me, and in others of like musical sensibility, certain sensations or emotions; and because I feel that these sensations or emotions of pleasure elevate me and are of the same grade as those which I receive from the poetry of

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Shakespeare and Dante, and the greater works of Raphael, Titian, and Michael Angelo, I rate the works to which I owe these musical sensations as of the same grade in art as those others to the effects of which theirs conform. I admit that although I have thought of the matter much, I can give no other reason for my belief in the superiority of the works of those musical composers.

This reason, however, will show that the acceptance of the opinion that musical sensibility is the result of physical organization, and that music is without intellectual or moral purpose or significance, does not imply a degrading judgment of the art. For it bestows upon the large number of those who are susceptible to it a pleasure so great, so invigorating, and so innocent that it adds largely to the sum of human happiness. And as all happiness gives elevation to man's character and dignifies his life, music has thus indirectly a moral value.

Richard Grant White.

OPPRESSIVE TAXATION AND ITS REMEDY.

NOTHING has been done relative to amending the law of taxation in Massachusetts, and nothing is likely to be accomplished, because the friends of reform do not act together. If citizens of influence in this State, who are deeply, vitally interested in obtaining a better system, would stir themselves so far as to mature some distinct plan, and then carry it to the legislature, there is abundant reason for believing that they would succeed in securing its adoption. Too much must not be expected at first, nor must too much be asked; but there are signs which indicate that public opinion is ripe for the correction of some at least of the grosser of the abuses which now exist. There are, in particular, three features of the present law which are peculiarly obnoxious, and which arouse almost universal discontent: the first is taxation of mortgages; the second is taxation of the stock of foreign corporations; the third is the arbitrary method of assessing real estate. A former paper was devoted to showing the iniquity and absurdity of taxing mortgages. That undoubtedly is the first grievance to be redressed. An act to exempt them is the first measure to be urged. Railroad and other corporate bonds are mortgages, and to tax them is as absurd, though not so oppressive, as to tax common mortgages. Yet the taxation of foreign stock is even more glaringly unjust, though it does not press quite so heavily upon the body of the people. A statement of the case is all that can be necessary, it is so very clear. Massachusetts corporations are taxed under a general law. The total value of the shares of each is found, taking them at the market price. The value of all real estate and machinery, which is locally assessed, is then deducted. Upon the amount thus obtained a tax is imposed at the average rate in use in the State for that year, and the sum so assessed is paid by the treasurer of the company directly to the treasurer of the commonwealth. The individual stockholder is exempt. This method is both simple and cheap, and on the whole it is just and satisfactory in its workings. Foreign stock is treated very differently. Corporations existing in other States are of course taxed at home, yet a citizen of Massachusetts who owns their stock is assessed here at full rates upon the market value of his shares, just as if his property were otherwise exempt. It would be an exactly analogous case if Boston undertook to assess stockholders of Massachusetts corporations on their shares, after the State had collected its tax from the companies. The double

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levy is palpable. During the last ten years much money, belonging largely to poor people, has been invested in Western railroads. Most of these roads are not paying, and one reason of their prostration is unfriendly legislation. Notwithstanding, however, that the life is being taxed out of them at home, the stock is assessed again here. Many investors have little other property, and this extra burden has caused severe suffering. Even on the ground that taxes are the price of protection, this impost is absurd, for Massachusetts cannot and does not protect the roads against the grangers. Next to the exemption of mortgages, exemption of foreign stock should be urged upon the legislature.[1]

The method of assessing real estate is the third grievance. A citizen is now at the mercy of the assessor. His property may have any unjust valuation put upon it, but practically he can get no redress. There can be no reason why in this particular case a citizen should be denied a trial by jury. A man aggrieved by an assessment for betterments can demand a jury, and the system works admirably. A man aggrieved by an assessment for taxes ought to enjoy the same privilege.

With these changes the system would still leave much to be desired, but it would be an immense improvement on what we have now; and they are quite as much as it is possible to obtain.

Assuming, then, that this is the legislation to be sought, the main difficulty to be met would be the deficit in the revenue which would be caused by the exemption of such large classes of property. The first problem to be solved is how that deficit can be filled. To begin with, however, it is necessary to ascertain its probable amount, and as no statistics exist this is not an easy task. All that can be done is to rely on the estimates of the best authorities.

Mr. William Minot, Jr., and the Boston assessors seem to agree that about $50,000,000 represents the value of the mortgages taxed by the city. The valuation of Boston is about four tenths of the state valuation; hence it may be assumed pretty confidently that there are in the neighborhood of $125,000,000 of this class of property subject to municipal taxation in Massachusetts. This estimate exactly agrees with one made by Mr. Gleason, tax commissioner. The savings-banks hold mortgages to the amount of $116,241,038, upon which they are taxed by the commonwealth. Were mortgages exempted, they would undoubtedly urge a reduction of the present rate at which their deposits are taxed, on the ground that, as their range of investments is limited, to tax them at the established percentage on deposits which must be invested in untaxed securities would be an unjust discrimination. Conceding for the present the justice of such a demand, and that the savings-bank tax would yield less than it does now by a sum equal to three quarters of one per cent. on $116,241,038, the loss of revenue would be as follows: —

To the State by reduction of savings-bank tax . .	$871,807
To the city of Boston .	600,000
To all other municipalities	900,000
Total loss from exemption of mortgages	$2,371,807

What the loss would be from the exemption of foreign stock cannot be even approximately arrived at with any degree of confidence. There are no statistics nor any records from which a judgment can be formed. The larger part escapes assessment from the impossibility of tracing it to its owner, as Mr. Minot has shown. Mortgages are placed upon record, and can be traced. What loss would ensue would fall entirely upon municipalities, and it is pretty safe to assume that the value of the property withdrawn from actual assessment would not be more than half so large as the value withdrawn by the exemption of mortgages. On this basis,

Boston would lose a revenue of .	$300,000
All other municipalities . .	450,000
Total loss from exemption of foreign stock	$750,000

[1] The constitutional power of a State to tax personal property of its citizens situated in another jurisdiction is likely to come before the United States Supreme Court this winter in the case of Kirtland *v.* Hotchkiss on appeal from Connecticut. It is possible that the decision in this cause may settle the question.

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The total deficit in revenue from these exemptions would be, in round numbers, $3,200,000. There can be little doubt that these figures are sufficiently liberal, because since the estimates on which they are based were made there has been a large shrinkage in values.

There are three ways of meeting this deficit: first, the rates may be raised on the property which remains subject to assessment; second, new taxes may be devised; third, the government may retrench.

The true method is that of retrenchment. The whole amount might readily be saved without impairing the efficiency of any branch of the public service. Though this assertion will hardly be disputed, it may be worth while to give a few examples of how money is wasted.

The yearly session of the legislature costs $257,000. The State would be better governed with biennial sessions, thus saving $125,000 a year. In 1876 New York maintained 21,424 of the best militia in the world for $275,000, or at the rate of $12.84 per man. Last year it cost Massachusetts $154,274 to keep up its wretchedly ineffective force of 4225 men, or $36.50 per man. On the New York basis, $55,000 would be a liberal appropriation. Sheer incompetence therefore costs the State $100,000 a year in this department alone. The old state-prison was in good condition. There was no substantial objection made to it except that the warden happened to dislike the site. The new prison is in a most unfortunate situation, at a very inconvenient distance from Boston; it is so badly built that convicts constantly escape, and it cost $857,548. The money might just as well have gone into the gutter.

It is said that the Danvers Hospital was for the benefit of Boston. However that may be, Boston does not use it. *On the contrary, the city now talks of building one expressly for its own patients.* There are a great many lunatic asylums in Massachusetts, considering the size of the State; a new one has just been built at Worcester, at an expense of $1,059,398. An asylum is no more needed at Danvers than it is in the moon, but it has cost $1,500,000. The balance sheet of the South Boston flats is an interesting document: —

Cost of flats	$235,696
Cost of filling flats . . .	728,088
Actual cost to date	$963,784
Appropriation for last year . .	200,000
Outstanding claims on file . .	250,000
	$1,413,784

A portion of this property is let to the New York and New England Railroad for $6000 a year. But before it could be let it had to be "planked," at an expense of $50,000. Planking lasts about seven years. The total return, therefore, under a seven years' lease, will be a bill of $8000. The Hoosac Tunnel can never benefit the State one dollar; still, it cost $18,000,000, the annual interest on which, at six per cent., is $1,080,000. The reason for building it was that it cost too much to haul freight over the grades of the Boston and Albany Railroad. A bounty of $80,000 a year might have paid for the extra hauling over the Berkshire Hills, which (although government bounties are very bad things) would certainly be cheaper than the tunnel expedient. Meanwhile the legislature does not seem to care whether it returns an income or not. These are a very few of the items which go to swell the state expenditure. There are many more of the same character.

But if the commonwealth is extravagant, what can be said of Boston? The Common and Public Garden alone cost $43,000 a year. For the repairs, improvements, care, cleaning, and sundry expenses of its real estate in Cambridge, Boston, and on the Bussey Farm, Harvard College paid $13,603 in 1876–77.

The estimated cost of the new Latin and High School building is $365,000. The great addition to Harvard College library, which is fire-proof, is capable of holding 300,000 volumes, is built of granite and shelved throughout, with its fittings and furniture, besides a new steam-heating apparatus for the old library as well as the new, cost $90,000. The fine new recitation hall at Cambridge is estimated at $99,000. Trinity

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Church is the most splendid building in Boston; it is built upon a foundation of five thousand piles. To buy and drive the piles, to build the church and chapel, to decorate the church and put in the pews, cost, in round numbers, $385,000.

Last year Boston spent $700,000 quite unnecessarily on the sinking fund, mostly in buying up immature bonds, at an expense of $10,000. The present court-house could be altered so as to give sufficient accommodation for business for many years to come. Nothing will serve but to buy land and have a new one. A portion of the drainage of Boston is defective, but the means taken to remedy it are little short of a public calamity. An enormous system of sewers has been devised which would be ample for London. Not only these sewers are to work by steam pumps but they will not accomplish the object of cleansing Charles River, for they do not carry off the drainage of Cambridge and Somerville. Apart, however, from their possible utility when finished, they are altogether out of proportion to present needs. The growth of Boston cannot be counted upon. It certainly will not grow if overtaxed. What was needed was the cheapest draining which would keep the city pure for the next ten or fifteen years. The interest on the money thus saved would have more than paid for a superb sewer for a city of one million people by the time it was needed. What this stupendous drain will finally cost no man can tell. The first appropriation is for $3,540,000. The city can certainly get on without a park, — or at least a large park, — and as certainly it cannot afford one. Yet the Back Bay swamp alone, upon which the new park is some day to stand, has cost already $295,000.

The list could be indefinitely extended, but it would be useless. The State and the municipalities are wasteful and extravagant to an alarming degree. They might reduce their expenditure $3,000,000 if public affairs were administered with even tolerable economy. Far from doing harm, nothing could be so healthy. The cost of government should be regarded in a liberal spirit, but the pressure of taxation is now so great that sharp economy is of the highest moment. Unfortunately, however, there is no probability that this method of meeting the deficiency would be even thought of. The only matter of practical importance is to find the easiest method of providing the funds to fill the gap.

Mr. Minot has suggested that local taxes should be levied exclusively upon real estate. The theory of the diffusion of taxes has been so ably explained, both by him and by Hon. David A. Wells, that any further discussion here would be out of place. Unquestionably they are entirely correct in the principles they lay down. Yet it is not clear that at present it would be wise to attempt so radical a change in existing methods. In taxation the habits of the people and the ease and convenience of the taxpayer are considerations of the first importance.

In these particulars the general laws under which the corporation and bank tax is collected have many advantages. They are economical, just, and popular. But whether or not their sphere *should be enlarged* opens up the whole question of the wisdom of the policy adopted toward the savings-banks and the mutual insurance companies; and of the wisdom of that policy there is room for graver doubt each day. Savings-banks were originally established as a charity toward the laboring class. They received sums too small to be invested elsewhere, earned by people ignorant of the care of money. The interest offered upon deposits was low, but the security was supposed to be perfect: as perfect as the promise of the government to pay its bonds; as perfect as in human affairs security can be. No enlightened State would tax such institutions. While they were restricted to this function they deserved to enjoy entire exemption. In process of time, however, the whole system changed. Savings-banks have long outgrown the limits of their legitimate business. After the war, when taxes increased, their partial immunity made

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them desirable places of investment for capital. They grew apace, and they became greedy. In 1862 there were ninety-three banks; in 1875 there were one hundred and eighty. In 1850 the average to each account was $174.57; in 1862 it was $202.50; in 1875 it was $330.05. In the four years of depression, from 1873 to 1877, the deposits swelled from $202,195,343 to $244,596,614, and the average deposit from $303 to $330. In 1865 the rate of dividends was 4.75 per cent.; in 1875 it was 6.15; increase, 1.4 per cent. In those ten years the loans on mortgage increased from $15,534,-568 to $120,171,268, or six hundred and seventy per cent. Probably in 1860 there were few depositors who did not belong to the class for whose benefit this charity was established. In 1876 the Labor Bureau stated that "the day-wage class deposited 44.8 per cent. of the whole amount placed in the savings-banks; it represented 57.7 per cent. of the whole number of depositors. Of the deposits under $300 at one time, the wage laborers deposited fifty-eight per cent. of the amount; of those above $300 at one time, 36.4 per cent. of the amount. The salaried, professional, and so-called capitalist classes made up the remaining percentages." (Labor Report, 1876, page 341.) The whole amount of deposits is $244,596,614. Of this, therefore, the laboring class own $109,579,283; while $135,017,330 are owned by persons who have no right to enjoy this privilege, and who use the banks principally as a speculation and as a means of avoiding taxation. That they have been so used is due solely to their having to pay only about half the tax with which other property is burdened. The result has been disastrous to all concerned. The rush of capital into the banks created competition among them. They became ambitious to make large dividends; they tempted depositors by unusual interest; they were eager for investments at high profits. In 1876, $119,466,579, or as nearly as may be one half of the whole amount of deposits, were loaned at seven per cent. and over. They speculated largely, and they speculated in real estate, which of all ventures is the most hazardous. Dazzled by the rates offered, they lent great sums upon property which in sober truth was worthless. At length the rotten fabric gave way. Banks of discount passed through their ordeal unshaken, but last winter the savings-banks fell with a crash. In agonized panic they besieged the legislature, and implored protection. To the lasting disgrace of Massachusetts protection was given them by the enactment of the notorious stay law, which can be properly described by no word but infamous. That law is as flagrant a breach of faith as was ever sanctioned by a legislature. It overshadows the Western granger legislation. The supreme court may possibly hold the act to be constitutional, but the stain upon the commonwealth must remain. As charitable institutions for the encouragement of thrift among working men and women, and while their name was a guaranty that perfect confidence might be reposed in the rigid good faith with which they kept their contracts, it was right that savings-banks should be exempted from taxation. As public trustees who receive and manage money with a view to profit, they are no more entitled to exemption than railroads or factories. The general welfare, on the contrary, demands that they should not be shown especial favor. Private trustees are not exempted; neither should public trustees be exempted. The one absolutely essential element in the management of trust property is that it should not be used for any speculative purpose whatever. But under the existing law strong inducements are held out to speculators, in the first place, to invest in savings-banks; and, afterward, to try to use them for their own ends. And further still, a just taxation of savings-banks as they now exist, and the exemption of mortgages, would put workingmen who are depositors and workingmen who are land owners on an equality. That subject has been already discussed, but now once more it must be urged that the policy which tends to put the owners of the soil at a disadvantage with any other class of citizens must be disastrous to a

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republic. Savings banks are admirable as places for temporary investment, but are mischievous when they permanently engross the savings of the poor. The safety of the State requires that workingmen should own their own homes.

If savings-banks for the poor exclusively are thought desirable, they should be so conducted that the risk would be reduced to a minimum, with a correspondingly low rate of interest. Such institutions might be supplied by some system like that in use in Great Britain. Certain post-offices are designated throughout the kingdom to receive deposits of not less than one shilling for transmission to the central office in London. The money received is invested in the public funds. The depositor may apply to any post-office savings-bank for his money, which he must be paid, with interest, within ten days. These banks have been very successful, and apparently supply a want among the people. Between 1862 and 1875 their number increased from 2535 to 5260. In 1875 the amount of deposits was £26,127,967; the deposits made in 1875 amounted to £8,783,852; the whole number of deposits was 3,132,-433. The average amount of each deposit was £2 16 1, and the average size of the accounts with interest was £14 3 5½. The interest paid by the post-office is only 2.5 per cent. The ordinary savings banks pay three per cent. Such institutions would of course be untaxed.

Were a similar system adopted here, the advantages would be immense. Poor men who looked for safety before all other considerations could find it, while at the same time the strongest popular motive would be given for defending the national credit. On the other hand, those who had confidence in the management of any ordinary savings-bank could invest their earnings as they do now. There would be a certain degree of risk, but they would be compensated for that by higher interest. They would be taxed like other people.

If these considerations are entitled to weight, the conclusion to be drawn from them is obvious. Savings-banks should be taxed under a general law as they are now, but at a rate which would put them on an equality with other corporations. Such a rate might very easily be determined each year, regard being had, of course, to the fact that their range of investments is limited by law, if under such a change of policy it should be thought necessary to limit them narrowly. As about half their deposits are in mortgages and government bonds, both of which would be exempted, and as their present rate is about half what other property pays, it would be probable that the revenue derived from them under a fair adjustment would not vary very much from what it is now.

The case of mutual insurance companies, especially life insurance companies, is still stronger. The tax commissioners of Massachusetts, in their report of 1875, page 175, thus explain the situation: "No tax is assessed upon these companies by the State except a specific imposition intended to cover the expense of the state valuation of their policies. The only taxes to which they are subjected are those upon their real estate and national bank-stock, and incidentally upon their investments in Massachusetts corporations; and these, as compared with the total value of their assets, are of inconsiderable value."

The gross assets of the mutual life insurance companies are $26,162,858; their real estate is valued at $2,073,130; assets less real estate, $24,089,728. Under the head of Taxes and Fees in the annual report a total payment is given of $39,875. How much of this is "taxes" and how much "fees" does not appear, but for present purposes it may be all credited to taxes. The tax on their real estate alone, at $12 on the $1000, comes to $24,877, leaving a balance of $15,000 for all other taxes. At savings-bank rates the tax on $24,000,000 would be $180,000; at the average state rate, $308,160. Mutual fire insurance companies have gross assets of $4,741,-182. They pay $16,063 in taxes. At savings-bank rates they would pay $35,-558; at the average rate, $60,876.

Were life insurance companies pressed for means and conducting a precarious

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business, there might be some reason for this exemption. But the public has only too much reason to condemn their management. They notoriously charge their policy-holders exorbitant rates; they are wasteful in their expenditure, and throw away large sums of money upon costly buildings which do not and which cannot yield any adequate return. Worst of all, they are constantly disputing just claims upon the most frivolous pretexts. Under such circumstances there can be no reason why they should not bear their share of the public burdens. The only solid objection to such a course is that the companies have made their existing contracts upon the basis of the present law, and that the imposition of a tax might make performance impossible. Vested rights, of course, must be protected; but without doubt a tax might be devised which would secure a considerable increase of revenue without doing injustice to policy-holders.

Besides these sources of income there are various excises which might be used in Massachusetts with advantage. The best known instance is the Moffett tax upon the sale of liquor in bar-rooms, which is in use in Virginia. The official figures are not yet published, but it is stated in the daily papers that this tax has yielded upwards of $800,000 to the State during the last twelve months. If these figures are correct there can be little doubt that it would yield considerably over $1,000,000 in Massachusetts, for not only is Massachusetts much more populous and wealthy than Virginia, but the enforcement of a tax that depends upon police supervision is far easier in a small and densely peopled than in a large and thinly settled territory. Calculated upon this basis there would be no alarming deficit following the exemption of mortgages and foreign stock. For some time, at least, the yield of the savings-bank tax would not be materially impaired, and therefore the State would probably not suffer immediate inconvenience; while a reasonable increase of the rate now paid by the various trust companies could be relied upon to fill, partially at least, any deficit which might arise later. At the outset it was calculated that municipalities raised about $2,250,000 a year by taxing mortgages and foreign stock. The direct state tax is now $1,000,000. By means of the Moffett excise the commonwealth could pretty certainly more than make good this revenue. Therefore the direct tax could be remitted altogether. The very moderate sum of $250,000 might be collected from the mutual insurance companies, which would bring the total revenue provided for up to $1,250,000. There remains but $1,000,000 outstanding. A former paper was devoted to showing the mistake of severe taxation for the speedy payment of public debts. It was proved that Boston alone last year paid nearly $700,000 more for this purpose than the law requires, or than was necessary to redeem her bonds as they fell due. By a fair reduction in this item of expenditure the remaining $1,000,000 of deficit could be more than covered, and still allow for the maintenance of handsome sinking funds. Nor does there seem to be any sound reason for disputing the wisdom of such an economy.

By these means, apparently, Massachusetts might rid herself of two of her most ruinous and vexatious taxes, without materially raising the rate upon real property, without injustice, and without necessitating any considerable reduction in the actual outlay of government. Nothing will be done, however, unless public attention is directed to this class of questions. Citizens of influence and intelligence owe it to themselves and to their State to unite upon some scheme of tax reform, and to take means to bring that scheme before the people. So long as these questions are left to be tossed about at random in the legislature there can be no change for the better; indeed, the longer such a state of things lasts, the less likely any solid improvement becomes. The people grow callous to the discussion, and are taught to regard it only as the agitation of visionaries, — as akin to the interminable woman-suffrage wrangle, to which no human creature listens. When this stage is reached the battle is lost. And yet success is vital

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to the prosperity of the commonwealth. These are no dreams of visionaries, but hard facts involving dollars and cents. Taxation is viewed by the people in a narrow light; they do not see its relation to their daily life. By discrimination, that is by taxing the same class of property at different rates, as mortgaged land is now taxed more than other land, and the stock of foreign companies is taxed more than the stock of domestic companies, certain people may be made to bear more than their share of the cost of government; but such impositions are in no sense taxes, they are confiscations. Under a just system, where all property of the same class bears the same load, no man can gain exemption. What he evades on the one hand he pays on the other. Exemption of the savings-bank means higher rates for the factory. What the laborer gains on his deposit of earnings he may lose many times over in wages. The sum which any citizen directly pays to the government is nothing, even to him, in comparison with the effect which a good or a bad system of taxation has upon the prosperity of the whole community. The poorest laborer is as keenly interested as the greatest capitalist. A wise impost may occasion him inconvenience, and even suffering at times, by taking from him money he can ill afford to pay; but in escaping this payment he may cause a tax to be levied which will ruin the factory in which he works, or which will sweep from the ocean the fleet in which he sails. By no one has the great principle on which taxation should be imposed been stated more lucidly than by Mr. Gladstone, when, as chancellor of the exchequer, he made his famous speech upon the tariff in 1860: "But I do not hesitate to say that it is a mistake to suppose that the best mode of giving benefit to the laboring classes is simply to operate on the articles consumed by them. If you want to do them the maximum of good, you should rather operate on the articles which give them the maximum of employment. What is it that has brought about the great change in their position of late years? Not that you have legislated here and there, taking off one penny or two pence in the pound of some article consumed by the laboring classes. This is good so far as it goes, but it is not this which has been mainly operative in bettering their condition as it has been bettered during the last ten or fifteen years. It is that you have set more free the general course of trade; it is that you have put in action the process that gives them the widest field and the highest rate of remuneration for their labor. . . . It is the price their labor thus brings, not the price of cheapened commodities, that forms the main benefit they receive. That is the principle of sound political economy applicable to commercial legislation, and that is the principle on which we will to-night invite you to proceed."

Brooks Adams.

A FLOWER IN A BOOK.

A WITHERED flower shall raise
A ghost of vanished days;
From crumbled leaves a rose,
All fragrant-souled, shall rise
Within the heart and eyes
Of one who, dreaming, knows
The dust that was a rose!

J. J. Piatt.

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A GOOD deal has been written, of late, to show that Boston's claim to musical culture and taste is not quite so valid as had been supposed. Exactly what claims to such culture we Bostonians have made and still make I do not know; but they are probably not so large as have been imputed to us. I would by no means try here to gauge the musical culture of Boston, but humbly beg to suggest to those who have recently expressed such grave doubts as to its extent that the line of argument they have hitherto pursued does not in the least serve to invalidate any claim to musical culture, taste, or discrimination we might be pleased to make for ourselves.

It is a sufficiently notorious fact that for the last few years the Boston public has given very meagre support to worthy concert enterprises, both of our own artists and musical organizations, and of various celebrated performers who have visited our city. Neither Rubinstein, Von Bülow, nor Madame Essipoff succeeded in attracting paying audiences of a size at all commensurate with those artists' reputation or intrinsic excellence. It is generally understood that Theodore Thomas could not make his Boston concerts pay, and as for the Harvard Musical Association, Heaven help that earnestly working body, for surely we do not! We have not shown sufficient enterprise to admit of an efficient and permanent orchestra's being formed, so that the cream of our orchestral players have been forced to form private clubs for the performance of chamber music, and to travel through the country on concert expeditions in order to gain a decent livelihood.

This state of affairs is as deplorable as it is undeniably true. Its effect is in every way bad; Boston is fast falling from her position as a musical centre, in so far as opportunities for hearing good music well given are concerned, and is tending to take rank with Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other not musically influential cities.

This sad fact has been brought forward as an argument to prove our lack of musical culture. Yet it seems to me that it is in no way a fair criterion. It does not prove nor disprove one jot of the power of musical discrimination of our public. If it prove anything, it is that whatever of musical fibre there is in us is *only* culture, and nothing more. And I fear that this is painfully true to a great extent. As Anglo-Saxons we must say that what may be called the necessity of art, the natural hunger and thirst for the beautiful, the *desiderium pulchri*, is not born in us. We have applied ourselves to music as an item of culture; we have, to the best of our abilities, refined our taste and sharpened our judgment; but we have not made music, good or bad, a necessary of life. We give every day stronger and stronger evidence of the factitious quality of our love for music, in that we are becoming more and more fastidious and superfinical in our taste. We are no longer drawn to listen to music, unless it be the very best, and heard under the very best conditions. Unless we can have just what we want, we care nothing about it. Music is not a natural appetite with us. True, appetite is amenable to culture, and may become fastidious to a high degree. The epicure will not turn from woodcock to feast upon greens and bacon; yet let the most jaded *bon vivant* go hungry for a while, and he will find homely fare very relishing. But unless *we* can have "*faisan à la Sainte-Alliance*," done to a turn, served on Kirk silver, and washed down with Romanée-Conti (to apply our not too limping simile to music), we prefer going hungry; in fact, we do not feel the pangs of hunger at all. What of musical culture we have in Boston — and I do not pretend to say how much nor how little we have, for what I am writ-

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ing is rather a plea for exactness than a defense — we have come at by dint of work, and it is so far honorable to us. Its extent may be very lawfully doubted; but surely our lack of enterprise in concert-going has nothing to do with it, one way or the other.

— The writer of the leading article in the October Atlantic has touched upon a most interesting subject in alluding to the change now going on in the practice of church-going. All that he says I find true, but he does not discuss the *tendency* of church development, and it is this of which I wish to speak. All are agreed that the idea of church-going as an act efficacious and soul-preserving in itself has passed away, and the audiences at old-fashioned churches have thinned accordingly. But with the increase of skepticism and of practical infidelity, ritualism and Catholicism have grown apace, nor are our "orthodox" or Unitarian churches on the point of becoming empty. Assuming that the New England church-goers of to-day would have been Calvinists forty years ago, it is evident that a differentiation has been taking place in the religious church-going public, and that with the continuance of this differentiation the divergence will ultimately become so great that the origin of the one branch in a religious stem will be entirely forgotten. Not only the ministers, but the considerable number of persons interested in the maintenance of a given "society," try to provide substitutes of various kinds for the vanished belief in the efficacy of church-going in itself; and the result of their efforts is the gradual transformation of churches, especially in provincial towns, into a new and peculiar variety of club. We see people united by a loose tie paying a certain yearly tax, and coming together at stated intervals, sometimes for edification, but often solely for enjoyment; even on the former occasions instruction must be administered in an entertaining manner, and as to the latter, it is safe to say that the vestry kitchens and conversation rooms are of more importance in keeping up the society than is the pulpit, literally regarded. In this corporation the minister is naturally the leading figure, the all-important personage; but it is not in his capacity of preacher that he is so. He delivers sermons, as the president imparts his views to Congress, but there his responsibility, in this direction, ends. He is attentively listened to, partly from traditional respect (which will soon be extinct), but chiefly from the vague consciousness on the part of his hearers that the enjoyment of good things in connection with, but outside of, the sanctuary has put them under obligations which are best repaid in this way. That the minister preach well is a good thing, but it is no longer the main thing. It is of more importance that he have skill in raising money for benevolent objects, in arranging lectures and excursions, and other amusements; that he be able to advise young ladies about their art reading, and old ones about their sons at college. Besides this he has the marrying and the burying to do.

So many interests are thus bound up with parish organizations that there is no danger of their being given up as useless. And on the other hand, those emotional natures which must in some way pour forth their religious sentiment, those abnormally constituted persons who feel a greater need occasionally to be transported above the commonplace reality of daily life than a hankering after photographs and puddings, — these unfortunates will continue more and more to find a refuge in the bosom of the one Catholic and Apostolic church, or of its ritualistic follower.

— I am that gloomy contributor who was very much troubled, a few months ago, at the fashion which our printers have of decorating the first vowel in *chalet* with a circumflex accent. Having overthrown, shattered, and obliterated that other gloomy contributor, who had mildly remarked that our printers put the accent over the *a* because it was correct to do so (he misquoted the title of his authority, by the way), — having, I repeat, dispersed *him*, I supposed the matter ended. But it seems that that mongrel Swiss-French word is never to

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let me have any peace. Here now is Mr. Henry James Jr. calling a cottage in the suburbs of Boston *a chalet!* He does not place the phrase between the lips of one of his Europeans, where it would properly be at home, but he uses it in his own quality as narrator. "The two occupants of the chalet dined together." I protest, though perhaps it is no more than right that we should kindly adopt the word, having so barbarously humiliated it these many years by sticking a fool's-cap on it. Yet if we *must* have a foreign name for our New England country-houses, I think *villa* preferable. Chalet implies at once too much and too little: it asks for waterfalls and Alpine vistas, and it suggests — a shed. Villa, on the other hand, is rather non-committal: it is nice and vague and "sloppy," like the name Mr. Cummings gave his friend's picture in a certain comedy printed a while ago in these pages. Moreover, the word is already domesticated among us. Do we not, without the slightest inclination to smile, speak of our villas at Newport? I fancy that it is a kind of necessity for the American tourist, when he returns from abroad, to live in a palace, or a *château*, or a castle. Perhaps it is fair to let him have even a chalet, if he insists upon it.

— Reports come back from Paris that the chief point in the indictment against American art brought by all foreigners was the lack of originality, or rather nationality, of treatment. Our artists, with but one or two exceptions, were declared to be basely subservient to some foreign school, generally the French. Those who had escaped this thralldom, and ventured to offer *genre* pictures of American life, received the highest commendation, namely, that whatever their lack of mechanical skill they showed at least that certain creative power out of which every national school of art must be born.

Our young artists in the Latin Quartier will no doubt have many a hearty laugh over this criticism. Most of them feel that they have left their country quite out of sight in their æsthetic progress. They go on diligently reproducing old monks and ballet-girls and Norman peasants, and would listen with calm amusement if you suggested that the interior of negro huts or Indian wigwams, or the accessories of a pioneer's life, or the faces of American women, were as picturesque and typical, and newer to the world at large, than any of these. Unluckily for themselves, they have not progressed far enough to see that the true historical and lasting painting must be made of scenes present to the painter's eye and known to his heart.

Our literature has advanced a good deal farther and faster in the right idea than our art. Forty years ago we were precisely in the same condition as Germany before Goethe and Schiller came to waken her to the necessity of a national literature. The weakness in our position then was, not that Englishmen sneered at American books, but that Americans did not write them. Our literature was a weakly babe suckling the breast of an alien nurse who despised it. It is only lately that we have found out that our own mother has milk and to spare for her children. Irving himself, I have heard, wondered why his Spanish Papers and the histories written with exhaustive care so soon retired to the shelves of critics, while his idle tales of the Kaatskills became at once popular and immortal.

It is a fact that every attempt by Americans to portray American life has received a more cordial welcome in England than at home. Even the vulgar braggadocio of Joaquin Miller was overlooked, and his work accepted with acclamation, because it was indigenous in its flavor; it smelled of the soil from which it came, a soil unknown to Europeans. For the same reason Walt Whitman, Hawthorne, and Artemas Ward, all representative Americans of differing strains of blood, were more appreciated in England than here.

There is one drawback to the advance of our literature in this direction which probably may not suggest itself to the readers of The Atlantic. The life and manners of New England have been

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carefully painted by her sons, while the rest of the country, with its countless and widely differing phases of life, is almost untouched. Western and Southern painters of scenery and human nature are slow to see that there is material close to their hands richer than any left untouched in New England hills. A few have seen it, however; but how grudging is the recognition given them by their own sections! There are the Egglestons, with their masterly photographs of life in Virginia and Indiana; DeForest, the only man who has painted the Carolinian fire-eaters; a new writer, Mary Dean, whose little studies of farm life in New York are fine and careful in detail as a picture of Meissonier. If Boston had brought forth these people, what would she not have made of them!

— An amazing ignorance exists among otherwise intelligent people in regard to the demands and rewards of literary labor, which is likely to be dispersed wholesomely by the breezy confidences of the Contributors' Club, unless (I am not very weather-wise, yet it seems to me that cautionary signals are indicated at this point) individual publishers, authors, and critics should stir up therein a *tu quoque* typhoon, to the premature destruction of all concerned. What an old divine quaintly said of a brother clergyman's prayers I say of the Club: "I don't believe in making the throne of grace a whipping-post." But to return to our subject. Not long ago a much-knowing lady remarked incidentally, when a common acquaintance was named, "Is n't it nice? — she sold her last book for ten thousand dollars!" To my gentle demurrer over the incongruity between such a sum and the worthy little book, which I had just accepted for our Sunday-school library, my informant replied, with vehement confidence, "But I know it to be a fact!" Knowing the book and knowing its publisher, the most cautious of his kind (if "cautious" is actionable in the Contributors' Club court, I abjectly retract), I was not surprised to hear him say, a few weeks later, when I solemnly charged this prodigality upon him, "We printed an edition of seven hundred copies. A good many are still on our shelves, and we pay her ten per cent. on retail price of each copy sold; they sell for one dollar." In computation of which overhaul your Colburn's Mental Arithmetic, and when found make a note of, for future estimates of literary profit and loss.

One thing which has not been touched upon in the discussion of authors' experiences might, I think, be fittingly noticed here. When I was as yet guiltless of book-making — "ah, woful when!" — I had the childish fancy that every author had somewhere within his domains (usually in the attic, if I remember rightly) a room piled to the ceiling with his own books, and that he had only to turn his hand over, so to speak, and straightway all his acquaintances, good, bad, and indifferent, were supplied each with a crisp, clean copy. What author so small as not to have encountered the reproach from dozens of friends, "Did you know that you never sent me a copy of that last book of yours?" sometimes naïvely adding, "And I should n't have read it to this day if So-and-So had n't lent it to me!" Can the Contributors' Club delicately whisper to the uninitiated that an author generally has to pay as much for his own books and the periodicals containing his own articles as for a stranger's, and that even were he indefinitely dead-headed therefor, the probabilities are that he might prefer to present something less personal to his friend rather than seem in the least to coerce his favor? Certainly an author who "was paid in books," — a phrase I once heard with pleasure, — his own or another's, would be an object of compassion to the enlightened.

How serious this little misconception may become is best shown by a fresh example. A friend has recently published a technical work. I chanced to ask an acquaintance if he had seen the book; he exclaimed with pronounced disgust, "No, I have n't; the miserable fellow never gave me a copy!" As this "miserable" to my certain knowledge had to pay five dollars for every copy

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after the two or three first specimens sent him from the press, it was not singular that his donations had not reached one who had no special interest in the subject matter, and only ordinary relations with the author. "The world is wide; these things are small; they may be nothing, but" they amount to something when multiplied by one's dear five hundred friends.

— I was unfortunately out of town at the last meeting of the Contributors' Club, or I certainly should have laid down my knife and fork with astonishment at the ignorance of the contributor who calls for a new pronoun. What! has he never heard of the great grammarian who came into literature, saw the difficulty, and at once overcame it? I have forgotten his name, but how can I ever forget his admirable circular, in which he publishes the result of his wrestle with he, his, and him? It is before me, as I copy: "The substitute for the three words which I now have the honor to propose is a word of two syllables, a compound of these two pronouns, suggestive of the singular number and possessive case, applicable as a pronoun for man or woman," namely, hizer, — "placed to hizer credit," that is, to his or her credit, — and thus declined: Hēsh, hizer, himer. "Should this addition," he adds, "be acceptable to persons speaking and writing the English language, I will subsequently propose a number of new words, as analogous improvements." It was in 1872 that this memorable circular was issued, and I myself drew up a paper with the heading: "We the undersigned hereby agree to adopt hizer into the language," and took pains to circulate it amongst my friends. What has become of the great philologist since? I have been anxiously waiting for the rest of his modern improvements. Has he joined the spelling reformers, and become engrossed in the arrangement of a new alphabet? Perhaps he is balancing the advantages of adopting or dispensing with the diacritical marks. But the discovery of hizer is enough for one man. Let him be the apostle of hizer, and leave the spelling reformers to follow at a respectful distance.

— In the Contributors' Club, Atlantic Monthly, November, 1878, it is stated that a personal pronoun of the common gender and singular number is wanted in the English language. Che was proposed in 1851 or 1852. Nominative case, che, possessive, cher's or cher, objective, cher.

— I am afraid that the contributor who discusses the secret of a book's success (*vide* the October number of The Atlantic) has not quite settled the question. He says: "In my opinion the secret of a literary hit was expressed by a young friend, herself a writer of no mean ability, when she said, 'The book that sells is the book that gets talked about.'" What a paradise were this for writers of no mean ability were that even half true in its intended sense! Then The Scarlet Letter and The House of the Seven Gables and the Twice Told Tales would have made Hawthorne a rich man in his prime, and been an inheritance to his children. No books, with possibly the exception of Cooper's Leather-Stocking Tales, were ever more talked about than his. Yet during Hawthorne's life his revenue from those marvelous fictions was less than the salary of a second-rate salesman in a dry-goods store of the period. I do not forget that Hawthorne, in the preface to the Twice Told Tales (1851), speaks of himself as having been for many years the obscurest man of letters in America. That was while he was weaving for the magazines those enchanted webs which have caught us all. But from the moment those stories were collected in a volume, they began to be talked about, in the finest sense of the phrase. While the American Dickens of that singular epoch, the now-forgotten author of Puffer Hopkins, was innocently plucking at that popular laurel which looks so like the real thing (but has no root, being merely phantom leaves), the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne were passing into literature. And to-day? What name is oftener on the general lip? Who can think or speak of American letters without breathing

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the name of Hawthorne? It is a word to conjure with, not only here, but in England and in Italy. Yet if I were a publisher, and nothing *but* a publisher, I would prefer That Husband of Mine to a whole block of Houses like that of the Seven Gables. True enough, "the book that sells is the book that gets talked about;" but it by no means follows that the book which gets talked about is the book that sells. "I write of one," as Lowell says in his Memoriæ Positum, "while with dim eyes I think of three" or four authors who illustrate my argument much better than I wish. Their books get talked about at every refined fireside in the land; they are books which require only time to crystallize into classics; but they don't sell. Possibly they reach a circulation of four or five thousand copies each; but I do not call that selling in an age which buys ——'s novels by the cart-load, and his poems by the thousand feet, like the merchandise and the lumber they are. In literary circles they are never mentioned except to be laughed at. On the other hand, what poet of our own generation has been more talked about (and in a way more calculated to provoke the curiosity of the indifferent reader) than Walt Whitman? Does the book that gets talked about necessarily sell? Do Walt Whitman's labors of thirty years supply the necessities of his old age?

The author and publisher who held a confidential conversation in these pages several months ago seemed to me to be very level-headed gentlemen; but I wonder that they neglected, in bringing their argument to its delightfully inconclusive conclusion, to touch on this perplexing phase of the subject.

— Th. Bentzon, who is known on this side of the water by her admirable translations from American authors, is known in France as a novelist of unusual originality and power. Indeed, in such pictures of provincial French life as La Petite Perle, La Grande Sauliere, and Désirée Turpin she comes nearer to what is best in George Sand than any contemporary French author. Th. Bentzon has been for several years an industrious contributor to the Revue des Deux Mondes, though the editor of the journal was unaware until quite recently that his valued correspondent was a woman. Madame Thérèse Blanc — there can be no impropriety in dropping a *nom de plume* which her talent has rendered useless as a disguise — belongs to an old French family, and is a highly accomplished woman. A portion of her girlhood was passed in England, to which fact we are indebted for the careful and scholarly translations of American works which have appeared from time to time during the last six or seven years in the Revue. She has a wide familiarity with every branch of American literature, and, curiously enough in one naturally a legitimist, she takes the deepest interest in the history of the socialistic movements in this country. The masterly paper on Nordhoff's Communistic Societies of the United States, which appeared some time since in the Revue des Deux Mondes, was from the hand of Madame Blanc. But it was of her as a novelist that I wished to say a word. I notice that some one has had the good taste to translate one of Madame Blanc's charming stories for Appleton's library of foreign authors, and has been fortunate enough, or wise enough, to select her best. The plot of Un Remords, the novel in question, is singularly fresh and ingenious; there are two or three powerful and *new* situations in the story, and the characters throughout are drawn with delicacy and firmness. Pierre Liéven, Manuela, M. Walrey, and his mother are notably fine characterizations. I have not seen the translation of Un Remords, but unless it does injustice to the original the reader will look eagerly for other novels of Madame Blanc in the same form.

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RECENT LITERATURE.

It seems to us that Messrs. Fields and Whipple have performed very acceptably a task of uncommon difficulties. It would have been much easier to make a much smaller or a much larger collection of verse than their Family Library of British Poetry;[1] but to produce a volume of dimensions so generous that nothing of the first value could be left out, and yet in which there should be no suspicion of padding with second-rate material, required in the editors not only a love of the best poetry, but a knowledge of what poetry is best loved. To speak within certain limits, the average reader of such a volume has the right to find his favorite poem in it; for if popularity is not an immediate test of merit, it is unquestionably one of the best final tests, and the poem which most men in successive generations have liked is pretty sure to be a great poem. We fancy that it is upon some such general principle as this that the editors have proceeded. The favorite poems, we believe, are all here; but in a royal octavo of nearly a thousand pages, they have been able to give vastly more, even in drawing from the works of some three hundred poets. The book is, indeed, fairly representative of British poetry, and whoever reads it will hardly fail of a just idea of our poetic literature, if he is able to make his own criticisms and comparisons. To these the editors have chosen almost entirely to leave him. The volume is thoroughly indexed by titles of poems, first lines, and authors' names; but nothing biographical, beyond the date of each poet's birth and death, appears to have entered into their scheme, and nothing critical beyond the brief and infrequent notes attached to some of the poems, mainly in the way of explanation. We could wish that these were even more infrequent by at least one note; that, namely, in which Lord Macaulay is superfluously permitted to assert the literal impossibility of The Deserted Village. There is a good introduction, not long, and very properly not entering into any subtleties of comment, in which the editors explain their design, and promise for a forthcoming Library of British Prose a general sketch of English literature.

Their work here has been almost confined to selection, and it has been admirably well done, with naturally curious results, on which the lover of poetry will like to dwell at greater length than we can now. It is interesting to observe, and it ought to be instructive for all intending heirs of fame to see, how such poets as Gray and Goldsmith, who wrote sparingly, are here almost wholly reproduced; and how in other cases certain rather long poems, like Pope's Rape of the Lock and Keats's St. Agnes' Eve, are of so perfect and exemplary a beauty that they must be quoted entire. The inferior dramatists are represented by the best passages from their plays; Shakespeare, on this side, is so vast that the editors must content themselves with his songs and sonnets, and some extracts from his poems. Of Spenser there seems rather more than enough; of Chaucer not quite enough, especially of the humorous side of his genius. The selection from Ben Jonson is delightful, and so is that from Beaumont and Fletcher; Milton and Dryden are as satisfactory. Cowper has a space authorized rather by his excellent humanity than the excellence of his poetry; and Burns has room far beyond his inspiration. There is not enough of Leigh Hunt, who was a poet of exquisite quality. Campbell, Moore, Coleridge, Montgomery, Blake, and Shelley are fitly represented. There is the best of Wordsworth, but much less than is quoted would have shown how tedious he could be. Byron is well managed; Browning presents peculiar difficulties, frankly evaded; Tennyson is not adequately shown in the selections.

It is easier to make these running criticisms than to justify them; they will doubtless not justify themselves to the sense of many readers, and we must defend them only by our own feeling. As far as they are adverse, they imply simply that a work of this scope must be open to censure. Its faults do not characterize it, for it is a collection not only eminently satisfactory in general, but in far the greater number of particulars. The reader may confidently go to it for the whole or part of every great or famous English poem.

— Quite the best poem in Mr. Whittier's

[1] *The Family Library of British Poetry, from Chaucer to the Present Time.* Edited by James T. Fields and Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878

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new volume[1] is, we think, the ballad of the Witch of Wenham Lake. In this we have the poet on his own ground, with a story, sweet and native, to tell. He tells it as no one else could: simply, picturesquely, with a sort of tremor of intense feeling in its music. Our readers cannot have forgotten it, nor the faint glimmer of archness in the young girl's character which gives its finest effect to the tale. Mr. Whittier has more than once realized the grim witch time in his verse, but we cannot recollect that he has ever brought it so vividly and pathetically to mind, while losing none of the love-charm proper to this particular theme. He seems to feel with a passionate keenness the infernal ugliness of the superstition which makes the blackest page in our colonial annals, and no one else has enforced it so poignantly. Sunset on the Bearcamp, Seeking the Waterfall, and June on the Merrimac are poems in which the characteristic New England landscape brightens and breathes again; and the Vision of Echard is a piece full of the poet's high and consoling religiousness. The new volume contains also his beautiful tribute to William Francis Bartlett, and his Centennial Hymn. The Two Angels is again a hymn of courageous and loving faith, which finds expression in other poems. It is scarcely too exegetic, but its danger is in that direction. Otherwise, this beloved poet's art, like that of Longfellow's, mellows from year to year; and ripening late after a long growth, in which some crude flavors mingled, his poetry has now a richness as uncloying as it is unstinted. This little book represents it at its best.

We are glad to recognize the mechanical beauty of the volume. The Riverside printing is known, and we do not speak of that, but of the binding and the whole exterior of the book, in which there is an elegance, a *style*, very uncommon in American books.

— Mr. Stanley, in the double title of his latest book,[2] has happily characterized the narrative, which is in the main a frank, straightforward record of his journey, with bits of *bravura* here and there. We should be sorry to miss these passages, which at first seem to be a writing-master's flourishes, but finally strike one as intimations of the genuineness of the writer's autograph. Apart from the interest which these two volumes must long excite by their pioneer character, they are the magnificent achievement of an American newspaper reporter. We know very well that the newspaper correspondent, especially of the English press, has left his mark in current literature; Dr. Russell has been followed by Forbes, and the advance in art shown by this succession hints at a probable fixed profession of newspaper correspondence; but while Dickens may be taken as showing what cockney reporting may come to, we chuckle behind our hands at the figure Stanley will cut in literary history, as the ripest product of American newspaper reporting life. We do not believe that his career will lead to a school. There is something too isolated, too spectacular, in it. No matter in what direction some other daring reporter may attack Africa, Stanley's journey will be *princeps* because *primus*. The results of his journey, valuable as they are in the illustration of geography, must always be subordinate to the achievement, and the achievement draws its power from the central figure of this narrative. The civilization of Europe and America may require a new continent for the manifestation of its force, and subsequent material conquests may lessen the value of Mr. Stanley's narrative as a contribution to African geography and ethnography, but

"virum . . . cano"

can never cease to be the prelude to the most popular and worthy poems, and we do not see how young hearts can help beating quicker when they take these volumes from the shelf, generations hence, even if the library containing them overlooks the waters of Victoria Nyanza.

A great traveler is a man of genius, and no one can read Stanley's journey without conceding this quality to him. He has by no means a genius for writing, but his genius for finding his way and for overcoming or dodging obstacles is unmistakable. No defects of narrative can conceal this splendid faculty for going where he set out to go; nor can any presumably inadequate preparation blind one to the instinct which this traveler possesses for finding out what he wants to know. Undoubtedly other and older travelers have been better equipped

[1] *The Vision of Echard, and other Poems.* By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

[2] *Through the Dark Continent; or, The Sources of the Nile, around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa, and down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean.* By HENRY M. STANLEY. With ten maps and one hundred and fifty wood-cuts. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers, Publishers. 1878. [Sold only by subscription. Agents for Boston, George M. Smith & Co.]

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in point of learning, yet one hesitates after all to concede to closet study of geographical problems a superiority over that training of eye and nerve and mother wit which formed Stanley's chief outfit for his work. He tells us that before making the journey he read largely in the literature of African travel, but the sort of knowledge which he thus acquired, though helped by his previous experience, would bear little examination beside the solid work of trained students. It was the preliminary reading of a reporter who has a special task set him; when he gets into the field he relies instinctively on his eyes and ears, and makes his reading wholly subordinate. The qualities which go to make up a good reporter were present in Stanley, or were developed as rapidly as occasion demanded. The fertility of resources, the concentration of mind, the power of seizing opportunities, the unflinching fidelity, — these were of inestimable value in the gigantic task set this reporter. There were, besides, certain qualities which are pretty likely to attach to successful reporters, — great good-humor, patience, self-confidence, and a recklessness of consequences which is almost fatalism. Indeed, it is within bounds to say that Stanley's high spirits carried him through. He has been charged with boasting and undue self-assertion, but we doubt if a thoroughly modest man could have crossed Africa. Something more was needed to nerve himself and to inspire courage in his followers.

The portraits prefacing the two volumes, showing Stanley before he crossed Africa, and Stanley after he crossed, tell as plainly as wood-engravings can the effect upon him of his terrible experience, — an effect heightened by making the second portrait in profile. It is a pity that we could not have had similar pictures of the Wangwana, but the change in them was one not so easily represented by pictures. The reader scarcely needs to be told by Stanley how marked a change was wrought in these fellows by the fierce ordeal through which they passed; their transformation from a disorderly crowd into a compact, obedient, and courageous following is not the least interesting feature of the narrative, and the reaction which came upon them when their journey was completed is pathetic in the extreme.

It is difficult for the reader to realize to himself the time occupied in the journey; he is furnished with dates and distances, but the stirring nature of the journey obliterates these marks, and when, for instance, he is told: "A month ago we descended the Upper Mowa Falls; it is still in sight of me, being only three miles off. Three miles in thirty days, and four persons drowned even in this short distance!" he is sharply reminded that he himself galloped over the fifty pages covering the month with feverish haste.

The exhaustion produced in the reader's mind by the succession of perils and escapes enables him to understand more clearly the half-despairing, half-ferocious feeling with which Stanley and his followers encountered the next of the long series; for, however captious people may be as to certain details, it is quite impossible to withstand the cumulative argument for honesty which Stanley's narrative contains. No one could simulate the candor which marks the work, and all the generous qualities which accompany a truthful nature are illustrated in so many various, often unconscious ways, that one cannot escape the conviction that the book is a faithful report. Either Stanley tells the truth always, or he is a consummate artist in invention, and the latter hypothesis cannot be sustained even when one brings the most incredulous mind to the task of reading the book. So we accept the whole story, including Mtesa's conversion, and especially we accept unhesitatingly Stanley's statement as to his dealings with the barbarians.

We have not undertaken to give a *résumé* of the work. It has been more to our mind to call attention to some of the personal features, for we repeat that the book has its greatest value as an exhibition of human character and endurance. It is the story of a great achievement, and a man who achieves is worth a continent of rivers, lakes, and mountains. It is all the more human since the man who in this case achieved has a secondary interest as an exponent of a class of Americans who have hardly had justice done them in literature.

— H. H.'s Bits of Travel at Home [1] is a book made up of a series of sketches, descriptive of certain parts of natural scenery in California, Colorado, and New England. Some of the papers have already appeared in the pages of this magazine and elsewhere. Whether their effect is not somewhat dimmed by publication together, while

[1] *Bits of Travel at Home.* By H. H., author of Bits of Travel, Bits of Talk about Home Matters, Bits of Talk for Young Folks, Verses by H. H. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

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at the same time a good deal of similar material is added, is a fair question. The little book is so full of raptures over all manner of wild flowers, over sunsets and mountains, and is generally so intense, to use a word that just defines it, that many readers will probably feel cloyed before they have gone half through it, and will sigh for some soberer narrative. It is well that this danger is partly met by the introduction of a brief account of New England grave-yards and snow-storms between the descriptions of the eternal sunshine of the less arid parts of the country, but even this precaution is not wholly satisfactory.

H. H.'s perfervid accounts of wonderful landscapes are perhaps chiefly wearisome by their great number. Putting landscapes down on paper is a very difficult thing to do, and to reconstruct them, with the certainty of doing it wrong, is even more difficult; but H. H.'s fluency certainly gives the reader all the material for his fancy that he can want. It is a dangerous thing to do, too, even when it is done so cleverly as it is here, for, next to the plagiarisms from guide-books, are not the raptures over the scenery what we first skip in the letters from our friends who are abroad? We are lucky to have friends on any part of the surface of the earth who can write like H. H., but even her books, which read very much like the talk or the letters of a bright woman, lack at times the qualities that make real literature.

Her accounts of the people she met are always clever and entertaining, and it is pleasant to find so bold and imperturbably cheerful a traveler setting down her experience in strange parts. By her enthusiasm over wild flowers and clouds she addresses a limited public, but this public will be sure to find great pleasure in her book, and other readers will find many detached passages of interest about regions which are not by any means well known. Even the familiar New England scenery is set in a new light by her skilled pen.

— The readers of The Atlantic will remember some papers, printed here in 1874, which related the pathetic experiences of a family of cultivated English people, who left their pleasant home in France, at the close of the German war, and went to seek their fortunes in the backwoods of Canada. These papers have been collected and republished in a volume[1] which, if not quite unique in its interest, belongs to a class of books only too rare. It is a very touching record; and though the reader is able to make his criticism that the enterprise of those whose misfortunes it narrates seems to have been heedlessly and unadvisedly undertaken, it is none the less touching on that account; he cannot help sympathizing with their sufferings and privations, and admiring their heroic courage and endurance. The transition from the pretty country house near Calais, where the officer's widow was living with her children, to a log-cabin in the depths of the Muskoka wilderness is hastily sketched, but the sketch is full of heart-breaking suggestion; and there are few things in literature more moving than the picture of that first Christmas in the "Bush." They were people who were not only willing to work hard, but cheerfully to idealize away the wretchedness of their lot; and they had generous hopes of an unselfish prosperity. But they had no money, and they had not the unfitness for better things which would have been their best qualification for success in their venture; and they are now, the reader will be glad to know, all out of the bush, though the historian of their sojourn there sends this little book into the world from a sick-room, in which she lies hopelessly broken in health by her toils and sufferings. The settlement of every new country has involved disaster like theirs; but it is curious to read, in our much telegraphed and railroaded times, of miseries within a second or forty-eight hours of us that belong to the age of the Pilgrims in New England, and of the first pioneers in the West. It may be that in the chapter called A Wedding in Muskoka the contrasts in the life of the K—— family are more poignantly suggested than elsewhere in the book, but it abounds in passages of vivid appeal to the sympathetic imagination, and not the least appealing are those in which the sadness of their fate is carried off with cheerfulness and even merriment. Where the writer, at the end of one of her chapters, has the fortitude to address a sonnet to the pines of Muskoka, it is almost too much.

We commend this book most cordially. When the elders of the family have read it, they will like to read it aloud to their children; for it is the story of misfortune met and endured in the best spirit.

— The qualities which made Miss Jewett's Deephaven so agreeable could not fail

[1] *Letters from Muskoka.* By an Emigrant Lady. London: Richard Bentley and Son. 1878.

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to appear in any book which she might write for children, and Play Days[1] is characterized by the same temper of gentleness and good-breeding which gave distinction to the earlier book. We are old-fashioned enough to like good breeding, with all that the homely, significant word intends, and we like its mark in Play Days because it is so genuine and native. It is, we hasten to say, not modeled upon the type which we recognize instantly in the literature which young English masters and misses receive with apparent docility. There is not a governess in the book. There is no lad there either, — that singular being whom Chauncy Wright so well described as "a boy with a man's hand on his head." There is no slang introduced for the purpose of shocking the governess or older sister, and giving the boy who uses it the reputation of an abandoned swearer and awful example; in effect, that conventional good-breeding which is founded on class distinction, and not on Christian democracy, is refreshingly absent from Play Days. The element which we find there is conspicuous also by its contrast with the noisy, ungrammatical, and boisterous type of young America which gets recognition enough in books for young people. The suggestions are of home life and the sweet sanctity of a protected childhood. Even the pathetic and lovely story of Nancy's Doll makes the misery of poverty to be but the dark background on which to sketch one or two golden figures; and The Best China Saucer, which comes as near as any to the conventional type of moral tales, is relieved by a grotesque humor and a charity which never fails. There is a refinement in the book which is very grateful, as we have said, but it does not take the form of a disagreeable fastidiousness. The humor is always spontaneous and simple, and not above a child's enjoyment; The Shipwrecked Buttons shows this in a very charming manner, and is the cleverest story in the book, from the originality of the frame-work, in which a number of little stories are set. There is a facility of writing which possibly misleads the author, for while all the stories are written with apparent ease, the writer does not always distinguish between what is essential to the story and what is mere graceful decoration. If Miss Jewett always had a story to tell, her charm of manner would add to the agreeableness of the story; but her interest in writing sometimes leads her to forget that children want a story, and will be indifferent to many graces which please a writer. A more positive story would add greatly to the pleasure which Miss Jewett's book gives, and we trust that she will cultivate the power of invention. She needs the development of that side of a story-teller's gift to make her work singularly good; it is too good now not to be better.

— The story of Nelly's Silver Mine[2] comes as a grateful relief from the literature for the young which deals with the more barbaric side of Western frontier life. Mr. March, an asthmatic clergyman, is promised relief and final restoration in Colorado, whither he goes with his wife and twin children, a boy and a girl of about twelve years. He even takes a deacon of his church with him, an old farmer accompanied by his wife, but we can promise the reader that so clerical a foundation is not followed by any very serious superstructure. The deacon and his wife serve for a few mild jokes, and to illustrate one effect of the Colorado climate, and then return to the East. The Marches change their residence once, and the journey to the new country, with the incidents of settling and removal to a mining district, offers an opportunity to describe Colorado scenery which is well used. The book presumably gives the young reader a truthful glimpse of a new country, although without very minute detail of life. What we especially like in it, and what seems to interest the writer most, is the characterization of a few types of border life, less swaggering and riotous than usually find their way into print. The two Swedes, the old assayer, the driver "Long Billy," are sufficiently native to the scene and fresh to the ordinary reader, while the red-shirted, long-locked crowd of miners appear only in a sketchy background. There surely can be no objection to introducing children to well-bred people in Colorado, and the exceptional character of the State may well justify such pictures, yet see how near we come to an apology for the book's freedom from sensationalism! The title seems at first a misnomer: the mine indeed appears to be found by Nelly at one time, but judiciously proves nearly worthless, — a conclusion for which we tender our best thanks to the au-

[1] *Play Days.* A Book of Stories for Children. By SARAH O. JEWETT, author of Deephaven. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

[2] *Nelly's Silver Mine.* A Story of Colorado Life By H. H. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

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thor, who might by a few strokes of her pen have filled the pockets of the worthy March family with silver, and so have vulgarized her story and made it a book to be shunned by all wise parents. She has done better than reward the patient little Nelly with material wealth; she has shown the expansion of a gentle character, and the reader discovers at the end that a pretty moral lies hidden in the title, — a moral which is not obtruded, but pervades the book as a delicate perfume. We heartily commend the book for its healthy spirit, its lively narrative of adventure, and its freedom from most of the faults of books for children. If it were worth while, it would be easy to show the influence upon so skilled a writer as H. H., when entering this field, of the conventionalism which almost unfailingly shows itself in books for young people.

— Ferns and their next of kin are the most highly developed of the flowerless plants. It is believed by many that in the branching lines which indicate the ancestry of plants this group immediately preceded the pines and the tropical cycads. In that period of geologic time, these allies constituted no small part of the vegetation; in fact, even now, upon many islands in the tropics, tree-ferns are a conspicuous element of the scenery. Many of the living species are doubtless the direct descendants of those whose remains are now found fossilized in the coal-measures. On account of their instructive family history, ferns have received much attention from geologists and botanists; and what we may call the recent genealogy is pretty well made out. But far more interesting than any study of these systems of arrangement, or the determination of the relationships dependent upon descent, has been, and is still, the investigation of the life history of any single fern or club-moss. The most important features respecting their mode of growth were made out early in the present century, but absolutely nothing in regard to their reproduction was discovered until 1848. And even as late as 1873 an entirely fresh contribution to the life history of ferns was made by one of our American botanists, Dr. Farlow. From every point of view, ferns and their kindred present innumerable attractions to the naturalist. In the temperate zones, our ferns are dwarfed. In the struggle for existence, they have had to contend against extremes of temperature, against occasional droughts and frequent drownings. The stem of the fern at the North is not a columnar trunk, crowned with a canopy of immense fronds; on the contrary, it is a subterranean, root-like body, hiding for its very life. During our summer, it ventures to deck itself with a few sprays of foliage, as if they were a bit of finery kept as an heirloom, a reminder of their high descent. It is no wonder that these delicate traceries of tissue have attracted many collectors who care nothing for any scientific aspect in which the fern may be viewed. The ferns in several European countries have been accurately figured and described for amateurs, but we have had no similar work in America. This deficiency is now in a fair way to be supplied. Professor Eaton, an accredited authority in fern-lore (or, as it is commonly called, pteridology), has undertaken to describe in popular language all the ferns of this country.[1] He has begun, in the numbers before us, by giving a somewhat detailed scientific diagnosis of the species under consideration. This is followed by references to the literature. Then is given, in clearest untechnical terms, a very minute description of the species and of its varieties, together with such interesting facts as may bear upon the distribution of the plant, its possible uses, and the like.

The plates are chromo-lithographs, from drawings by Mr. J. H. Emerton. The sketches are faithful, and the minute figures are exceedingly instructive. The identification of doubtful varieties of puzzling species is rendered, by these plates, comparatively simple. It is as easy for a collector of ferns to identify his, or we may say her, specimens by comparing them with Mr. Emerton's drawings as it is to match patterns at a dry-goods store. Now, we believe that, although this work will serve a good purpose in matching fern patterns, so to speak, it will, in every instance where it is used, subserve a far nobler end. No person can attentively examine, under proper guidance, even for a short time, so complex and so beautiful a natural object as a fern without being attracted to more serious studies in the same direction. The work before us will amply suffice for the needs of amateur collectors, and its high character will render it of authority to professional botanists.

[1] *Ferns of North America.* By Prof. D. C. Eaton, of Yale College. Salem, Mass.: S. E. Cassino, Naturalists' Agency.

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